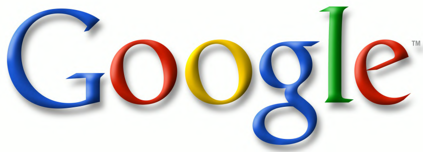

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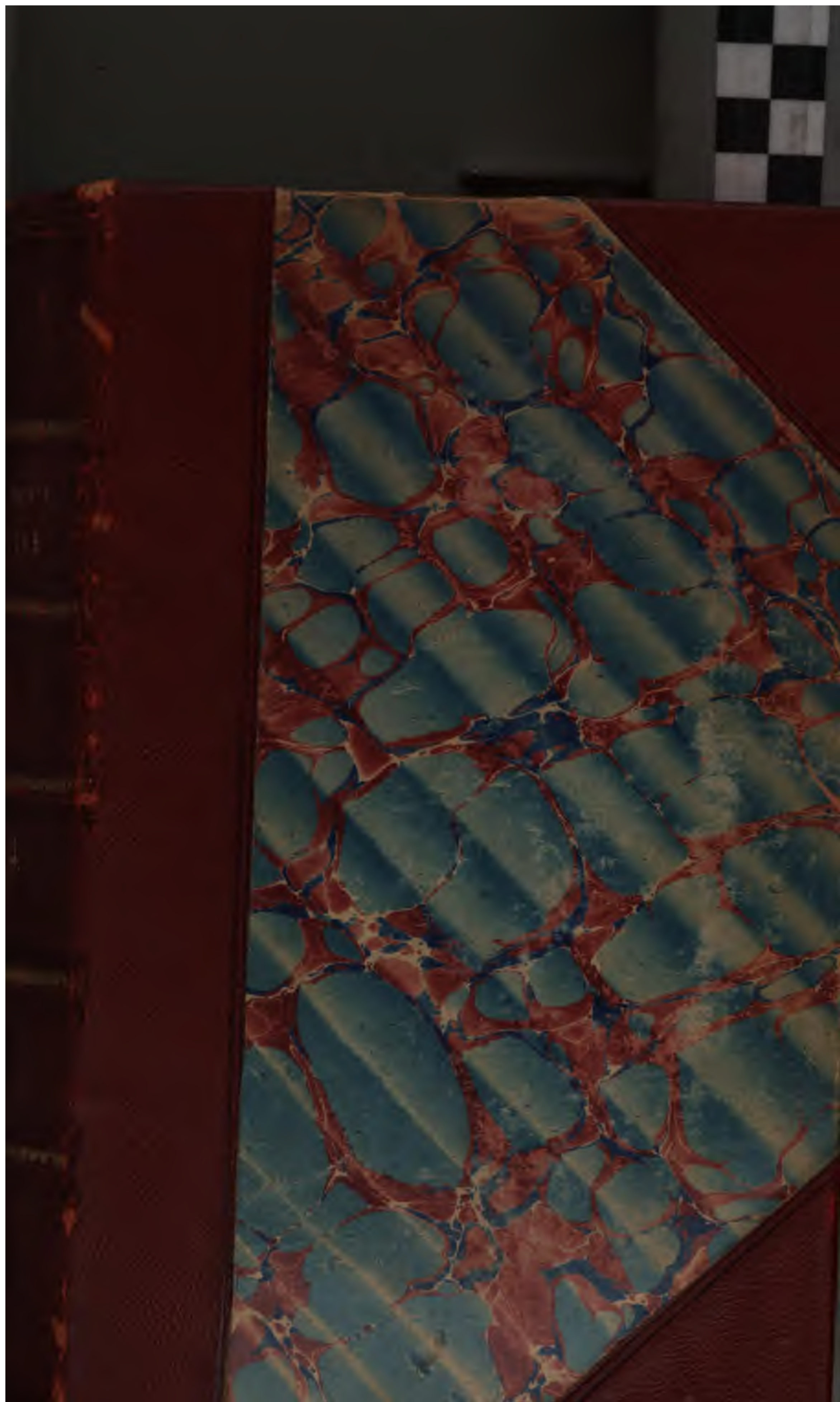

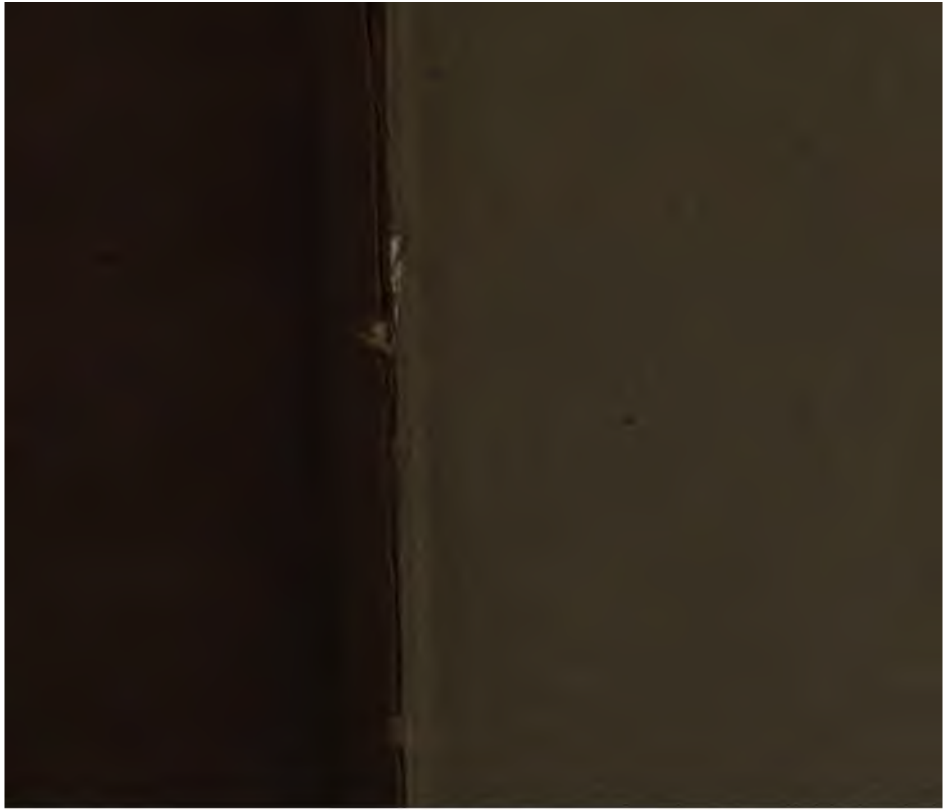

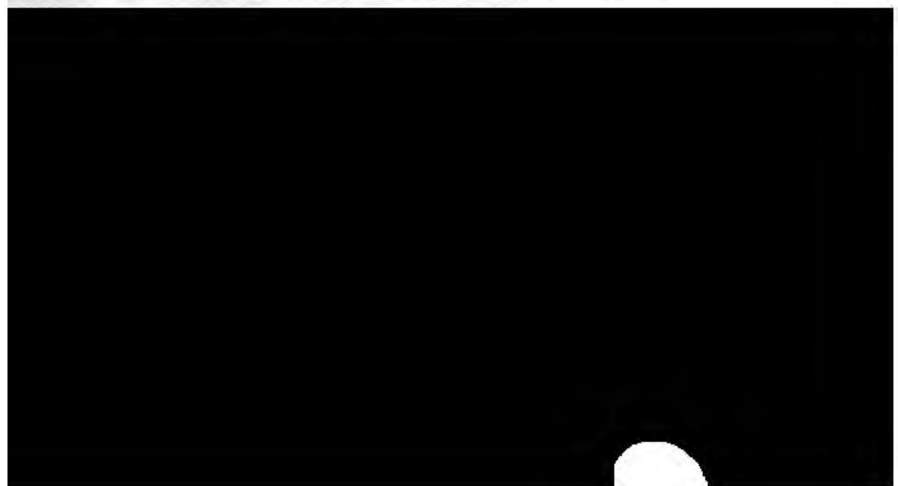

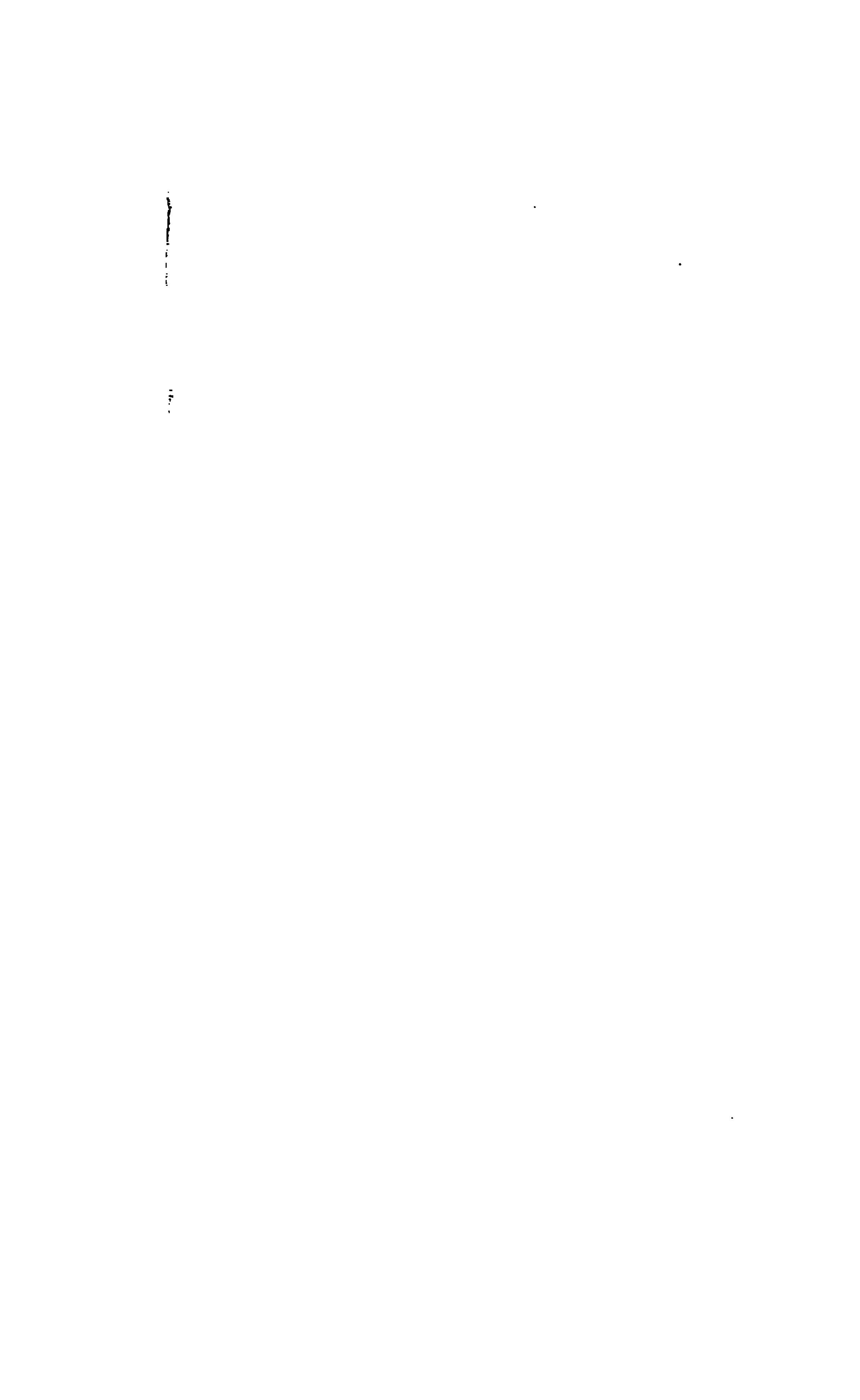

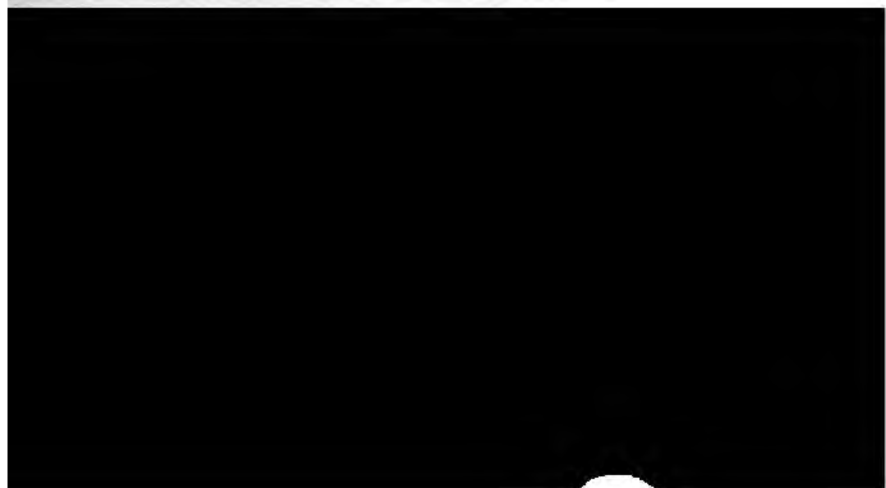

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1904.

THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

BY I. GIBERNE SIEVEKING.

CHAPTER I.

"LOOK here, Winstanley," said a man who stood close beside him, lowering his voice, and slipping a hand under his arm "Don't go on talking to Randolph like that, old chap; he's getting riled, and you know he's got a lot of Southern blood in his veins, and though he's an awfully good sort usually, yet when he's really roused he has a deuce of a temper. I've seen him when 'the fashion of his countenance changed' so much that one simply couldn't have recognised him; he was practically transformed—though not into an 'angel of light.' Don't you work him up now, there's a good fellow," he ended, as the man to whom he was talking shook off the restraining hand on his arm.

"He's a fool!" retorted he, lightly turning on his heel, "and I should rather *like* to see him in a temper," he ended, *sotto voce.*

"You wouldn't," replied Anthony to himself, significantly.

It was towards the end of a supper party in Kenyon Randolph's rooms that a discussion had arisen as to the merits of some public singer; Winstanley had cried her down, and Randolph, to whom her voice had always specially appealed, withstood him hotly.

Then, at the end of the argument, his special chum Anthony, noting by various signs (by which he was accustomed to measure the rising of the tide in his friend) that Randolph's temper was getting tired—he was not good at argument, and he was aware of the

fact—endeavoured, but in vain, to divert the course of the conversation.

Winstanley, the moment that Anthony stopped speaking, began gibing at Randolph again in his peculiarly irritating manner.

He was a man who had a special knack for "rubbing people up the wrong way." If one particular subject should be avoided with anyone, Winstanley began upon it promptly; if anyone had a mental corn, Winstanley trod upon it crushingly; if anyone had arrived at the end of their tether, Winstanley would jerk the bit till it cut deep.

And the worst of it all lay in the fact that he *could* be a delightful talker—always cynical, it is true, his wit edged with toothed sarcasm—and so was a popular adjunct to any party until an opportunity drifted to his feet of scoring a point, when he never spared friend or foe, and worked the keen blade of his humour until his victim writhed under it.

He was a short, fair man, with hair growing sparsely away from his forehead, thin lips often environed with a sneer, and cold, light blue eyes.

He had nothing in common with Randolph; indeed, he always seemed to take a special pleasure in annoying the latter whenever possible.

In outward presentment there could not have been more dissimilar types, Winstanley being slight and not attractive-looking, his whole charm depending on his brains; and Randolph bigly made, square shouldered, exceedingly powerful in build, with a square face, dark complexioned, with dark blue eyes set deep under overhanging eyebrows. The whole face spoke of sudden impulse, whether

came persuadingly from his lips, and his little audience, suddenly struck into voicelessness, listened in appreciative silence.

Winstanley finished the song, pushed back his chair, and rose.

"Well, Randolph, I must be going. Got to be up early to-morrow."

"Who is it sings that song?" said Randolph absently; "I can't remember, but there's a sort of memory lurking in my mind for the tune."

"Memory for the tune?" broke in Winstanley contemptuously; "of course there is, and I know where you heard it. It was at the Maidments'; Margot Remington sang it. She made eyes at me the whole time, too," he laughed, as he picked up his hat, got into his overcoat, and found his stick.

"What did you say?" said Randolph, coming nearer to him, his face white with anger.

("Storm's going to break overhead now, at any rate," put in a man who was standing beside him, to Anthony.)

"Say? my dear chap," answered Winstanley, with an easy laugh, "only that she made eyes at me; but then everybody knows that she's the most arrant little flirt in town, and after that affair with Darlington, out of which she didn't come very——"

Without a moment's pause Randolph sprang forward and struck him full in the mouth.

Winstanley, taken completely by surprise, forgetting how close he was to the staircase, stepped hastily back, lost foothold, and fell heavily backwards. He made one wild clutch at the banisters, but failed to grasp them, and struck against the steps in his headlong descent, at regular intervals, as he went down the long, steep flight of stairs.

Without being able to give him any help, the men on the landing above watched his fall, spellbound and horror-stricken—heard the dull thuds that his body made against the stairs, saw him near the foot of the stairs turn completely over, limply, and lie doubled up, a hunched-up figure, at the bottom.

None of those men who stood there watching helplessly their comrade's terrible fall would ever forget that scene.

It was branded indelibly on their minds: the flaring gas jet, high above them, casting uncertain, flickering lights and shadows along the passage; the shabby wallpaper—here rubbed a little, there a piece torn right off; the distant sounds breaking in on their ears from the noisy street outside; the tinkle of the passing hansom; the shrill railway whistle; the hoarse cry of a hurrying paper boy

eager to sell his "spe-shawl" wares; the wail of a little child—and, inside the house, the grim picture before their eyes, the black inert mass a few yards away, down those stairs.

Randolph was the first to recover his presence of mind, and he hurried down, followed by the others, to see what was the full extent of the disaster they had just witnessed. It was Randolph who lifted Winstanley's head, and he saw something in the face which struck a terrible ghastly fear into his heart.

There was no sign of life or consciousness there; the mouth hung limply open, the eyes were staring vacantly.

As he laid down the head he looked up for one moment at his friends above him:

"He's dead, and I've killed him!" burst from his lips in a hoarse agonised whisper, his face drawn and haggard as that of an old man.

"No, no, Kenyon," began Anthony, hurriedly taking hold of his friend and putting him gently aside; "he can't be dead, but even if he were, it's not your doing. Don't suffer that untrue thought for a moment."

Anthony knelt down beside him, and, taking the limp hand, felt for the pulse. After a few moments he became convinced that Randolph had indeed spoken the truth, and that Winstanley was dead.

Face to face with the very worst that could have happened, Anthony hastily summoned all the energies of his mind to grapple, for his friend's sake, with this sudden, terrible emergency. What must be done?

Something, very evidently, and that at once. He got up and looked round.

Randolph was sitting on one of the stairs, his head on his hands, rocking himself backwards and forwards.

He was a middle-aged, reserved-looking man, with a short, jerky manner. He looked curiously and rather distrustfully at the group gathered round the foot of the stairs, but said nothing.

In due course all the grim formalities that had to be gone through were arranged; the body at the foot of the stairs was moved, and after a statement of what had occurred had been given in to the authorities in charge, and the names of those who had witnessed it had been taken, the men were allowed to disperse.

Anthony promptly went up to Randolph, before whom everything that had happened since that fatal push had passed as in a sort of waking nightmare, and taking his arm, said, "Come along, Kenyon, I'm going to sleep in your room to-night. Good night all," he added, turning to the others, who had begun already to move away.

"I can't go up those stairs again," said Randolph, suddenly drawing back.

"Nonsense, we must," said Anthony firmly; "and you must rouse yourself, Kenyon, for my sake, for all our sakes who love you," he went on earnestly, holding his friend's arm closely.

At the top, however, Randolph shook himself free and turned to look back. "My Heaven!" he exclaimed, "can it really be only one hour since all that awful catastrophe happened. It wasn't wrong to stand up for her honour, it wasn't wrong to thrust that man's lie down his throat, it wasn't wrong to refuse to hear any calumnies;—no, but the sequel was all a grim stroke of fate, which stepped in suddenly, and timed the blow, and the step backward, and the chance which fastened on him at the foot of the stairs, and which left the message of 'Manslaughter' for me to fetch and appropriate to myself—for always!" he ended bitterly.

"It was the merest chance, Kenyon, and such a thing as that *can't* be brought in as 'manslaughter.'"

"Whether it's brought in as that or not doesn't, after all, greatly matter," answered Randolph, miserably; "to all intents and purposes, one way or another, to the world, to my own mind, to my own conscience, I am a doomed man! Through any life I may have to go there's one look—a look of the despair of a human soul—which will haunt and haunt me till all consciousness shall cease for me; and that's the look which was in Winstanley's eyes as they met mine just before he fell backwards to his fate!"

CHAPTER II.

ON a certain little island on the river, not far from Hurley, three men were busily engaged in washing up dishes, knives, forks and plates, after the last meal in the day.

It was a perfect summer evening, and there is nowhere in the world where one can appreciate that gift more keenly than where one is camping out by the river.

A little desultory conversation was kept up between two of them while the work progressed.

The man sitting on the edge of the bank, dish washing, did not talk even desultorily, for he had found out that the roar of the weir, a stone's throw away from him, was apt to drown his remarks when he made them; consequently it had become a trifle wearisome repeating them over again so often, so he whistled instead—and there is great companionship in whistling, as everyone knows who has tried it during a lonely hour.

At last the knives needed no more plungings up to the hilt into the earth, the dishes no more splashings, the plates no more rinsings, and the man who had taken them off into the tent came back to his companions and said, "I'm off for a scull up stream; sha'n't be away more than about an hour," turned on his heel, undid the painter, jumped into the boat, and shoved off.

His companion, who was still squatting on the bank, shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbow, watched him for some moments curiously.

Then he turned to his friend, smoking at his side, and said, "I don't know why it is, but Randolph always gives me the impression

be in the old Rugby days, don't you? Always so tremendously on the spot about things that sometimes he came on it so violently one might almost say that he went through.

"Well, I was spending the evening with him in his rooms, with a lot of other fellows, that winter I was speaking about, and Winstanley was there too. Do you remember Winstanley?"

"Yes," replied Gilmore, concisely. "Never could like that chap. Used to think he was an awful bargee—especially where women were concerned; but he was a jolly clever talker, I remember, and sang well."

"Yes; well, he and Randolph had been having a discussion, and I could see the latter was getting riled, though he tried to keep hold of himself, for he was an awfully passionate chap in everything.

"Then Winstanley sat down to the piano and sang a song, and afterwards declared he must be going; so he got his hat, and was just bidding good-bye to the fellows, when Randolph began on the song: he couldn't remember where he'd heard it. Winstanley reminded him, and went on to make, in a particularly objectionable manner, some innuendoes about Miss Remington. Well, Kenyon has been in love with Margot Remington for years. He would be the very last man to suffer a word to be said to her discredit; he just let out at Winstanley—struck him full on the mouth; you remember how awfully shortsighted Kenyon has always been? He could not see how near Winstanley had got to the top of the stairs which begin outside his rooms. Well, Winstanley missed his footing, fell the whole length of the staircase, turned over at the bottom, and lay all in a heap, motionless."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Gilmore.

"Well, when we reached him we found he was dead," ended Anthony.

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead. I shall never forget what Kenyon looked like when we found he was really dead. I thought he would have gone out of his mind that night. Of course the case had to be tried, and when his case came on, I really believe he didn't care one way or the other which way it was decided, nor what happened to him.

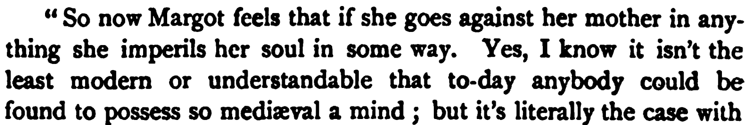
"And another thing was against him, besides. Winstanley had been the great friend of Margot's brother, and he alone of all the fellows refused to believe it was altogether accidental (he wasn't there that evening), and he made out such a case against Randolph with his father and mother, that every prejudice that could be started against him *was* started the whole atmosphere in Margot's

home was dead against him, and I think, in spite of herself (for I'm morally sure she cared for him—they were always together at one time at all society functions)—in spite of herself, she was influenced against him.

"Kenyon got to hear of this, and this last blow of Fate seemed to settle everything as far as his interest in life was concerned. The case was decided in his favour—"he was not guilty of manslaughter"; it was given as "death through misadventure"; but the verdict didn't seem to matter to old Kenyon one way or the other. He took up life again, but I am quite certain that nothing in this world would please him better now than that the door between this life and the next should be thrown wide open before him, so that he could pass through."

"Has he never tried to give Margot Remington the true version of that story?" asked Gilmore, lying at full length on the grass, his hands clasped behind his head.

"Tried? My dear chap, have you forgotten in old days how Mrs. Remington used, right away on from the very beginning of things, to get possession of Margot's intelligence, conscience and point of view in religion, in morals, and, as far as possible, as regards mental psychology? Well, what did that French cardinal say? 'Give me the child for the first seven years, and he'll be a Jesuit all his life!' Gilmore, that's a living truth. Mrs. Remington, whatever else she didn't understand, at least understood that.



"So now Margot feels that if she goes against her mother in anything she imperils her soul in some way. Yes, I know it isn't the least modern or understandable that to-day anybody could be found to possess so mediæval a mind; but it's literally the case with Margot.

"I thought you fellows would have gone to bed," said Randolph, shortly, as he lifted the flap of the tent, and, once inside, threw himself down without undressing.

Anthony kept Gilmore talking outside for an hour later, so that by the time they went to bed Randolph should have gone to sleep.

In the middle of the night Gilmore woke with a start. Who was singing?

It was the tune of "Wilt thou remember me?" Randolph was sitting up opposite him, staring into vacancy, with wide-opened, unseeing eyes, a panic-stricken look convulsing his whole face.

As Gilmore watched him he suddenly hissed out:

"He's dead! I tell you he's dead, and I've killed him!"

After a few moments he sank back on the floor of the tent, and though Gilmore could still hear him drawing deep spasmodic breaths, yet he said no more.

The next morning, when Anthony and Gilmore were frying bacon over their impromptu fireplace by the carefully sheltered and coaxed fire, Randolph, who had gone out early, came back with swinging strides from a cottage near by, whither he had been for milk and butter. As he drew near them he suddenly broke into "Wilt thou remember me when I am gone?"

Anthony looked round sharply, drawing in his breath as he did so, at the sound of the ill-fated melody, which none of those who heard it that evening three years ago would ever dissociate in their minds from the terrible scene that followed.

The anxious look on his face deepened as he caught sight of Randolph.

"He always sings snatches of that song whenever he has these attacks of remorse, which have come on from time to time ever since Winstanley's death," he said *sotto voce* to Gilmore; and then the latter told him of what he had seen the previous night, and of how the nightmare had ended.

"Breakfast ready?" asked Randolph, coming close up to the two, with an assumed cheerfulness.

"Yes, come along," said Anthony, and in a very few minutes all three were engrossed in the consumption of a hearty meal.

There are few environments more conducive to a keen appreciation of food than are those of camping out by the river; they make a strong appeal even to a man at war with himself mentally, an appeal which it is hard to refuse.

In the writer's opinion, for instance, nowhere else does bacon become a more delectable delicacy than beside the river, when one has *cooked it oneself*!

"What shall we do?" said Gilmore, breakfast, and the annihilation of all reminders of its advent, which must inevitably follow it, having become things of the past.

"Let's go for a row," promptly suggested Randolph, who was markedly restless this morning.

Randolph steered, consequently the sculling which the two others put in was much more slack and easy than it would have been had he rowed "stroke" himself.

At the second lock to which they came there was a fair crowd of boats besieging its entrance, and the three men were among the last to get through.

To Anthony's annoyance an occurrence that did now and again happen took place at this moment. Two men in flannels looked hard at Randolph, and one murmured to the other, "That's the chap about whom there was that case a year or so ago."

"What case?" asked the other.

"Don't you remember? Oh, when he pushed——" Here his voice dropped and Anthony heard no more.

But he had heard enough, and he stole an anxious glance at his friend to see if he had heard also. But Randolph's face was inscrutable. He might have heard or not; there was no telling.

Then began the heavy jarring and clanking of the big gates in front of them, slowly working their way open, while the oddly assorted little groups of people, gathered together thus, probably, only for once in their lives, were shut in together until the rising and falling of the waters around them had had its course.

The story of the opening and shutting of a lock is the story of many a human life. Are there not occasions in most lifetimes when one is shut in—as regards mental, psychological experiences—with

Some boat—for the moment no one could see whose it was—got broadside on, and was drawn into the rush and whirlpool of waters close around the opening lock gates. There was such a jamming of boats in front of them that Randolph, standing up in his boat, could not clearly see what was happening.

Suddenly there was a scream. He bent forward, and between the heads all peering anxiously in the same direction he caught one glimpse of a face--and that was enough for him. For in the second of time that was allowed for recognition Randolph had seen, to his amazement, that it was Margot's.

Without a moment's pause he plunged into the water, and made his way, now by the aid of one boat, now by another, to the scene of action.

It required but one glance to tell him that it was Margot's boat that had been overturned, for there it was lying keel uppermost, and she and her young brother were in the water.

Without much difficulty, Randolph succeeded in rescuing Margot; but the task was a more lengthy process with regard to the brother, a lad of about sixteen, who could not swim, and was thoroughly frightened. He had by this time drifted close to the gates, and Randolph, in the effort to reach him, had been flung violently against the woodwork. At the first impact he had thought it was nothing; but after a moment or two he became aware that consciousness was slipping away from him, then that there was the curious buzz of the singing of waters in his head, and then, later, he could not remember where he was; later still he had lost sight of everything, and had besides lost his bearings on life.

. . . .

"My dear fellow," Anthony said emphatically to Gilmore, walking through the quiet little village some hours afterwards, "I'm not sorry for *him*. How can one be? If someone has been dealt so crushing a blow by Fate that all the springs and hinges in one's being were made hopelessly out of order, the only question in one's mind, which would keep coming up to be answered every now and again, would be, 'When may the wheels of my life stop? When may I be sent off duty?'"

"Think of it! You know what that man used to be! Think of what he has become under the influence of this dogging spectre of the mind! He, who was so full of enthusiasm and impulse, had practically become a colourless individuality, for ever liable to be pulled up short by the chain of his remorse. Why, he was at the beck and call of it. It was just as if some invisible hand pulled the

string, and the song, *that song*, which means so much now to us all, heralded in the grim approach of that haunting scene in his memory. My Heaven! How I have dreaded the recurrence of that tune. He always used to begin to whistle it and hum it when his attacks of despairing remorse were about to come on.

"Now that's all over, Gilmore—it's all over for him! It's all peace of mind henceforward! Think what that must mean to a tortured mind! He couldn't have wished to be called out of the life that had somehow gone so wofully wrong for him in any better way than by rendering another service to the woman he has loved all his life, and escaping the 'waves of this troublesome world' in the doing of it!

"His service three years ago, which was offered for her sake, laid a heavy cross on his shoulders, which he was never able to lay down—the cross of a torturing self-accusation for having unwittingly taken the life of a fellow-creature. *This* cross she has never recognised—never understood; but this last service of himself and his life she *will* recognise! Nay, she has not failed to understand *that!* He has left behind for her his cleared, his redeemed memory—redeemed from the slur which the hand of Fate had cast upon its surface.

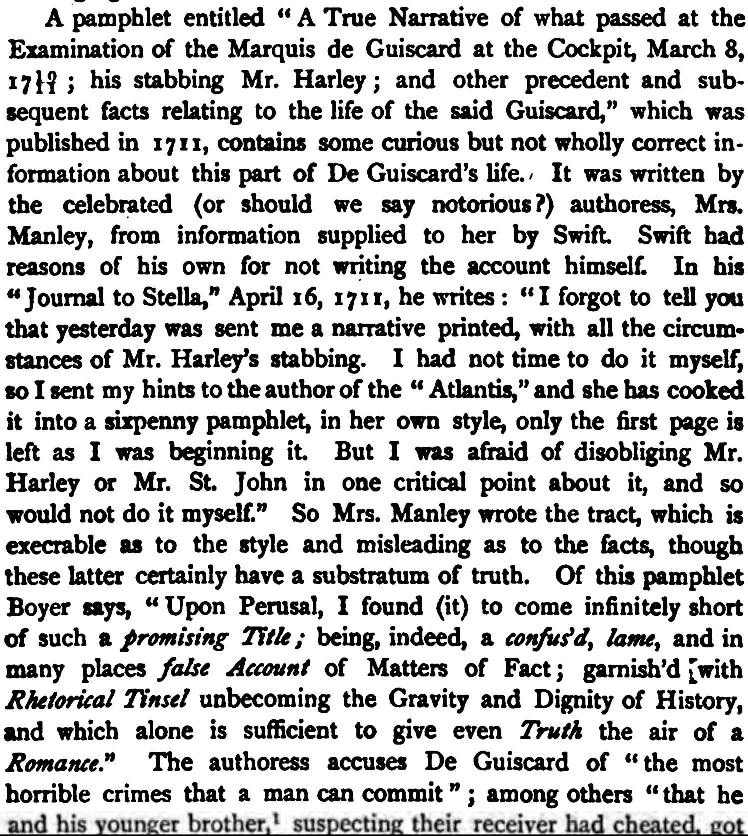
"He has escaped into the clear air of a new life, and so *Requiescat in pace!*"

ANTOINE DE GUISCARD: PRIEST, SOLDIER, AND ASSASSIN.

OF all the scoundrels in our history who have obtained a temporary notoriety by the assassination or attempted assassination of some royal or eminent personage, none possesses a personality more vivid, more interesting, and more thoroughly wicked than Antoine de Guiscard, whose attack on Robert Harley, Chancellor of the Exchequer (afterwards Earl of Oxford), at a sitting of the Privy Council on March 8, 17$\frac{10}{11}$, created considerable excitement at the time. The career of this picturesque villain (who should have lived in mediæval Italy rather than in seventeenth-century France) offers material which may prove not uninteresting to a generation by whom his name and crimes have alike been forgotten.

Antoine de Guiscard was born on December 27, 1658, in the province of Quercy, in France. He was of ancient and noble family, his eldest brother being the Comte de Guiscard, "a very honourable and worthy person," according to Swift, and governor of Namur when that city surrendered to Marlborough in 1692. Boyer states that Antoine was endowed with "quick natural parts"; he was proficient in literature and philosophy, and had written "a tolerable Poem, in Heroick Verse, in Praise of the King of France."[1] He was destined for the Church, and a more unfortunate choice could not have been made. Provided with several rich benefices, including the abbacy of Bourlie and the Priory of Dreu-en-Souvienne, he proceeded to scandalise and horrify the district with his immoralities. His sacred profession only served as a cloak for his crimes; and its restrictions, little as he observed them, were bound to gall and exasperate a nature which presented a singular compound of cunning and boldness, sensuality and ferocity. But although he was vicious he was not deficient in a certain animal courage; and had his daring and restless energies been turned into a proper channel, he might have

[1] *Political State of Great Britain*, vol. i. March 17, 17$\frac{10}{11}$.



experienced a better fate than a miserable and dishonoured death in a foreign gaol.

A pamphlet entitled "A True Narrative of what passed at the Examination of the Marquis de Guiscard at the Cockpit, March 8, 17$\frac{10}{11}$; his stabbing Mr. Harley; and other precedent and subsequent facts relating to the life of the said Guiscard," which was published in 1711, contains some curious but not wholly correct information about this part of De Guiscard's life. It was written by the celebrated (or should we say notorious?) authoress, Mrs. Manley, from information supplied to her by Swift. Swift had reasons of his own for not writing the account himself. In his "Journal to Stella," April 16, 1711, he writes: "I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself, so I sent my hints to the author of the "Atlantis," and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself." So Mrs. Manley wrote the tract, which is execrable as to the style and misleading as to the facts, though these latter certainly have a substratum of truth. Of this pamphlet Boyer says, "Upon Perusal, I found (it) to come infinitely short of such a *promising Title;* being, indeed, a *confus'd*, *lame*, and in many places *false Account* of Matters of Fact; garnish'd with *Rhetorical Tinsel* unbecoming the Gravity and Dignity of History, and which alone is sufficient to give even *Truth* the air of a *Romance.*" The authoress accuses De Guiscard of "the most horrible crimes that a man can commit"; among others "that he and his younger brother,[1] suspecting their receiver had cheated, got

forced to fly from his abbey and withdraw to his estates in the province of Rouergue. He was now in his forty-third year. His former profession being closed to him, the instincts of the soldier, so long repressed under the robe of the churchman, broke loose, and drove him to seek in war an outlet for his mischievous energies.

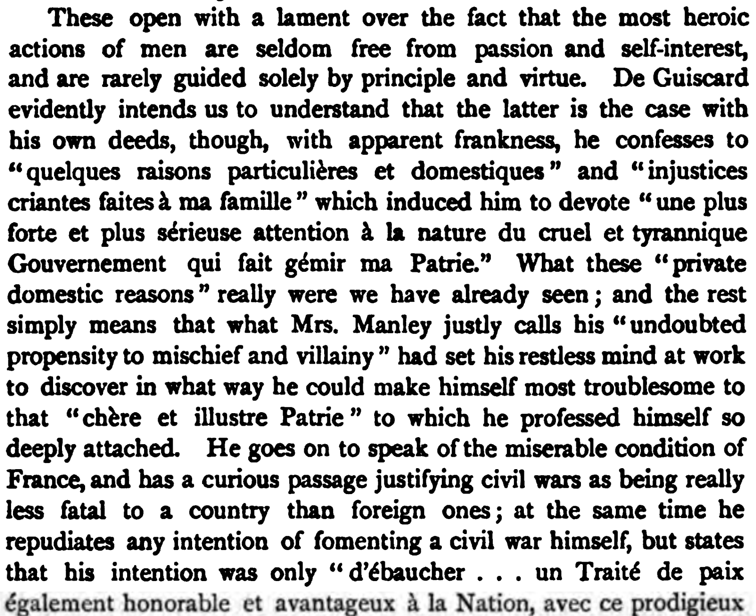
The opportunity was ready to his hand. The Protestants in the Cevennes had broken out in rebellion against Louis XIV., and the Catholic abbé, smarting under his fancied grievances, determined to throw in his lot with them. The details of this chapter of his life are given at length in the "Mémoires du Marquis de Guiscard, dans lesquels est contenu le Récit des Entreprises qu'il a faites dans le Roiaume et hors le Roiaume de France, pour le recouvrement de la liberté de sa Patrie," which precious piece of autobiography he published at Delft in 1705. He gives a beautiful picture of the noble and disinterested love of liberty which led him to aid the Camisards (as the Cevennois insurgents were called) with money, arms, and advice; but unfortunately this patriot-hero of the "Mémoires" is a very different person from the real Antoine de Guiscard, a traitor, a coward, and a renegade.

The "Mémoires" are prefaced by a fulsome dedication, dated from the Hague, May 10, 1705, to Queen Anne, from whom De Guiscard was seeking patronage and preferment, and whom he apostrophises as "la Protectrice de la liberté, et l'ennemie déclarée des maximes injustes du pouvoir despotique et arbitraire," and "le plus ferme rempart de la liberté du monde, qu'un ambitieux Monarque vouloit opprimer." He prays for the continuance of her protection for his enterprise, and congratulates her upon the successes of the campaign of 1704. In conclusion he begs her to restore liberty "à une Nation à qui on l'a ravie, et qui soupire après une forme de gouvernement, dont le vôtre puisse être à jamais le glorieux modelle," and signs himself her "très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur, A. de Guiscard."

This is followed by a Preface which contains much self-congratulation on his courage in attempting his difficult undertaking, even though he was unable to carry it to a successful termination. He exults in the trouble he has caused Louis XIV., and in the reverses inflicted upon France by "Mylord Duc de Marleborough." Then he explains that his reasons for publishing the narrative of his exploits (under the *pressing solicitations* of his friends) is to justify his conduct in the eyes of those who might give credence to false accounts of him, and takes the occasion to contradict the reports of his conversion to Protestantism. But while he avows himself a

Roman Catholic, he is careful to explain the points on which he differs from others of his professed faith, such, for instance, as the infallibility of the Pope ; he declares his detestation of all religious persecution, and his conviction that the only means of uniting all men in the same faith are those which may be taken "de l'exhortation fraternelle, du bon exemple, et surtout de la prière" ! This is pretty good for a man of De Guiscard's character and reputation ! The whole preface is a repulsive compound of vanity and hypocrisy, and the same tone pervades the "Mémoires" themselves.

These open with a lament over the fact that the most heroic actions of men are seldom free from passion and self-interest, and are rarely guided solely by principle and virtue. De Guiscard evidently intends us to understand that the latter is the case with his own deeds, though, with apparent frankness, he confesses to "quelques raisons particulières et domestiques" and "injustices criantes faites à ma famille" which induced him to devote "une plus forte et plus sérieuse attention à la nature du cruel et tyrannique Gouvernement qui fait gémir ma Patrie." What these "private domestic reasons" really were we have already seen; and the rest simply means that what Mrs. Manley justly calls his "undoubted propensity to mischief and villainy" had set his restless mind at work to discover in what way he could make himself most troublesome to that "chère et illustre Patrie" to which he professed himself so deeply attached. He goes on to speak of the miserable condition of France, and has a curious passage justifying civil wars as being really less fatal to a country than foreign ones; at the same time he repudiates any intention of fomenting a civil war himself, but states that his intention was only "d'ébaucher . . . un Traité de paix également honorable et avantageux à la Nation, avec ce prodigieux

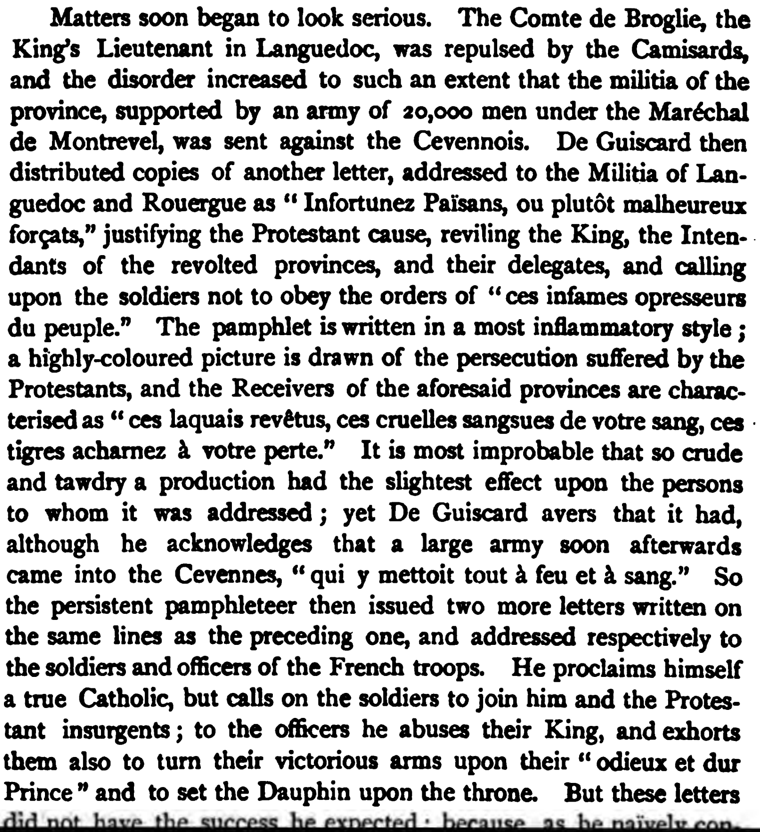


draw up a plan of alliance between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics of the province, addressed to the former, and requiring them to respect the Catholic religion. The Protestants promised to stand by his rules, and certain of their chief men, under his direction, went about among the country people and incited them to take up arms against Louis XIV. The ex-abbé then had an interview with some of the leading Catholics, who are said to have professed themselves satisfied with his transactions with the Protestants, though this seems very improbable.

These things went on during the year 1701, and in the spring of 1702 the Protestants began to revolt. The Baron of St. Cosme was murdered by his own peasants; the Abbé du Chailar met with a similar fate; and many priests and monks were slain and their churches burned or pulled down. At last De Guiscard, "pénétré de douleur de ces profanations et de ces excès," drew up a pamphlet, "Avis des François catholiques aux François protestans des Cevennes," addressing the latter as "mes très-chers Frères" (a phrase which he constantly repeats), and explaining how the grievances of the Catholics were in many ways as great as those of the Protestants, and that therefore they should make common cause against their common oppressor, the King. Furthermore, the document exhorted the Protestants to defend themselves boldly against their enemies, although "dans cette affaire-ci il faut beaucoup de sang, il faut que la plupart de nous servions de marches au degré, qui doit faire monter les autres dans le séjour de la liberté." (De Guiscard evidently meant to be among "les autres.") He promised them the assistance of "milliers d'hommes" who only awaited his signal, and expressed the confident hope that they would even be joined by many of the soldiers sent against them. He hinted darkly at a second Bartholomew determined upon by the King, and concluded his precious "Avis" in these words: "Je ne signe point, mais comptez que je suis du même sang, dont ont été formez les plus grands Héros de la Nation, et que je brûle de marcher sur les traces de mes illustres Aïeux." This, combined with the fact that the production is dated "*Paris* le 8: Mars, 1703," was intended, as he confesses, to make the Protestants believe that a prince of the blood was on their side, and also to disquiet the King. De Guiscard then obtained from the Protestants a list of five hundred men who might be depended upon to direct and keep in order the rest, and proceeded to fortify the castle of Vareilles, between Rhodes and Milhau, which belonged to him, and which he surrounded by a covered way under pretext of making a terrace. This castle he designed both as

a rendezvous and as a shelter for himself in case of emergencies. Being looked upon as a loyal subject, he was not suspected by the Intendant of the district.

Matters soon began to look serious. The Comte de Broglie, the King's Lieutenant in Languedoc, was repulsed by the Camisards, and the disorder increased to such an extent that the militia of the province, supported by an army of 20,000 men under the Maréchal de Montrevel, was sent against the Cevennois. De Guiscard then distributed copies of another letter, addressed to the Militia of Languedoc and Rouergue as "Infortunez Païsans, ou plutôt malheureux forçats," justifying the Protestant cause, reviling the King, the Intendants of the revolted provinces, and their delegates, and calling upon the soldiers not to obey the orders of "ces infames opresseurs du peuple." The pamphlet is written in a most inflammatory style; a highly-coloured picture is drawn of the persecution suffered by the Protestants, and the Receivers of the aforesaid provinces are characterised as "ces laquais revêtus, ces cruelles sangsues de votre sang, ces tigres acharnez à votre perte." It is most improbable that so crude and tawdry a production had the slightest effect upon the persons to whom it was addressed; yet De Guiscard avers that it had, although he acknowledges that a large army soon afterwards came into the Cevennes, "qui y mettoit tout à feu et à sang." So the persistent pamphleteer then issued two more letters written on the same lines as the preceding one, and addressed respectively to the soldiers and officers of the French troops. He proclaims himself a true Catholic, but calls on the soldiers to join him and the Protestant insurgents; to the officers he abuses their King, and exhorts them also to turn their victorious arms upon their "odieux et dur Prince" and to set the Dauphin upon the throne. But these letters did not have the success he expected; because, as he naïvely con-



began by burning all the churches and chapels. De Guiscard sent people to stop them, but it was too late, and many of the incendiaries were taken prisoners by the militia and troops of Languedoc, although Catinat himself escaped for the time being. These outrages so incensed the Catholic insurgents that they refused to have anything further to do with their Protestant allies, and thus all De Guiscard's schemes were defeated. He remained for a time at Vareilles; but on hearing that some of the captured Camisards had, under torture, denounced certain of their friends, himself among them, that gallant conspirator thought it quite time to look to his own safety and quit France—which, he says, "je fis si à-propos, avec tant de diligence et par des chemins si détournez, qu'il étoit impossible que je n'arrivasse pas en Suisse aussi heureusement que je l'ai fait." He bade a tender farewell to the deluded Protestants. "Je les priai de se conserver dans leurs généreux sentimens, les assûrant que je ferois tous mes efforts pour disposer les Hauts Alliez à les assister, et que si j'étois assez heureux pour en venir à bout, ils pouvoient compter que je ne manquerois pas d'abord de voler à leur secours, et d'exposer ma vie pour les délivrer de la déplorable condition dans laquelle je les laissois, étant au désespoir de me séparer d'eux dans une conjoncture si fâcheuse. Là-dessus nous nous donnâmes mille témoignages réciproques d'une amitié constante et inviolable : ils me promirent tous de m'attendre avec impatience, et ce ne fut qu'avec beaucoup de peine que je m'arrachai enfin d'auprès d'eux." Needless to say, the hypocritical adventurer never returned to the country.

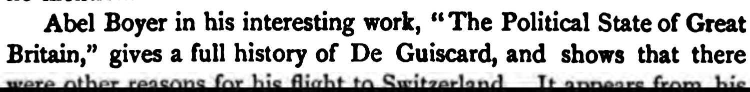
The closing passage of what the author calls "le fidèle et sincère récit de ce qu'un simple Gentilhomme sans charge ni emploi, sans autre relief que celui de la naissance, et par le seul secours de son industrie et de son courage, a bien osé tenter pour le recouvrement des Privilèges et de la Liberté de sa Nation," reads strangely in the light of subsequent events. He says, "J'aimerai toujours mieux sacrifier ma vie pour le salut, la gloire et la liberté de ma Patrie, que de sacrifier cette même Patrie à un vil et sordide intérêt." How much he meant by this fine sentiment will be seen later.

Before the final downfall of his schemes a curious adventure befell De Guiscard. He was friendly with Count Pujol, the King's lieutenant in Upper Rouergue. On one of his journeys to Toulouse he met with the Count's wife and daughter on their way to Nages, and travelled with them. Hearing a rumour that the Camisards were up in arms, the ladies wished to turn back, but were persuaded by De Guiscard to continue their journey, and reached their destination in safety. They found the Count, who was new to his post, in some

perplexity owing to an alarming letter which he had received from Banse, the Intendant's sub-delegate, and Receiver of the province, relating to the Protestant insurrection. Pujol asked the advice of De Guiscard as to what answer he should make to this communication, and was recommended to send for Banse. When the latter arrived, De Guiscard adopted a high tone with him, censuring him for making so much ado over so small a matter. Banse related all the intelligence he had obtained, but De Guiscard made light of everything, and finally prevailed upon the sub-delegate to alter his mind concerning the stringent measures he had intended to adopt towards the Camisards. Banse saw that it would be contrary to his own interests to bring soldiers into the province, as he had intended asking the Count to do, for he was making a good thing out of the Protestants in fines, &c.; and the Count, trusting De Guiscard, was quite ready to believe his assertions that there was no cause for alarm. De Guiscard takes much unnecessary credit to himself for his action in this matter on behalf of his allies, for it did not do them much good. Shortly afterwards occurred the incidents which spoiled his plans, and De Guiscard fled to Switzerland towards the end of the year 1703.

One thing must particularly strike us on reading these "Mémoires": that De Guiscard's actual performances on behalf of the Camisards amounted to very little, although intended to convey the impression that he was their principal leader. Of the real heroes of the insurrection—of Roland, the Camisard commander-in-chief, of the dauntless Cavalier, of Castanet, Ravanel, and Maurel he makes no mention.

Abel Boyer in his interesting work, "The Political State of Great Britain," gives a full history of De Guiscard, and shows that there were other reasons for his flight to Switzerland. It appears from his

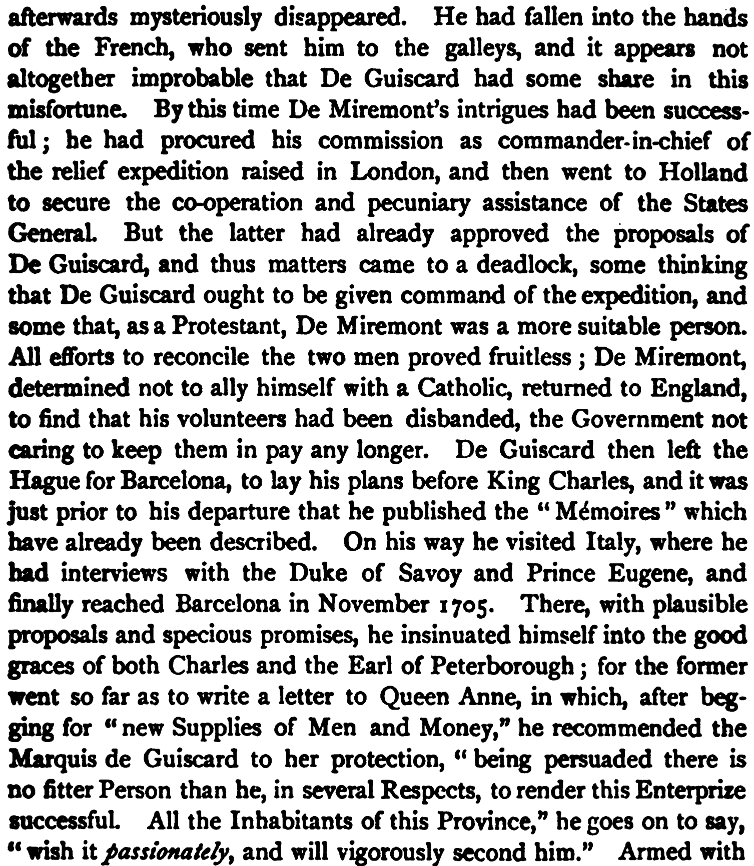


expostulating with Chamillart about his brother's imprisonment, and by constantly speaking against Madame de Maintenon, as well as by his intrigues with the Protestants, as recounted above. It appears also that he had by some means rescued the hatter's wife from prison; and it is probably to her that Mrs. Manley refers when she speaks of the "young lady of a good family," already alluded to, whom De Guiscard carried off into Switzerland and finally poisoned.

De Guiscard first retired to Lausanne, and thence continued his intrigues on behalf of the Camisards, in order, as Boyer says, to gratify at the same time his ambition and his thirst for revenge. To this end he entered into negotiations with the Imperial, British, and Dutch Ministers, who readily concerted with him to assist the Protestants. A French refugee, Tobias Rocayrol by name, was sent into the Cevennes to encourage the insurgents with promises of help; while De Guiscard went to Turin to enlist on their side the Duke of Savoy. By his aid and that of the Confederate Ministers at his court, an expedition of four vessels was fitted out at Nice. They were manned by a mere handful of soldiers and French refugee officers, and commanded by De Guiscard who had obtained from the Emperor a commission of Lieutenant-General. Their design was to make a descent on the coast of Languedoc, and then to join the Camisards. But a storm arose and the vessels were separated, one being driven on to the Provence coast and taken. De Guiscard returned to the Court of Savoy and thence departed for the Hague, taking Rocayrol with him. The Duke sent a messenger after him, to search his papers and take away a plan of the city of Turin which he had procured; this was done, and the engineer who had given it to him was imprisoned. The incident is worthy of remark, as showing in what esteem De Guiscard was held even by his patrons.

He arrived at the Hague towards the end of the year 1704, under the name of the Marquis de Meneville. The Grand Pensionary and the Duke of Marlborough, to whose advantage it was to foment disturbances in France, granted him interviews and held out promises of employment, and the States General allotted him a pension. His next move was to send Rocayrol to Marlborough (who had returned to England), with a memorial setting forth what he (De Guiscard) had done on behalf of the French Protestants, and asking for a reward, which he asserted had been promised to him. No notice, however, was taken of this, a circumstance which Boyer ascribes in part to the agency of the Marquis de Miremont, who objected to the affair of the Camisards being left entirely in the hands of De Guiscard. Rocayrol returned empty-handed, and shortly

afterwards mysteriously disappeared. He had fallen into the hands of the French, who sent him to the galleys, and it appears not altogether improbable that De Guiscard had some share in this misfortune. By this time De Miremont's intrigues had been successful; he had procured his commission as commander-in-chief of the relief expedition raised in London, and then went to Holland to secure the co-operation and pecuniary assistance of the States General. But the latter had already approved the proposals of De Guiscard, and thus matters came to a deadlock, some thinking that De Guiscard ought to be given command of the expedition, and some that, as a Protestant, De Miremont was a more suitable person. All efforts to reconcile the two men proved fruitless; De Miremont, determined not to ally himself with a Catholic, returned to England, to find that his volunteers had been disbanded, the Government not caring to keep them in pay any longer. De Guiscard then left the Hague for Barcelona, to lay his plans before King Charles, and it was just prior to his departure that he published the "Mémoires" which have already been described. On his way he visited Italy, where he had interviews with the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene, and finally reached Barcelona in November 1705. There, with plausible proposals and specious promises, he insinuated himself into the good graces of both Charles and the Earl of Peterborough; for the former went so far as to write a letter to Queen Anne, in which, after begging for "new Supplies of Men and Money," he recommended the Marquis de Guiscard to her protection, "being persuaded there is no fitter Person than he, in several Respects, to render this Enterprize successful. All the Inhabitants of this Province," he goes on to say, "wish it *passionately*, and will vigorously second him." Armed with

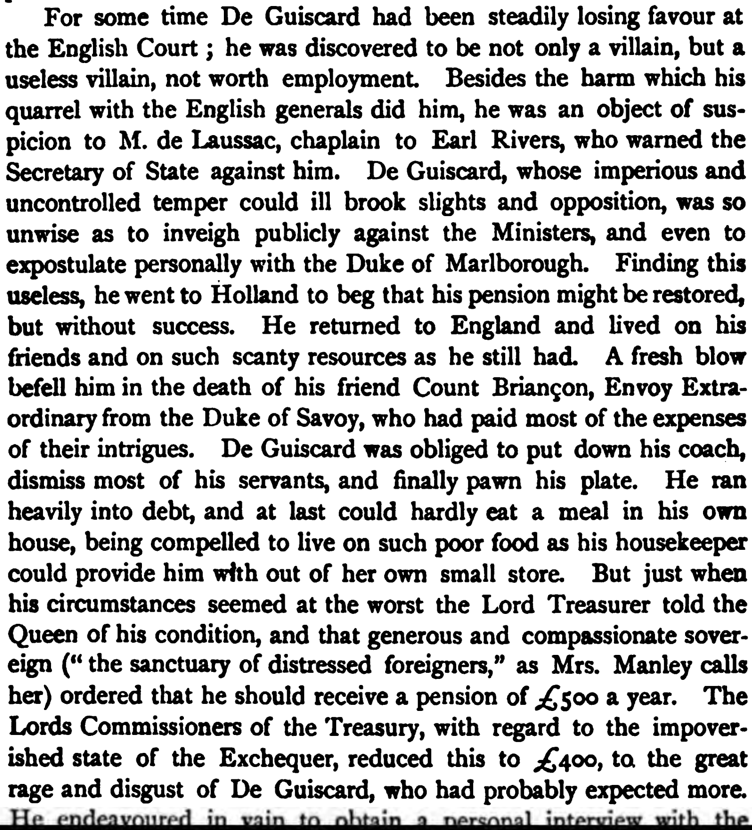


unaccountable power of attraction, which seldom failed to win him confidence and friendship, even from those who should have been better judges of men. Owing to these powerful protectors he ousted from favour his former rival, De Miremont, and was given the command of a regiment of dragoons destined to take part in an aggressive expedition to France under the command of Earl Rivers. De Guiscard was nominated its colonel, and drew his pay as such; yet Boyer notes that he never received his commission, which proves that there must have existed some lurking distrust of him. However, by the generosity of Prince George of Denmark he received £1,500, which doubtless consoled him for much.

The proposed descent, however, never took place. While waiting for favourable winds De Guiscard contrived to quarrel, first with Lieutenant-General Erle and the Earl of Essex, and then with Earl Rivers. These generals, finding also that he was ignorant of military affairs, reported his shortcomings to the Court, with the result that the adventurer was recalled to London.

Whatever mortification De Guiscard may have felt at this, he did not show it; but, thus freed from all duties, he plunged eagerly into the life which best suited him—a life luxurious, dissolute, and profligate, with companions as idle and almost as vicious as himself. If his object was, as Boyer supposes, "to buoy up his sinking Credit, and screen himself from Contempt," he did not succeed; "for," the same author goes on to say, "it could not but raise the Envy and Jealousy of many, to see a *French* Papist *vie* in Magnificence with the *English* Nobility and Gentry; play deep, and keep Mistresses." (A significant comment on the *privileges* of our "nobility and gentry!") In two years his money, derived partly from his regiment and partly from his pension, was exhausted, and he found himself in a precarious position. The first blow came with the cessation of his pension from the States General, who considered that his English sources of income should be sufficient. His good fortune at the gaming-tables for a time supported him, until his luck changed. He then tried to sell his regiment; but while negotiating about it he received news that this same regiment, commanded by Protestant officers, the chief of whom was the famous Cavalier, had been almost cut to pieces at the battle of Almanza; and as the Government did not raise it again, he lost his income from that source. For the next three years (1707–1710) De Guiscard was engaged chiefly in soliciting a pension from the English Government; and his want of success, coupled with the desperate nature of his

position, led him into those negotiations with France which ultimately proved his ruin.



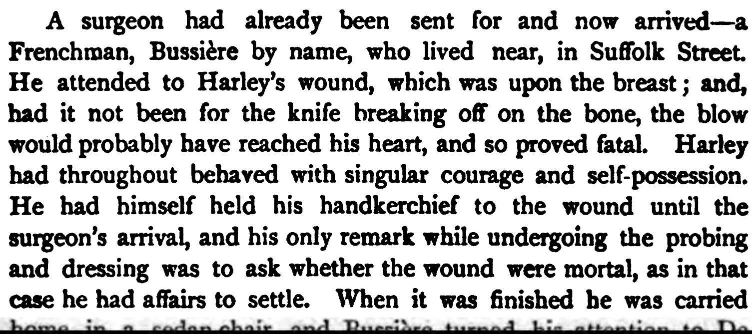
For some time De Guiscard had been steadily losing favour at the English Court; he was discovered to be not only a villain, but a useless villain, not worth employment. Besides the harm which his quarrel with the English generals did him, he was an object of suspicion to M. de Laussac, chaplain to Earl Rivers, who warned the Secretary of State against him. De Guiscard, whose imperious and uncontrolled temper could ill brook slights and opposition, was so unwise as to inveigh publicly against the Ministers, and even to expostulate personally with the Duke of Marlborough. Finding this useless, he went to Holland to beg that his pension might be restored, but without success. He returned to England and lived on his friends and on such scanty resources as he still had. A fresh blow befell him in the death of his friend Count Briançon, Envoy Extraordinary from the Duke of Savoy, who had paid most of the expenses of their intrigues. De Guiscard was obliged to put down his coach, dismiss most of his servants, and finally pawn his plate. He ran heavily into debt, and at last could hardly eat a meal in his own house, being compelled to live on such poor food as his housekeeper could provide him with out of her own small store. But just when his circumstances seemed at the worst the Lord Treasurer told the Queen of his condition, and that generous and compassionate sovereign ("the sanctuary of distressed foreigners," as Mrs. Manley calls her) ordered that he should receive a pension of £500 a year. The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, with regard to the impoverished state of the Exchequer, reduced this to £400, to the great rage and disgust of De Guiscard, who had probably expected more. He endeavoured in vain to obtain a personal interview with the

to the Countess, directed to the Earl of Portmore at Lisbon. The Countess being out, the packet was left on her table. When she returned she was told that the Marquis had sent the packet; she went to her room, and soon after declared that it was missing, feigning to be much concerned about it. She even promised a reward of two guineas to whoever should find it, and on De Guiscard's coming to see her by appointment she informed him of the loss. He showed some anxiety, gave her an entirely untrue account of the contents of the letters, and begged her to look for them. On Wednesday, March 7, he called again to inquire about the missing packet, but the Countess had nothing to tell him. What the letters really contained is not known; the report was that they informed the Court of France that the time was favourable for an attempt on the part of the exiled Stuart prince to regain his country.

However this may be, De Guiscard had been carefully watched from the time that the Government received his first letter from the Earl of Portmore; and on Thursday, March 8, between two and three o'clock, he was arrested in the Mall in St. James's Park, on a warrant for high treason from St. John, the Secretary of State, and taken direct to the Cockpit to be examined by the Privy Council. He was fully aware of the danger of his position, and seems to have resolved, therefore, to make those who were responsible for his misfortune suffer for it. He asked permission to send to an adjoining coffee-house for a glass of wine, some bread and butter, and a *knife*; but the woman of the coffee-house omitted the knife accidentally, according to Mrs. Manley, though Boyer's version is that she refused to send it. Foiled in this direction, he found in the room where he was confined pending the meeting of the Council a penknife which had been inadvertently left by one of the clerks, and this he secreted, though the messengers who had arrested him searched his pockets. When brought before the Council he was inclined to put a bold face on the matter, and, interrogated by St. John regarding his correspondence with France, only returned evasive answers; but when confronted with his own letters he saw the desperate nature of his case. He expressed a wish to speak privately with St. John; permission was refused, upon which he remarked, "Voilà qui est dur, pas un mot!" The bell being rung for the messengers to take him away, De Guiscard stooped down as if to speak to Harley, who was seated at the table, and stabbed him in the breast with the penknife, saying, "J'en veux donc à toi!" The blade broke off short on meeting the bone, but notwithstanding this the assassin struck a second blow with the broken stump. In an instant all was confusion;

the Privy Councillors leapt to their feet, drew their swords, and rushed upon the desperate man. St. John, crying, "The villain has killed Mr. Harley!" was the first to wound him, and was followed by the Dukes of Ormond and Newcastle. Earl Poulet, however, called out to them not to kill De Guiscard, and, as Harley had risen and was calmly walking about to reassure them, they put up their swords. By this time the messengers and door-keepers had rushed in and attempted to seize the Marquis, who fought like a tiger and knocked down several of them; but he was at last dragged backwards and secured, principally by Wilcox, one of the Queen's Messengers, a very powerful man, who gave De Guiscard the bruise in the back which was the direct cause of his death. The one gentlemanly instinct that still remained to the half-frantic villain was his fear of an ignominious death at the hands of the hangman; and it was this which made him, while being bound, cry out to Ormond, "My Lord Duc d'Ormond, pourquoi ne me dépêchez-vous?"—to which the Duke coldly answered, "Ce n'est pas l'affaire des honnêtes gens; c'est l'affaire d'un autre."

A surgeon had already been sent for and now arrived—a Frenchman, Bussière by name, who lived near, in Suffolk Street. He attended to Harley's wound, which was upon the breast; and, had it not been for the knife breaking off on the bone, the blow would probably have reached his heart, and so proved fatal. Harley had throughout behaved with singular courage and self-possession. He had himself held his handkerchief to the wound until the surgeon's arrival, and his only remark while undergoing the probing and dressing was to ask whether the wound were mortal, as in that case he had affairs to settle. When it was finished he was carried



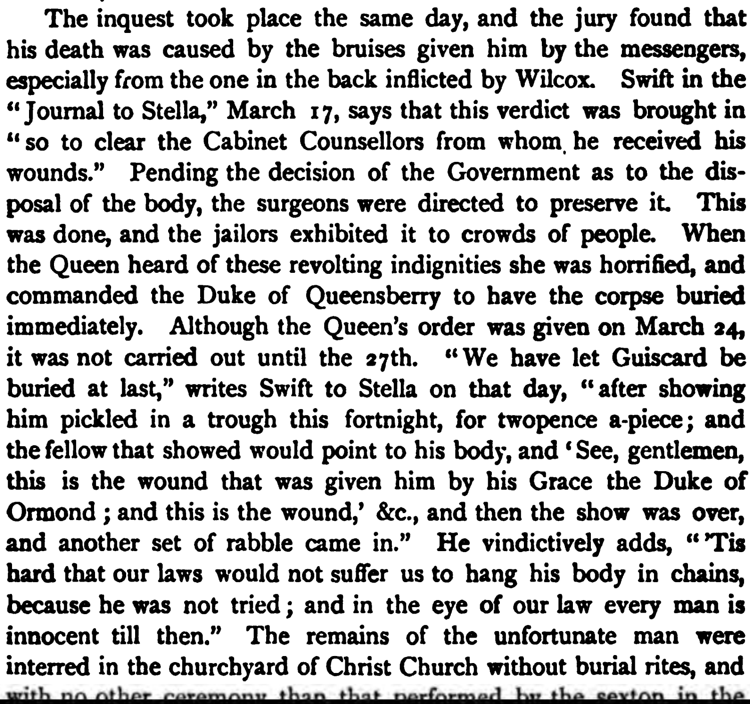
strong guard to Newgate, and a strict watch was kept over him in case he should endeavour to take his own life, as he seemed disposed to attempt. When, in answer to his question regarding Harley's condition, he learned that the Minister was going on well, he said, "Then I will live," and seemed much better when the surgeons came to see him the next morning. His arms were then unbound, and his four wounds dressed, but the fifth remained unnoticed because he refused to take off his clothes on account of the state of the bed. Bussière informed the Lords of the Council that it was absolutely necessary that his patient should have better accommodation; but another day passed before this was provided, and the fifth wound was then found and dressed.

Meanwhile all sorts of extravagant stories were in circulation regarding De Guiscard's attempt. It was said that he had intended to kill the Queen; that a dagger had been found on him; that he had accomplices, some of whom had been discovered; and that the Pretender had embarked for England. But these reports were quite untrue, although certain French refugees who were known to be in the habit of visiting him were arrested on suspicion, but were subsequently discharged, as nothing could be found against them.

On March 9, the day after his arrest, De Guiscard expressed a wish to speak with the Duke of Ormond, who accordingly went to see him with the Secretaries of State, and sent him a present of some wine. The next day the Duke went again with some of the Privy Councillors to endeavour to draw a confession from him; but De Guiscard declared there was no conspiracy and he had no accomplices. A pardon had been promised him if he would confess, but as upon a second examination he persisted in his denials, the promise was recalled. De Guiscard looked upon this as practically his death-warrant; he became melancholy and refused to take food. The surgeons found that his pulse was sinking, and a physician was called in, who found his condition serious. On Thursday, March 15, the Councillors again came to examine him, but he was then delirious and unable to speak. The day before, the Commons had decided to bring in a Bill making an attempt on the life of a Privy Councillor felony without benefit of clergy. Of course this could not be made retrospective in its action, and a clause was therefore to be inserted to attaint De Guiscard; this, however, was omitted, as the prisoner was then dying. Boyer justly censures this proposed clause as "a dangerous Precedent, to punish a Man by a Law, *ex post Facto.*" On the evening of March 15 the surgeons performed an operation

on their patient, and drew a quantity of matter from an incision made near the wound in the back. They found his condition such that they knew he could not live long. The operation was repeated the next day, which gave him some relief; but his pulse continued sinking, and he expired about two o'clock on the morning of Saturday, March 17.

The inquest took place the same day, and the jury found that his death was caused by the bruises given him by the messengers, especially from the one in the back inflicted by Wilcox. Swift in the "Journal to Stella," March 17, says that this verdict was brought in "so to clear the Cabinet Counsellors from whom he received his wounds." Pending the decision of the Government as to the disposal of the body, the surgeons were directed to preserve it. This was done, and the jailors exhibited it to crowds of people. When the Queen heard of these revolting indignities she was horrified, and commanded the Duke of Queensberry to have the corpse buried immediately. Although the Queen's order was given on March 24, it was not carried out until the 27th. "We have let Guiscard be buried at last," writes Swift to Stella on that day, "after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight, for twopence a-piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and 'See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond; and this is the wound,' &c., and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in." He vindictively adds, "'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then." The remains of the unfortunate man were interred in the churchyard of Christ Church without burial rites, and with no other ceremony than that performed by the sexton in the



act had another and more important consequence: it was indirectly responsible for the subsequent estrangement between Harley and St. John, "which," says Swift, "afterward had such unhappy consequences upon the public affairs."[1] It was believed at the time that De Guiscard's attempt was part of a plot to get rid of those English Ministers most dreaded by France; and St. John was jealous that his political rival should be the first recipient of this rather questionable distinction. Possibly De Guiscard would have preferred to kill St. John, once the companion of his pleasures and now the witness of his humiliation; but, as Harley was the sufferer by the assault, St. John need not have grudged him the compensations.

Between Boyer's and Swift's accounts of De Guiscard there are several discrepancies, some of which have already been mentioned. Boyer censured Mrs. Manley's narrative as incorrect, and Swift, who had supplied the lady with her facts, retaliated by a vigorous attack on the Frenchman in the "Examiner."[2] He accuses him, rather unjustly, of being "more concerned for the honour of Guiscard than the safety of Mr. Harley," and sneers at Boyer's "Political State of Great Britain," concluding his remarks as follows: "If such a work must be done, I wish some tolerable hand would undertake it; and that we would not suffer a little whiffling Frenchman to neglect his trade of teaching his language to our children, and presume to instruct foreigners in our politics." In his turn Boyer said hard things about the "Examiner"; and one is inclined to the conclusion that, of the two, Boyer is more reliable, inasmuch as he is less prejudiced. Swift's strong personal attachment to Harley may well have rendered him incapable of dealing fairly with Harley's would-be assassin. "My heart is almost broken," he writes to Stella;[3] and again, "I think of all his kindness to me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French Popish villain." His letter to Archbishop King of Dublin is in the same strain; and later on in the "Journal" he expresses himself as sorry that De Guiscard is dying, "for they have found out a way to hang him"—probably alluding to the proposed clause of attainder. In common with many other people, Swift believed that De Guiscard had intended, if possible, to murder the Queen. He also had a very low opinion of De Guiscard's attainments, for in his Memoirs he speaks of the Marquis as "of a very poor understanding, and the most tedious, trifling talker I ever conversed with." Boyer, while doing justice to his abilities, makes no attempt to "whitewash" De Guiscard: his account

[1] Memoirs relating to the change in the Queen's Ministry in 1710.

[2] No. 41.

[3] *Journal*, March 8, $17\frac{10}{11}$.

appears fair and sober, if not as highly coloured as Mrs. Manley's. The latter, for instance, gives a lurid description of De Guiscard's last moments; she declares that "upon his deathbed examination, he told the lords, 'There was something horrible he had to tell them! —for which he ought to be torn in pieces!—something inconceivable!—exceeding all barbarity!'" There he stopped, and, when asked to continue, repeated the same expressions, and told them nothing of any importance or that they did not already know. The last time the lords were with him he is said to have implored St. John's pardon, and received it; then, saying, 'Content—content'—he became delirious again. It is picturesque, and may possibly be true, though Boyer says nothing about it; and from what we know of Mrs. Manley she is not above the suspicion of embroidering on the facts supplied her by Swift, for the purpose of concocting a dramatic (or melodramatic) narrative. So much for the rival accounts.

"Les échafauts ne sont que pour les malheureux. Tel rencontre une couronne où l'autre a perdu la tête; et souvent les plus honteux suplices et les morts les plus ignominieuses en aparence jettent moins de honte et d'oprobre sur la vie d'un homme, que sa vie même n'en répand sur lui, lorsqu'il n'en jouït que d'une certaine manière." So wrote De Guiscard in his "Mémoires," and the words form a not inappropriate commentary on his own mis-spent life. It was only by death that he escaped the scaffold he so dreaded; and that death in a prison cell and the subsequent indignities inflicted on his dead body were in reality less shameful than his life had been. His crimes and his brief and inglorious appearance in our history are all that render his name worthy of record.

BENVENUTA SOLOMON.

THE PARADISE OF THE PHÆACIANS.

IT is a fortunate circumstance that the most beautiful places in Greece are also the most accessible. The rich plain of Messene, the vale of Tempe, the town of Nauplia, the narrow strait between Euboea and the mainland, are all capable of being seen without fatigue by the most exacting traveller. But of all the charming scenes in the whole country the most charming is that which first meets the eye of the tourist as he enters Greek waters, which detains his last lingering look as he steams away to Italy—the island of Corfù.

Typical in this respect, if in little else, of the rest of Greece, Corfù unites the beauties of nature with the graceful memories of the classical past. "No gulf in the world outshines pleasant Baiæ," says the rich man in Horace; but the glories of Baiæ pale before those of the lovely island where Homer has laid the most delightful part of the "Odyssey." Greece is, as a whole, bare of trees—the natural result of frequent wars and a thin soil—but Corfù is clothed with verdure and rich in fruit. Go where you will through the island, along the excellent roads which are a legacy from the British times, and you will drive beneath the shade of gigantic olives, which were planted in the days when the lion banner of St. Mark still flew over the battlements of the old fortress. Golden *nespole*, more picturesque still under their Greek name of *músmula*, peep out from beneath the foliage; the orange and the lemon are here at home; the tender green of the vine covers many a valley, and the hedges of cactus, "St Paul's figs," as the Greeks picturesquely call them, are interspersed with roses. Homer did not greatly exaggerate when he sang of the gardens of Alkinoös:

> Where great trees grow and blossom,
> Pear-trees, and pomegranates, and apple-trees with splendid fruit,
> And sweet figs and luxuriant olives.
> Their fruit is never destroyed, nor ever fails
> Winter or summer, all the year 'tis there.[1]

[1] *Odyssey*, vii. 114–8

It would be difficult, too, for the eye to find a fairer prospect than that from the balcony of my room at Corfù. In the distance is the picturesque village of Santi Déka, a patch of white on the mountain side, with the red cupola of its Venetian church rising above the villa where Georgi Berovich, the last Turkish governor of Crete, and later still the Sultan's progressive kinsman, Mahmud, found a refuge in their flight. To the left, another white patch amid the green of the foliage and the blue of the sky is the Achílleion, that lordly pleasure-house which the late Empress of Austria built in the island of her choice. Above it, on a specular mount stands the tiny chapel of Hagía Kyriaké, object of her daily pilgrimages. Below are the lake of Chalikiópoulo, once the harbour of the Phæacians, and the bay of Kastrades, on either side of the fairylike peninsula, which ends at Cannone. Further to the left again stretches the sea with the crescent-shaped coast, which gave to the island its old name of Drepáne, or "the sickle," trending towards the promontory of Leukímne, on which the seafaring Corfiotes of the days of Thucydides set up a trophy for their naval victory over the Corinthians. On the right rise the walls of the Fortezza Nuova, where once the Union Jack flew, and the natural barrier of Pantokrátor, Corfù's highest mountain, with the present harbour below. And, scattered all over the foreground, trim houses and olive groves complete a picture of which even Greece, the land of soft southern lights and shades, may well be proud, and which to the pilgrim from the sterner north seems like a glimpse into a new and idyllic world.

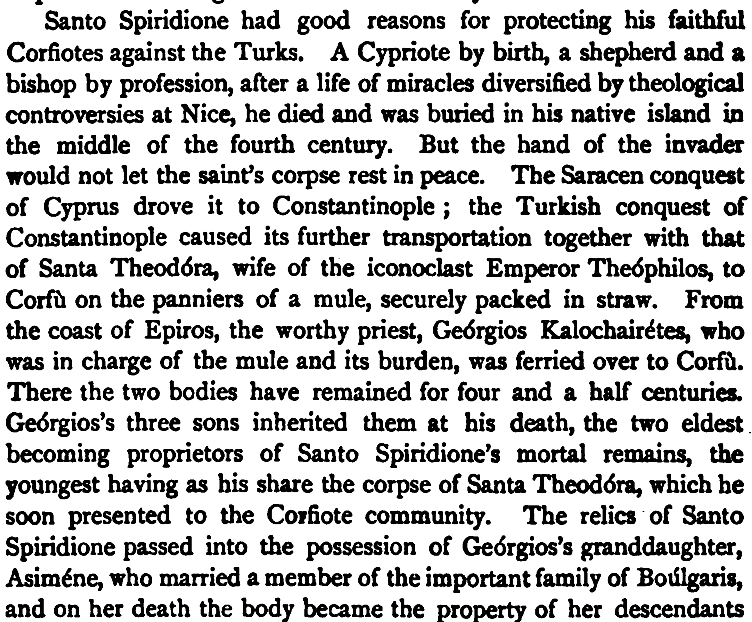
In some respects the traveller just landed at Corfù can scarcely fancy that he has set foot on Greek soil. The town which he traverses is more Italian than Greek, though the signs of the shops are often in both languages and the natives are bilingual. But wherever Venice has been, whether in the Dalmatian coast-towns, in

the conditions of land tenure, and the habits of the people, are still largely based upon the Venetian polity. The titles which the Corfiotes, almost alone of Greeks, still use, are relics of the days when the shrewd statesmen of the mercantile republic, like our modern prime ministers in England, closed the mouths of obstreperous subjects or rewarded loyal services by the bestowal of honorary distinctions. The Golden Book, which contained their names, was burnt by the excited people when the French Republicans landed in the island; but the Corfiote archives are still full of Venetian documents, and there are Corfiote families whose pedigrees go back to the early days of Venetian rule.

It is in the old fortress that Venetian Corfù is still embodied. On either side of the gateway are huge mortars bearing the date of 1684, the memorable year when Morosini began his victorious campaign against the Turks; within are several more, and though the lion of St. Mark has been dislodged from his post over the entrance, where now the Greek arms have been cut in stone, he is still rampant on the ramparts with many an old escutcheon beneath him. Inside, Venetian inscriptions agreeably diversify the Greek regulations for the garrison which now occupies the fortress, and one splendid Venetian well, restored in 1732, recalls some of those marble *pozzi* which we associate with the old Italian cities. Happy in the opportunity of his burial, the architect of the old fortress has found his last resting-place in the wall which he built. On the left as you cross the ditch into the castle, an oblong piece of masonry set in the rampart marks his grave, while a cross above is his tombstone. His work has survived many vicissitudes. French and Russians, English and Greeks, have all by turns occupied the battlements which he constructed to repel the Turk; and, though that old enemy still holds the clearly cut coast of Epiros, which we see from the top of the citadel over the azure water, the island, secure in the neutrality which it enjoys, has nothing to fear from that former foe. Yet, in days gone by, Corfù was the outpost of Europe against the Mussulman. Outside the old fortress an uncouth statue still commemorates the great German soldier of fortune, John Matthew, Count von Schulemburg, "commander-in-chief of the land forces of the Christian Republic," who successfully defended Corfù during the great siege of 1716. Twice in its history the island ran great risk of becoming, like Crete, a Turkish possession. On both occasions, once in 1537 and again in 1716, the Turks landed their forces at Govino, where the fine arches of the later Venetian arsenal may still be seen, but on both occasions they failed to take the fortress.

Corfiote piety ascribed their second defeat to the special intervention of Santo Spiridione, the patron saint of the island, who appeared to the panic-stricken Turks in the form of a monk with a firebrand in his hand. The memory of this exploit is still preserved at Corfù. Not only did the grateful Venetian senate and the Corfiote nobles dedicate to him two massive silver lamps, which still hang in his church, but on August $\frac{11}{24}$ in each year, the anniversary of the day which saw the Turkish rout, the body of the saint is carried in procession through the town with military honours.

Santo Spiridione had good reasons for protecting his faithful Corfiotes against the Turks. A Cypriote by birth, a shepherd and a bishop by profession, after a life of miracles diversified by theological controversies at Nice, he died and was buried in his native island in the middle of the fourth century. But the hand of the invader would not let the saint's corpse rest in peace. The Saracen conquest of Cyprus drove it to Constantinople; the Turkish conquest of Constantinople caused its further transportation together with that of Santa Theodóra, wife of the iconoclast Emperor Theóphilos, to Corfù on the panniers of a mule, securely packed in straw. From the coast of Epiros, the worthy priest, Geórgios Kalochairétes, who was in charge of the mule and its burden, was ferried over to Corfù. There the two bodies have remained for four and a half centuries. Geórgios's three sons inherited them at his death, the two eldest becoming proprietors of Santo Spiridione's mortal remains, the youngest having as his share the corpse of Santa Theodóra, which he soon presented to the Corfiote community. The relics of Santo Spiridione passed into the possession of Geórgios's granddaughter, Asiméne, who married a member of the important family of Boúlgaris, and on her death the body became the property of her descendants



processions—the Venetians, under whom all four were instituted, the French, the Russians, and the English. As for the natives, they show their regard for the saint by calling their sons Spiro in his honour, just as at Zante almost every one is named Dionýsios, and at Kephalleniá the popular name is Gerásimos. Santa Theodóra is less famous than her companion in exile; but her remains, *minus* the head, are still preserved in a tomb, which stands to the left of the altar in the metropolitan church.

There is a perverse spirit abroad in these days, which seeks to deprive classic sites of the honours accorded to them by the traditions of centuries. Dr. Dörpfeld has proved, at least to his own satisfaction though not to that of the Ithakans, that the Itháke of Homer was not the modern island of that name, but Santa Mavra. Others have similarly sought to annul Corfù's claim to be the Schería of the "Odyssey," upon which the long-suffering hero was cast ashore. But a long list of ancient Greek writers, from Thucydides downwards, might be made out in support of the established theory; when the French landed in the island in 1797, the archbishops presented their commander with a copy of the "Odyssey," and, if allowance be made for poetic licence and for the changes of thirty centuries, the scenes of the Ithakan king's sojourn at the court of Alkinoös can be fairly well identified at Corfù. The "shady mountains of the Phæacians' land," which he saw on the eighteenth day after leaving Calypso's isle, and which looked "like a shield in the sea," answer quite well to the mountains of the island. The description of the rocky promontories, near which Odysseus found himself after swimming for two days and two nights in the angry sea, corresponds to more than one part of the Corfiote coast. At the entrance to the lake of Chalikiópoulo, where he is usually supposed to have swum in, the water, it is true, is no longer "deep close to the shore"; but that lake, originally the old Hyllæan harbour, has become much shallower since the Homeric days. The "mouth of the fair-flowing river," where he found safety, is said, not without show of reason, to be one of the streams which flow from the fountain of Cressida and discharge into the lake, and that fountain may well be the place where Nausikaa went to wash the clothes on the morning when she met Odysseus. I walked one day to Cressida, which is a little more than five kilomètres by road from Corfù, and found the spring gushing out from under a rock beneath a fig-tree, which might well have provided the naked hero with the covering mentioned in Homer. Near the spring now stand a small inn, a mill, and a chapel of Hagía Kyriaké, and my appearance excited

great interest among the country-folk, who at once asked me if I wanted water. They told me that that of Cressida is never drunk, though it looks pure at the source, because, as one of them said with an expressive gesture, "it is bad for the stomach." It is very cold, and I noticed with much interest that a group of modern Nausikaas were engaged in washing their clothes in the stream. I then proceeded to trace it to the sea. Crossing over a bridge, beneath which it flows through rank beds of weeds, I traversed a wood and emerged in an open space not far from the sea, just as Homer describes it:

> A wood near the water
> In a clear place.

From there to the mouths of the stream there are extensive corn-fields, broken up by the sluggish arms of the muddy river, which can there no longer be described as "beautifully flowing." A chorus of frogs greeted me as I made my way through the marsh, and a bare-legged man, suddenly emerging from behind the corn, reminded me of the sudden apparition of Odysseus to Nausikaa and her maidens. And, in driving home along the road from Santi Déka, I felt that I was traversing the same route over which the white-armed daughter of Alkinoös had been borne in her mule cart—the *ámaxa*, which is the modern no less than the Homeric word for a vehicle. Indeed, all over Greece, your cabman or boatman constantly uses expressions which have been in use since the days of the "Odyssey," and which prove the continuity of the Greek language across the vicissitudes of three thousand years.

Perhaps there is no spot near Corfù more romantic than the islet of Pondikonisi, which lies opposite Cannone, and which is the property of the church of the Madonna dei Forestieri. How or

rock —the quarter-deck of the Phæacian vessel—into a lovely garden, put a few tables and chairs there, and is wont to receive strangers to tea in his island hermitage. Many a distinguished stranger has crossed over from the little nunnery, tenanted by nine nuns, which stands at the end of the breakwater, and from which a ferry-boat plies to the islet. On the outside of the chapel inscriptions commemorate the visits of the late Empress of Austria and her ill-starred son, of the King and Queen of Greece, and of two Russian Grand-dukes. The inscriptions are all in Greek, save those in honour of the Empress and the Archduke Rudolph. I copied the two latter down, and give them here, without correcting the monk's Italian:

Elisabetta d' Austria
Qui si posando
Per Lei spiraro le aure più miti
E lo scoglio che per Lei dava fiori
Ama serbarne memoria.—MDCCCLXI.

Immediately beneath this tablet is that commemorative of the Archduke's visit:

Il faustissimo giorno
29 Agosto 1877
Quando
Il ciel sereno il zeffiro soave
Il placido mormorio delle onde
Alla calma al diletto alla pace
L'Arciduca Rodolfo
Principe ereditario d' Austria Ungeria
Invitando
In questo delizioso scoglio
Gli dieron saggio
D' un dei migliori dì della vita
Il monaco Simeone Conto
In segno di gratitudine
Alla posterità consacra.

Often in the late afternoon I have crossed over to this island of dreams, which the famous painter Boecklin is said to have taken as the original of his "Island of the Dead." From the trellised roof of the platform, on which you land, the passion flower is hanging; only the cypresses above whisper of death. But from the stern of the ship the blue expanse of the Ionian sea stretches far away to the south, while from the prow the eye traverses the shallow lake and the peninsula. Two octopuses, hanging from the bars of the upper verandah, keep up the illusion that you are on board a vessel, one of those fishing-boats whose yellow sails are catching the sunlight out

towards Epiros yonder. Many an artist, many a weary man of letters, might have envied the monk Simeon this poetic retreat from the world, illuminated with the divine genius of Homer. Pondikonisi has rivals, as we said. There is the rock, which one sees out in the sea from the pass of Pantaleone, Karávi ("ship") by name, which looks so exactly like a ship in full sail with a little boat attached, that many persons are at first inclined to believe that it is a real vessel. There is, too, the little rock near Vido, called Kondylonisi from the reeds, used as pens, which once grew on it, and which was at one time crowned by a chapel of the Virgin. The Italian name of a reef in the north channel near the lighthouse island of Tignoso, Barchetta, would seem to point to some similar legend.

The site of the Phæacian city of Alkinoös is generally placed on the peninsula, between the bay of Kastrádes and the lake of Chalikiópoulo,[1] though there is naturally no positive proof obtainable of such identity. Upon the same site, in historic times, rose the Corinthian colony of Corcyra, which was the cause of the Peloponnesian war, and whose sanguinary tumults live for all time in the pages of Thucydides. A number of antiquities, found there during the execution of some public works in 1813, the tradition embodied in the still current name of Palaiópolis ("old city") for this part of the island, and the description of Thucydides, who says that the city had two harbours, all point to the accuracy of this hypothesis. The modern Corfiotes delight in reminiscences of their classical days. "Alkinoös Villa" and "Street of the Phæacians" are names which attract the notice of the pedestrian on the way to Cannone. Homer and Demodokos, the bard of Alkinoös, have been commemorated by streets, and the street nomenclature of the town has also borrowed largely from the events of the struggle between Corinth

The early centuries of Christianity have left their mark on the island also. Two kinsmen of the Apostle Paul, mentioned in the "Epistle to the Romans,"[1] Jason bishop of Tarsus, and Sosipater bishop of Iconium, who came as the first missionaries to Corfù, where one was martyred, have bequeathed their names to one of the two oldest churches there. The church of SS. Jason and Sosipater at Kastrádes, which in its present form dates from the twelfth century, is the successor of an earlier building and is mainly interesting from the fact that it contains the tombs of the wife of Thomas Palaiológos, last Despot of the Morea, and of George Phrantzês, the historian of the Turkish conquest. Phrantzês was the confidential adviser of the last Palæológoi princes; and, when the Peloponnesos at last fell beneath the blows of Mohammed II., he, like the despicable Despot Thomas, took refuge at Corfù, and there, at the request of some noble Corfiotes, as he tells us, composed, in the silence of a monastery, the story of his troublous times. Stern classicists, who despise the literature of an age when ἀπό governed the accusative, have no thought for poor Phrantzês and his book. But to those who think no page in the history of Hellas unworthy of attention his work cannot fail to appeal, and here, beside the tomb of mediæval Greece's last contemporary historian, the friend of the young Greek kingdom may meditate on the causes which for nearly four centuries placed the Greeks beneath the sway of the Turk.

The other old church, that of the Virgin in Palaiópolis, lies buried in a delightful garden to the right of the road to Cannone. The west door is the only remaining part of the Byzantine fabric; and the sun, streaming through the trees, enables us to read an old inscription which describes in four hexameters the story of its foundation:

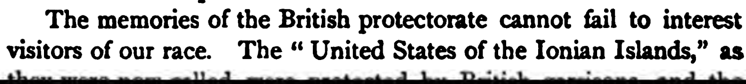
> Having royal faith, which helped my strength,
> To thee, blessed ruler of the skies, I raised this sacred temple,
> After destroying the precincts and altars of the pagan Greeks,
> I, Jovian, with my humble hand, to thee, O Lord.

Who this particular Jovian was, is not precisely known; but it has been assumed by Hertzberg, the German historian of Roman Greece, that it was none other than the emperor of that name, who succeeded Julian the Apostate, and restored the Christian religion to the place from which his predecessor had degraded it. If so, the church acquires an additional interest as being perhaps the first constructed out of a heathen temple after the reaction which followed the death of Julian.

[1] xvi. 21.

The old city was abandoned by its inhabitants about the seventh century, in consequence of its exposed position which left it at the mercy of Gothic invasions, and a new town was founded on the rocks where the Fortezza Vecchia now stands. From the two peaks, or κορυφώ, on that promontory, the city obtained the Byzantine name, which, in its corrupted form of "Corfù," it still retains in Italian, and under which both town and island are universally known outside of Greece. This was the stronghold for whose possession Normans and Byzantines strove so stoutly, before whose walls the fleet of the crusaders cast anchor on the way to overthrow the Greek empire of Constantinople, whose Greek inmates offered a reluctant and brief resistance to the able man of their own race and creed, Michael Angelos Komnenós, who had reared on the ruins of the empire an independent Greek state in Epiros over the water. He it was, if we may believe the local tradition, who erected on the great rock high above the sea to the north-west of the monastery of Palaiokastrizza, the grim fortress, Castello Sant' Angelo, which has withstood many a siege and still preserves in its ruins the name of his family. It was the last time for six centuries that the Corfiotes were governed by rulers of Greek stock and orthodox religion. Wise in their generation, and knowing what influence religion and its priests have always had over Greek communities, the Angeloi granted special fiscal privileges to the orthodox clergy, who were degraded from their high position by the Catholic Angevins, and were not restored to it till the Russians landed in Corfù a hundred years ago and Admiral Ouzakoff listened to a Te Deum in the church of Santo Spiridione.

The memories of the British protectorate cannot fail to interest visitors of our race. The " United States of the Ionian Islands," as



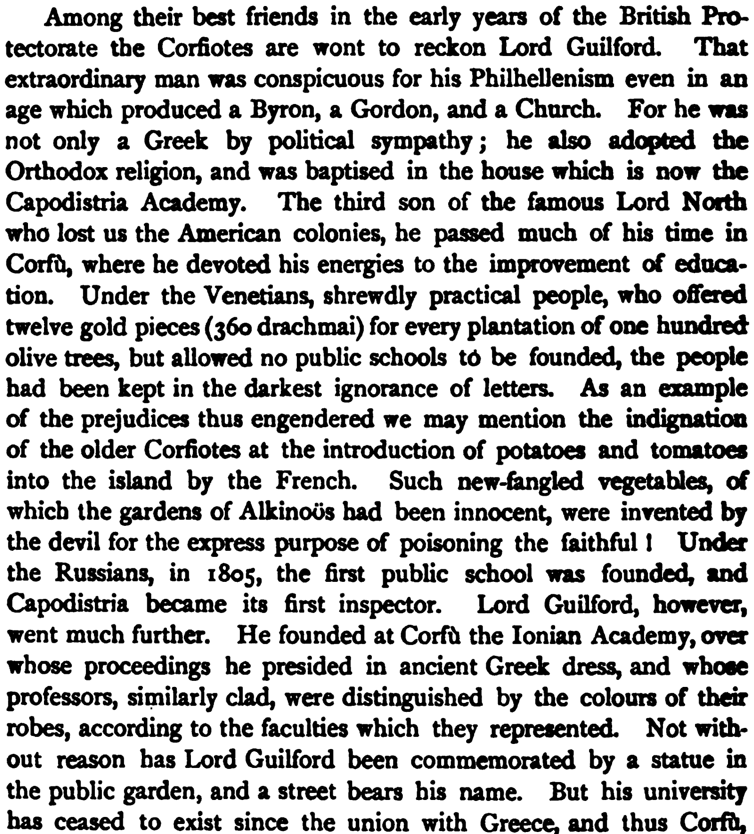
Suli, with which it has been joined in immortal union by the verses of Byron :

> On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
> Exists the remnant of a line,
> Such as the Doric mothers bore.

Now, fifteen years before the British protectorate, a treaty had been concluded between Russia and Turkey, then celebrating one of their periodical honeymoons, by which the dependencies had been ceded to the latter. But the brave inhabitants of Parga had successfully resisted all attempts of Ali Pasha of Joannina to conquer it, and at the time of the British protectorate their abode remained the sole free spot of Greek territory. A British garrison under the Swiss Colonel de Bosset was placed there, and the inhabitants naturally believed that they would remain under British protection. The Porte, however, now called upon Great Britain, as the inheritor of Russia's treaty liabilities, to hand over Parga to the tender mercies of the Turk. I have heard it said—and can well believe it—that our Foreign Office imagined Parga to be an island. Indeed, it was so described by Mr. Goulburn and Lord Lauderdale during the debate in Parliament. At any rate, in spite of the efforts of Sir Thomas Maitland, who personally visited Ali Pasha on behalf of Parga, the British Government ceded the little town to the Sultan, who on that condition consented to recognise the British protectorate of the Ionian Islands. Rather than remain as his subjects, the heroic inhabitants resolved to emigrate, and the British provided them with houses, free of rent, at Mandoúchio, one of the suburbs of Corfù, where I have seen their descendants still peacefully living. The exiles also received a large indemnity ; but the Greek thinks no indemnity a recompense for the loss of his country. Eloquent Italian poets composed poems on the cession of Parga ; a whole literature grew up around the rock, which seems so unimportant that it rarely attracts the notice of the traveller on his way from Corfù to Patras. Even now the cession rankles in the heart of many a Greek. I know one worthy man from Parga, now comfortably established at Athens, whose anti-British sympathies are entirely due to that surrender. In the garrison church at Corfù may still be seen the sacred pictures and other furniture of the church at Parga, which the Pargians brought with them to Corfù in 1819, and which, after various vicissitudes, were placed there in 1865, there to remain "until the day when Parga shall once more be free." That day will, no doubt, come ; and, if Great Britain supports the claim of Greece to South Epiros when the fateful moment arrives, the cession of Parga

will become a memory which a high-spirited people can contemplate without bitterness.

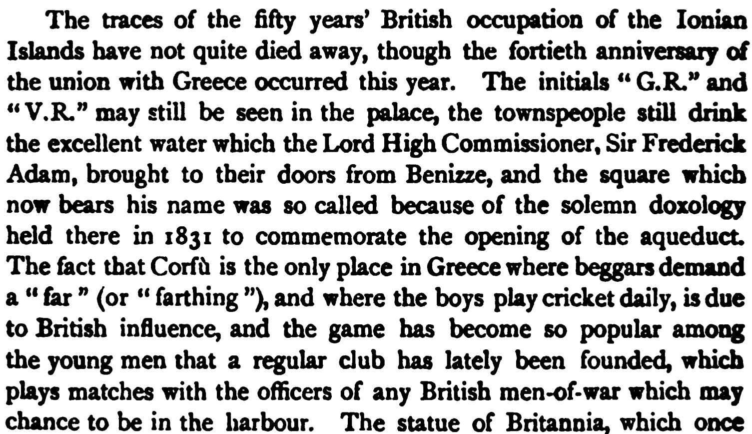
Among their best friends in the early years of the British Protectorate the Corfiotes are wont to reckon Lord Guilford. That extraordinary man was conspicuous for his Philhellenism even in an age which produced a Byron, a Gordon, and a Church. For he was not only a Greek by political sympathy; he also adopted the Orthodox religion, and was baptised in the house which is now the Capodistria Academy. The third son of the famous Lord North who lost us the American colonies, he passed much of his time in Corfù, where he devoted his energies to the improvement of education. Under the Venetians, shrewdly practical people, who offered twelve gold pieces (360 drachmai) for every plantation of one hundred olive trees, but allowed no public schools to be founded, the people had been kept in the darkest ignorance of letters. As an example of the prejudices thus engendered we may mention the indignation of the older Corfiotes at the introduction of potatoes and tomatoes into the island by the French. Such new-fangled vegetables, of which the gardens of Alkinoüs had been innocent, were invented by the devil for the express purpose of poisoning the faithful! Under the Russians, in 1805, the first public school was founded, and Capodistria became its first inspector. Lord Guilford, however, went much further. He founded at Corfù the Ionian Academy, over whose proceedings he presided in ancient Greek dress, and whose professors, similarly clad, were distinguished by the colours of their robes, according to the faculties which they represented. Not without reason has Lord Guilford been commemorated by a statue in the public garden, and a street bears his name. But his university has ceased to exist since the union with Greece, and thus Corfù,



Vote by ballot, the use of the Greek language in the chamber, a wide suffrage, and a free press were granted in 1849. A new era at once began. A number of mushroom journals instantly sprang up in the various islands, and, as some of the cleverest writers in Europe had taken refuge there from the reaction which had by that time set in all over the Continent, there was no lack of journalists. Our administration was represented as a scarcely veiled tyranny by French and other pamphleteers, and with more reason those British politicians who had violently denounced Austria for her treatment of Lombardy and Venetia were asked why they retained the Ionian Islands. Since the commencement of the protectorate, the creation of the Greek kingdom had provided a natural magnet for the desires of patriotic Greeks elsewhere. Politicians at Athens stimulated the aspirations of the Ionians for annexation to Greece, and soon the cry for union became general. At first it had been mainly confined to Kephallenía and Zante, islands which are nearer to Greece, as well as more Greek by race, and which naturally did not receive so much of the golden rain poured from the coffers of the British Government over the capital. A peasant insurrection in Kephallenía, headed by a priest, and directed against the landowners, had to be suppressed by force, and the hanging of the priest in his robes was a mistake which was never forgotten. At last the British Government sent out Mr. Gladstone to inquire into the grievances of the Ionians. Mr. Gladstone was a better Homeric scholar than diplomatist; his civilities to the clergy did not make them swerve from their Unionist principles; wherever he went, he was greeted with cries of Ζήτω ἡ ἕνωσις. The fall of King Otho and the election of King George decided the fate of the British protectorate. It was resolved to hand over the islands to Greece, on certain conditions. One of these was the neutrality of Corfù and Paxo; the other, inserted in the treaty at the request of Austria, was the destruction of the two important forts of Abraham and Vido, on which we had just spent £20,000. The latter commanded the channel of Corfù, and its value had been recognised by the French, who destroyed the fine olive grove upon it to make way for fortifications, and, having made it a solitude, called it peace—Île de la Paix, instead of Vido, the name of its owner in the sixteenth century. The English had built yet stronger fortifications, sacrificing for the purpose the old church of Santo Stefano, which under the Angevins had given its name to the island. My friend, Col. Le Mesurier, who was ordered to blow up the fort with guncotton, tells me that the explosion broke all the windows in the opposite houses of Corfù. Strolling

among the gigantic ruins, which lie for the most part as they fell, I seemed to be in the presence of some gigantic cataclysm, such as destroyed Selinunte. Were it not for the date of 1837, still visible on one of the fallen blocks, one might fancy that these huge masses were of Roman origin; they all show to the antiquaries of the future that we, too, were great builders. The director of the agricultural establishment lives in a house built from the fragments, and on the far side of the island is a small English burial-place. One tomb—a cross enclosed in four walls—alone remains, overgrown with briars, and its inscription is quite illegible. Col. Le Mesurier, however, knows its history; it contains the body of a British soldier, shot over his coffin for trying to escape to the Australian goldfields. Five families alone live on Vido, occupied with planting potatoes, vines, and young trees. As the islet has fresh water, it may in time recover some of its former luxuriance.

The traces of the fifty years' British occupation of the Ionian Islands have not quite died away, though the fortieth anniversary of the union with Greece occurred this year. The initials "G.R." and "V.R." may still be seen in the palace, the townspeople still drink the excellent water which the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Frederick Adam, brought to their doors from Benizze, and the square which now bears his name was so called because of the solemn doxology held there in 1831 to commemorate the opening of the aqueduct. The fact that Corfù is the only place in Greece where beggars demand a "far" (or "farthing"), and where the boys play cricket daily, is due to British influence, and the game has become so popular among the young men that a regular club has lately been founded, which plays matches with the officers of any British men-of-war which may chance to be in the harbour. The statue of Britannia, which once



while the amusements, which always follow the British officer, attracted natives and strangers alike to the place. No doubt this concentration of interests in the town had the bad effect of inducing the landowners to leave their estates in the interior of the island, in order to have their share in the social gaieties and lucrative employments which the capital offered. But there can be no doubt whatever that the material prosperity of Corfù was much greater under the British than it has ever been since. Every Corfiote to whom I have talked on the subject frankly says as much, and even the local papers—the "Phonê," the "Ephémeris tôn Eidéseon," and the "Próodos"—grudgingly admitted as much in the more or less apologetic articles which they published when I last witnessed this national anniversary. The "Próodos" wrote sadly that "the names of the Ionian national martyrs have been buried in oblivion," and, indeed, one hears little enough about Lombárdos, Zerbós, and the other eloquent champions of union, whose speeches made the roof of the old Ionian Parliament, now the English church, ring with denunciations of British misgovernment, and with gorgeous descriptions of the island's future under the benevolent sceptre of a constitutional king of the Hellenes. It is perfectly clear that the same desire for the union of the race—the *Ethnos* about which we hear so much—which now prompts the unionist aspirations of the Cretans, existed in Corfù, and I for one cannot help admiring the patriotic enthusiasm of the Greeks for their grand idea. But, if the happiness of peoples depends, as materialistic philosophers would have us believe, on considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence, then the union was a mistake. For the Greek Government has not done much—perhaps cannot do much—for the Ionian Islands. Even the blessing of royal visits is rarely vouchsafed to the Corfiotes, though in this respect they are no worse off than the rest of King George's provincial subjects. True, in the first blush of enthusiasm after the union he came to Corfù, and the garrison church under the old fortress, where once the English soldiers worshipped, witnessed the baptism of Prince George of Crete and the marriage of the King's daughter (Princess Maria) to the Grand Duke George Michaelovich. But the lovely villa of *Mon Repos*, formerly the suburban residence of the British High Commissioner, is usually empty, in spite of its glorious views over those Epirote mountains which, if Greece had had her rights at Berlin, would now form part of the Greek kingdom. The garden of the villa is neglected, and overgrown with the plants which flourish so luxuriantly in this bountiful soil. The rooms are closed, and the visitor might fancy

that this was a part of the domain of Alkinoös, rather than a dependence of the great white palace at Athens. They say that the Queen does not like Corfù; but, be the cause what it may, both the royal villa and the palace in the town are almost always empty. The hall where once the Ionian Senate met, the reception rooms where once the Lord High Commissioner held his court, are deserted. Some time ago, indeed, people thought that the King was likely to spend more time in the island, for he bought some land near his villa, and enclosed with a formidable wooden fence, which the writer scaled at the risk of impaling himself, the fluted ruins of the old Doric temple, said by some to be that of Poseidon, that same god who turned the Phæacian ship to stone. But this new acquisition has not enticed the King away from the charms of Tatoï, nor can the grand old Venetian fountain at Kardáki on the shore below, where the water flows from out of a winged lion's mouth, compare with the cosmopolitan delights of Aïx-les-Bains.

This lack of royal patronage is, however, only one cause, and that the smallest, of the present poverty of Corfù. Strangers arriving in this magnificent island, where nature seems to have done everything for man, can scarcely believe that dismal, abject, and apparently hopeless distress is the lot of the peasants. Even in the town starvation faces the poor every winter, though here winter loses half its terrors. Here alone in Greece is one besieged by beggars, and one Saturday morning I counted no fewer than seventy of these mendicants outside the garden-gate of the English parsonage. But, up the country, in the villages remote from the town, the condition of the peasants is even worse than that of the poor townsfolk. Corfù, it must be remembered, has only two main articles of export—wine and oil, of which 120,000 and 110,000 barrels respectively were pro-

system of payment in kind and the smallness of most Corfiote estates make the profits small and difficult to realise. The landlord or his agent must go in person to assess the amount of the produce—usually one-fourth—due to him, and then has to sell it as best he can in the market at Corfù. The method of taxation, which has existed ever since the year 1803, also imposes all the burdens on the land. For in the island, which has a distinct fiscal system from that of continental Greece, there are only two taxes—namely, export duties of 22·2 per cent. on the oil and wine. The Greek Government has several times tried to bring about the assimilation of the Corfiote fiscal system with that prevailing in other parts of the kingdom, but without success. From the point of view of a Greek Chancellor of the Exchequer, the oil duty, which one year produces a good revenue and the next hardly anything at all, has its disadvantages, especially if his term of office chances to fall in the lean year. Moreover, since the expiration of the commercial treaty between Greece and Italy, a high import duty, imposed in the interest of the South Italian wine-growers, has led to a great decrease in the amount of wine exported from Corfù. But the Corfiotes say that there is practically no leakage in the collection of these two duties, whereas, on the mainland, before the International Control was instituted, the taxes seldom realised their full amount, and arrears were enormous. One other curious result of the Corfiote method of taxation is that the Jews, who number about 3,000 at the present date (2,652 in 1879), pay no taxes at all. For in Corfù, as all the world over, the Hebrew shows little desire to embark on agricultural pursuits. Accordingly, for them and for foreigners settled in the island but unconnected with the soil, living is very cheap. Rates have, however, risen since a recent mayor signalised his term of office by the erection of a fine new theatre, which was to have cost £24,675, and for the completion of which, after the work had been suspended for six years, a large loan had to be raised from the National Bank. Hitherto the Corfiotes, who are fond of both the Greek and Italian drama, had been content with the old theatre, the drop-scene of which depicted the entertainment of Odysseus at the Phæacian court. The great white front of the new building is more imposing than beautiful, and the whole undertaking, which has cost from first to last £31,550, reminds one of those gigantic public offices which Italian municipalities erect with the money that might have been devoted to remunerative public works.

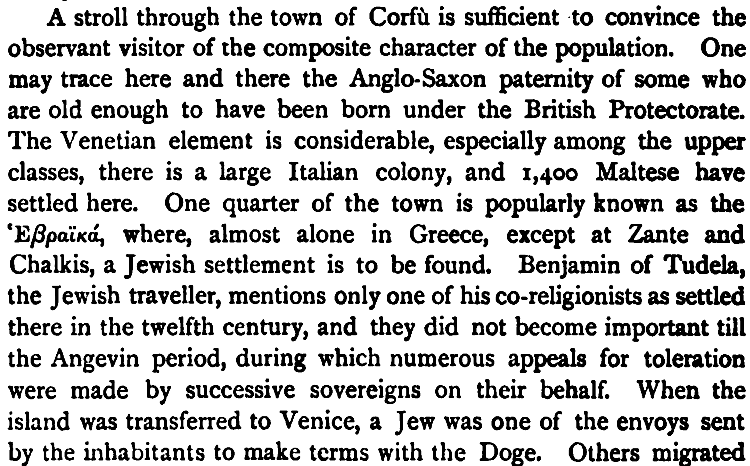
Can anything be done to relieve the awful poverty of Corfù? That is the question which suggests itself to every lover of the

island. It has been thought by some of the natives that the salvation of the country would be a land-bank, which would advance money to the peasants for improvements at a reasonable rate of interest, instead of the 240 per cent. (1 drachma per month for every 5 drachmai lent) now extorted from them by close-fisted usurers. Others, and these are in the majority, advocate a gaming-table. But, quite apart from moral grounds, one wonders whether the island would reap quite such a golden harvest as is expected from its transformation into a Greek Monte Carlo. Gamblers care nothing for scenery; they prefer the green cloth to the green olive-groves, and they will not put themselves out of the way in order to feast their eyes on the scenery of Corfù. And for the "European" gambler—to use the convenient Greek term which describes all west of Greece as "Europe"—Corfù, even with all the advantages of the suggested Sidari and Otranto route, is far more remote than Monte Carlo. Otranto is at the extreme end of the Adriatic railway, and those who, like myself, have several times traversed the length of that line, well know how laborious and how slow the journey is. Probably, therefore, the players would be mostly Levantines from Smyrna, a few people from Athens and Constantinople, and any Corfiotes who, scorning the milder delights of "mouse"—the Greek equivalent of "bridge"—could manage to evade the proposed regulation that only the foreigner should have an opportunity of losing his money. Nor would the bulk of the *employés*, if we may judge by the example of Monte Carlo, be chosen from the people of the place. As for the moral tone of Corfù, it would scarcely be improved by the admixture of Smyrniote visitors, male and female, who might be expected to take up their quarters here, and respectable people would hardly be attracted by the prospect of rubbing shoulders with Levantine *cocottes*, more viciously

nearly all been visitors, like Alexander the Great and the great Constantine, Belisarius and Cicero, Aristotle and the poet Solomós, all of whom are commemorated by streets in the town. In neither Greek, Roman, nor Byzantine times do we read of any Corfiote celebrated for great political or literary talents; under the Venetians almost the sole Corfiote man of letters was the quaint historian Marmora, and it was not till the period shortly before the dawn of Greek independence that the soil of the island, so prolific of fruit, yielded also a harvest of genius. Eugéneios Boúlgaris, the worthy predecessor of Koraês in the formation of the modern Greek language, and his fellow-worker in this field, Nikephó·os Theotókes, eponymous hero of the main street of Corfù, were both members of old Corfiote families, and Capodistria, the President of Greece, was born in a house on the sea-wall, now marked by a marble tablet, and lies buried in the family burial-place within the convent of Platutéra. Time has done much to dispel the animosities which Capodistria inspired in his lifetime, and which led to his murder at Nauplia; his difficulties and his virtues are now recognised, as well as his errors; his fellow-countrymen have erected a marble statue of him on the Esplanade, a school bears his name, and a learned Corfiote, Mr. Idroménos, has rendered justice to his memory in a readable monograph. Besides Capodistria, the name of Andrea Mustoxidi, the erudite author of an historical treatise on the antiquities of the island, unfortunately incomplete, deserves mention. During the British days, Mustoxidi was the chief literary as well as a prominent political figure in Corfù, and his works possess the charm inseparable from all who write in Italian. In our own days Corfù has thrice given, in the person of Mr. George Theotókes, a Prime Minister to Greece, who accomplished the rare feat of remaining three years in power. When we consider, however, the great men produced by some of the small Ægean islands, the intellectual yield of Corfù cannot be regarded as remarkable. Nor, in a lower sphere, in the arts of money-making, has this island been able to compete with Kephallenía and Zante. The Corfiotes complain that they have few millionaires—a complaint not without reason in Greece, because the Greek, unlike the South African, millionaire is always the benefactor of his country. True, a lady of the Mocenigo family left a large sum for educational purposes; a rich Greek from Epiros founded the agricultural station on Vido; and a Mr. Zambéles bequeathed a fortune for draining the marsh of Valle di Ropa in the centre of the island, a work carried out by an English engineer, Mr. Broughton. But Corfiotes, as a rule,

do not emigrate—why should they leave their beautiful island?—while Kephallenians are driven by the asperity of the soil to seek fortunes abroad. It was thus that the late Mr. Vagliano originally a boatman from Kephallenía, who to the last confessed that "he was no scholar" (*δὲν 'ξεύρω γράμματα*), became one of London's wealthiest Greeks, whose riches have now in large part reverted to his native island. I am afraid that no such fortune awaits my friendly boatman Niko, who takes me out every morning for a bathe under the shadow of the old fortress. To Corfiote drivers and boatmen the advent of strangers is a godsend; and when a large British fleet arrives for manœuvres, as it did this spring, or a steamer lands two hundred French tourists, prices go up, and my coachman, Angelo, earns a little money for the support of his large family.

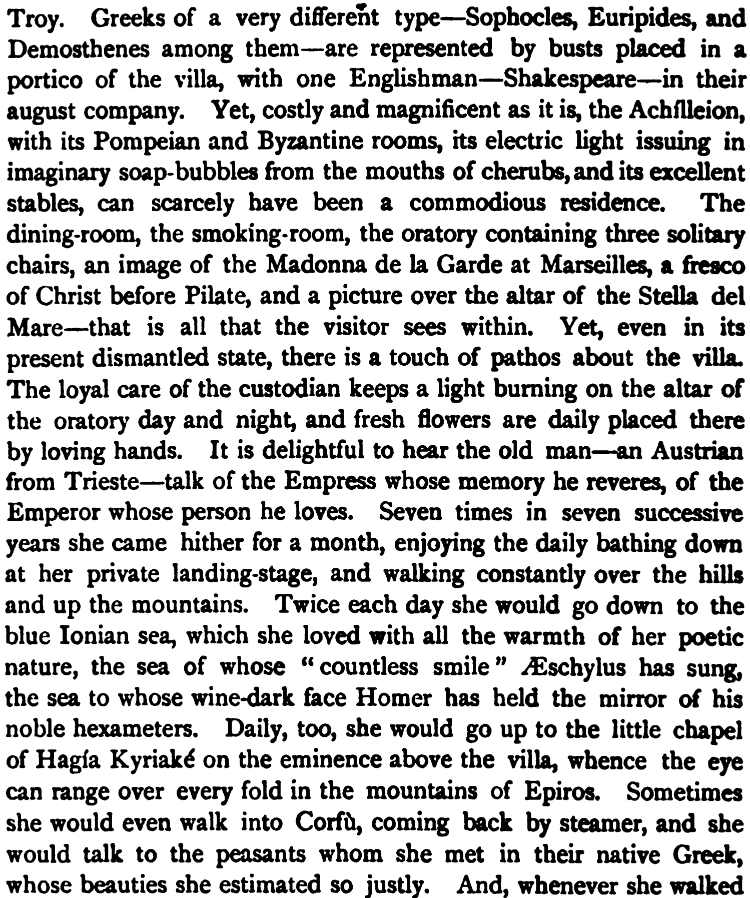
A stroll through the town of Corfù is sufficient to convince the observant visitor of the composite character of the population. One may trace here and there the Anglo-Saxon paternity of some who are old enough to have been born under the British Protectorate. The Venetian element is considerable, especially among the upper classes, there is a large Italian colony, and 1,400 Maltese have settled here. One quarter of the town is popularly known as the 'Εβραϊκά, where, almost alone in Greece, except at Zante and Chalkis, a Jewish settlement is to be found. Benjamin of Tudela, the Jewish traveller, mentions only one of his co-religionists as settled there in the twelfth century, and they did not become important till the Angevin period, during which numerous appeals for toleration were made by successive sovereigns on their behalf. When the island was transferred to Venice, a Jew was one of the envoys sent by the inhabitants to make terms with the Doge. Others migrated



compelled to live together in a separate part of the city. The British abolished the Ghetto, but some ten years ago a strong agitation broke out against the Jews, which led to bloodshed and recalled on a smaller scale the Corcyræan civil war in the days of Thucydides. Greeks and Jews rarely love each other; perhaps the competition between them is too keen. Besides these obvious elements in the population of the island, which amounted to 90,872 at the last census, or 16,421 more than in the year of the union, there are others which might escape observation. We have already mentioned the colony from Parga; about a quarter of a century ago another band of refugees from Epiros came and settled at Kastrádes, where they may still be seen pursuing their daily avocations. One Corfiote village, Kanálion Arvanitikón, is the home of the exiles from Suli, and Albanian is still talked there. More curious still, the suburb of Stratiá preserves the name of those Stradiote or Greek light horsemen in the Venetian service, who formed the garrisons of Nauplia and Monemvasía, and who were awarded lands here when, in 1540, Venice ceded those two last of her Peloponnesian fortresses to the Turk. The hamlet of Enetía on the slopes of Pantokrátor is naturally of Venetian foundation also.

In recent times there is no spot in the whole island that has attracted more attention abroad than the splendid villa which the late Empress of Austria caused to be erected near Gastoúri. She had long been in love with Corfù, which she declared to be "the fairest island of the world"; and, during a visit to *Mon Repos*, she sent a trusty emissary to find her a site for a villa. He chose the place where the Achílleion now stands, and where a Greek had already erected a small summer pleasaunce. While her new home was being built the Empress lived in what is now the Intendant's house. The name of Elisabetta was first conferred upon the villa by its imperial owner, which was changed to that of Achílleion after the arrival of the famous statue of the wounded Achilles, which now stands in the garden. The cost of transporting it from Berlin amounted to 20,000 francs, and, by a clause in the contract which reminds one of Mummius at Corinth, the senders were bound to provide a new statue in case of accident. No such contingency, however, took place; the statue arrived wrapped up in swaddling bands till it was thrice its size, and the most graceful of Greek heroes looked like a victim of elephantiasis. But the statue is not the only homage paid by the Empress to Achilles. Inside the villa, over the staircase which was reserved for her use alone, is a huge fresco of the relentless warrior dragging the body of Hector round the walls of

Troy. Greeks of a very different type—Sophocles, Euripides, and Demosthenes among them—are represented by busts placed in a portico of the villa, with one Englishman—Shakespeare—in their august company. Yet, costly and magnificent as it is, the Achilleion, with its Pompeian and Byzantine rooms, its electric light issuing in imaginary soap-bubbles from the mouths of cherubs, and its excellent stables, can scarcely have been a commodious residence. The dining-room, the smoking-room, the oratory containing three solitary chairs, an image of the Madonna de la Garde at Marseilles, a fresco of Christ before Pilate, and a picture over the altar of the Stella del Mare—that is all that the visitor sees within. Yet, even in its present dismantled state, there is a touch of pathos about the villa. The loyal care of the custodian keeps a light burning on the altar of the oratory day and night, and fresh flowers are daily placed there by loving hands. It is delightful to hear the old man—an Austrian from Trieste—talk of the Empress whose memory he reveres, of the Emperor whose person he loves. Seven times in seven successive years she came hither for a month, enjoying the daily bathing down at her private landing-stage, and walking constantly over the hills and up the mountains. Twice each day she would go down to the blue Ionian sea, which she loved with all the warmth of her poetic nature, the sea of whose "countless smile" Æschylus has sung, the sea to whose wine-dark face Homer has held the mirror of his noble hexameters. Daily, too, she would go up to the little chapel of Hagía Kyriaké on the eminence above the villa, whence the eye can range over every fold in the mountains of Epiros. Sometimes she would even walk into Corfù, coming back by steamer, and she would talk to the peasants whom she met in their native Greek, whose beauties she estimated so justly. And, whenever she walked



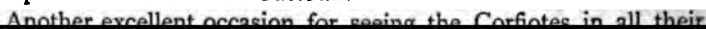
orders that the Archduchess Stéphanie was never to be admitted; accordingly, when one day the Archduke Rudolph's widow drove up to the gate and asked to see the villa, the director was constrained to hide himself while the Archduchess was told that he was away at Athens and that during his absence no one could be allowed to enter. After the Empress's death, however, her daughter-in-law came again, and gratified her curiosity by inspecting the place. Two years ago her daughter, the Archduchess Elisabeth, with her husband, Prince Windischgrätz, devoted a day of their honeymoon to the Achílleion, and the Greek royal family usually visits it whenever the Court is at *Mon Repos*. The grounds, with their superb views over the town of Corfù, the sea, the island of Pondikonisi, and the coast of Epiros, are a dream of delight. But art has been called in to assist nature in the true Wittelsbach fashion; an artificial grotto and a lovely pergola have been constructed, the former in doubtful taste. But the natural beauty of the situation needed no artificial adornment. Down near the sea, her favourite spot, the Empress set up the statue of her favourite poet Heine. The sculptor has represented him sitting in a sad and pensive attitude, with a pencil in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other. On the leaves are the words from *Die Heimkehr*, no doubt chosen by the Empress herself:

Was will die einsame Thräne?
Sie trübt mir ja den Blick,
Sie blieb aus alten Zeiten
In meinem Auge.

Yet, in spite of all the delights of the Achílleion, the Imperial owner soon grew tired of her stay. In 1897, the year of the Greco-Turkish war, she wrote from Cap St.-Martin ordering the furniture to be sent away. No fewer than five hundred cases were packed and despatched to Vienna; but a few still remained till two years ago, when one of the Archduchesses commanded their removal. Yet, even in its present desolate condition, the villa and the grounds cost 20,000 francs a year to maintain, and six gardeners are always at work in the garden. Loyal to the memory of his wife, the Emperor pays this sum out of his privy purse, and he has declined to sell the property except for a philanthropic object. One day, perhaps, the villa may become a hospital or a sanatorium; but, whatever its ultimate fate, it will always serve to keep alive the association of its unhappy but talented builder with her Ionian home.

The neighbouring village of Lower (κάτω) Gastoúri also has a memorial of the Empress. Outside that hamlet is a famous fountain,

overshadowed by two huge plane trees, which have given to the spring its popular name of *Plátanos*. Hither, about six in the evening, come the women of the village, celebrated above all others in Corfù for their beauty, carrying pitchers on their heads, like the Caryatides of old legend with their baskets. Struck by the rare grace of one peasant maiden, a rich lady from Paris offered to take her with her; but the girl wisely preferred the simple delights of Gastoúri to the glitter of *la Ville Lumière*, and the offer was declined. Hither the Empress would often come, and noticing that the ground near the fountain became a swamp after the women had been drawing their water, she erected a stone platform round the well, on which they now stand. In remembrance of this act the fountain now bears the name of Πηγή Αὐτοκρατείρας Ἐλισαβέτ ("Spring of the Empress Elisabeth"). It is at this spot that a curious Corfiote custom may best be studied. As soon as a peasant girl is betrothed she wears a vast mass of false hair padded out at the side of her face and braided with strips of red material. The hair thus used goes down from generation to generation, and is so worn all through married life. In this island, too, each village has its own costume, just as in different villages one notices a very different type of features. But once a girl marries into another village, she adopts its costume. In the country districts, too, Greek is almost exclusively spoken, for they have been at all times comparatively free from the foreign influences which have moulded the life of the town. The dangers of the villagers would seem rather to have proceeded from those of their own household. "O God, protect me from my friends; I can protect myself from my enemies"—so runs the significant Greek inscription over the inn at Gastoúri.



Another excellent occasion for seeing the Corfiotes in all their

were busily engaged in roasting lambs in rows upon spits of wood in the customary Greek fashion; weird figures of coloured pastry—men on horseback and women with gigantic ruffles—were the speciality of the booths; and ginger-beer, a survival of the British protectorate, was in great demand. The sea was covered with the white sails and awnings of the pleasure-boats from the "Theotókes steps" or from "the Ditch" on their way to the festival, while the old fortress stood out in the water and the June sun had not yet melted the snows on the highest Albanian mountains. Presently gorgeously dressed peasant women began to arrive, some with boleros of red or black and gold, and lace veils; one with a red fez and a long golden tassel hanging from it; another supporting a row of huge silver balls on the front of her jacket, a pair of enormous gold ear-rings, and an orange veil. Scattered about were a few petticoated Greek riflemen, or *εὔζωνοι*, in their picturesque national costume, which is all the more becoming when those fine fellows have discarded their winter coats and appear in all the glory of their under garments. A priest from the country with his wife completed the picture, such as no country but Greece can show. Corfiote society rather looks down upon Análipsis, and considers it no longer good form to go thither. But to us the native costumes and customs are more interesting than the European clothes and elegant manners of the upper classes. The dances of the men beneath the olive-trees at Análipsis have been handed down from many generations; and, having twice seen the festival in different years, I cannot agree that it has deteriorated in recent times.

No visitor to Corfù will lose the opportunity of visiting Palaiokastrizza. Having seen all the most famous monasteries in Greece, I unhesitatingly give my vote for that at Palaiokastrizza as the most beautifully situated of them all. The drive thither, through a land of mammoth olives across the whole breadth of Corfù, is the most delightful in the large *répertoire* of Corfiote excursions. It was the British who made this road, but I fear that the islanders have not taken to heart the Greek iambic which our soldiers carved on the side of the way:

τῷ κάμνοντι συσπεύδει Θεός.
('God helps him who helps himself.')

Just before we reach the rock on which the monastery stands, a beautiful bay invites us to bathe in its clear blue waters, and then we climb up to the hospitable convent. Till comparatively recently the monastery, which was rebuilt about 1469 on the site of an earlier church founded there under the Despots of Epiros in 1228, was

entered, like those of Metéora, by a ladder. Over the gate, to which the ladder was fixed, there may still be read the inscription: 'Η Κυρία Πορταΐσσα ("Our Lady of the Doorway"), 1873; but the former Hegoumenos pulled down the ladder, and the entrance is now on the level. There the ξενοδόχος, or "host" of the monastery, a genial monk of fifty-two years of age, bade us welcome, and provided us with excellent wine from the monastic cellars for our luncheon in a loggia overlooking the open sea. The situation is ideal. To the west, far as the eye can reach, stretches the blue Ionian with its countless smiles. On one side of the promontory is the little bay in which we have just bathed; on the other another headland juts out into the sea, with a rocky islet beyond it—the last effort of the land to conquer the water. On a hill near are the remains of the old fort, the Palaiokastrizza, which has given the monastery its name, while high up to the north-west stand the ruins of the castle of Sant' Angelo, built to prevent the inroads of Genoese pirates from beyond the seas. Inland, on an apparently inaccessible rock, a white spot against the blue sky, is the chapel of St. Nicholas. In the monastery garden the bees are swarming busily, while in the fields below the monks are hard at work. There are fifteen of them in all, and one, with whom I had an interesting conversation, has had a curious history. This worthy brother, Agápios by name, took part, like many other Greek monks, as an irregular in the late war. But, as he had left a convent in Turkey to fight against the Turks, he could not return to his cell there when peace was proclaimed. So he resolved to take up his abode at Palaiokastrizza, where I found him working in the fields with his pruning-hook, made, no doubt, of his disused sword. His eyes flashed as he spoke of his conflicts by Smolenski's side, and of the many Turks whom he had slain; and he told me

they say, has done much for education in the villages round, and whose property is at Dukádes, not far off. Here, in the summer, they have occasional visitors in their guest-chambers, and here they lead their quiet uneventful lives, innocent of learning, planting their vines, and chanting their services, till at last they find each his place in some quiet God's acre beside the Ionian Sea.

Inferior only to the excursion to Palaiokastrizza is that to the pass of Pantaleone, whence the north of Corfù may be seen, with the Othonian Islands out at sea, on one of which, remote from the world, lives an Englishman, a relic of the British protectorate. A curious story attaches to the hamlet of Iatroí, or "the Doctors," where the road branches off. About one hundred and fifty years ago some doctors, men of means and benevolence, settled there, and wrought astonishing cures on the people of the whole countryside. Their fame has survived their death, and the place is still called after them. Nor should the traveller fail to visit the old Venetian arsenal at Govino. There, on a lovely summer afternoon, I strolled through the long grass which now covers what was once the shipbuilding yard of the Republic in the last century of its existence. The strong arches of that naval establishment seem impressive even to-day; but their career of usefulness was short. The arsenal, in its present form, was not founded till after the great Turkish invasion of 1716, and I copied down on the spot two even later dates from the ruined buildings hard by. One states laconically :—

ZBM
ANNO
MDCCL
XXVIII.

This inscription doubtless preserves the initials of some Venetian "captain of the ships," for those officials built all the works at Govino, and their desire to immortalise themselves by putting their names and escutcheons on the buildings is specially mentioned by the French consul Saint-Sauveur at the end of the eighteenth century. The other contains the date ANNO DOMINI MDCCLVIIII. A dwelling-house and a Venetian church are also there; but it was found that the place was feverish, and so, after a road had been built there in 1790, it was abandoned. The deadly germs are certainly concealed beneath a smiling aspect, for the little bay, with the chapel of St. Nicholas opposite, is a charming scene; but beyond the harbour of Govino, the Lazzaretto Island, with its white houses, once a Roman settlement, and during the Russo-Turkish occupation a century ago the

military hospital of the Turks, stands ominous and threatening. A Venetian ambassador once died and lies buried there. But quarantine is now performed at Great Dêlos instead of here. Of Benizze, nestling among the olives near the sea, at the foot of the hill on which the Achílleion stands; of Pelleka's "specular mount"; and of Santi Déka, on the slopes of classic Istóne, which played so large a part in Corcyra's civil strife, I would fain say something. But the time has come to sail for the mainland, and, like Virgil's hero of old, "to lose the castles of the Phæakians below the horizon," as we journey over the sea.

WILLIAM MILLER.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

A REVOLUTION OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

IT is difficult to realise, as we are listening to the stories of our parents and grandparents, how a revolution will silently roll by, and in a hundred years take its place inaudibly in history. The new model is generally re-cast without a blow, without a sound; it is almost with an incredulous start that we are first aware of the great transformation. Perhaps one of the greatest revolutions which have taken place in the history of England, within the life-time of some people most of us have known intimately, is the revolution of our Court and nation in the last century.

It seems incredible, as we read of the manners and of the customs in the reigns of George III. and of George IV., to believe that the women we are reading about are separated from the middle-aged of our midst by only two generations.

The history of our land and almost of our times becomes intensely interesting when, as in the case of the present writer, it is filled up with little personal memories handed down by the two generations.

A great many large square sheets of letter paper, written over in the pointed writing of that time, are lying before me; they are letters of the celebrated "Joan of Arc" Lady Anne Hamilton, who was one of the truest friends of poor Queen Caroline.

Injudicious, foolish, undignified, as that Queen was, yet as one reads the history of her follies and of her wrongs, the latter to our eyes so outweigh the former, that a great burst of sorrow and of indignation fills our heart and we feel we can cry as a poor man cried once in the crowd to her: "God bless you, we will bring your husband back to you."

This the poor Queen repeated long after to Lady Charlotte Bury, and the remembrance of that spontaneous sympathy brought the tears to her eyes.

From the first days of her life in England to the last, poor Caroline's was a diary of sorrow.

"I, you know, was the victim of mammon," she is said to have said. "The Prince of Wales's debts must be paid and poor little I's person was the pretence. Parliament would vote supplies for the Heir-Apparent's *marriage*; the King would help his little help. A Protestant Princess must be found; they fixed upon the Prince's cousin. To tell you God's truth, I always hated it, but to oblige my father anything. But the first moment I saw my *futur* and Lady Jersey together, I knew how it all was, and I said to myself: 'Oh, very well.' I took my *partie*, and so it would have been if—but Oh, mine God!" she added, throwing up her head, "I could be the slave of a man I love, but one whom I love not, and who did not love me, impossible—*c'est autre chose.*"

Everyone is now familiar with the dreadful marriage scene, how the Prince Regent, the First Gentleman in Europe, staggered into the Chapel to be married, how he hiccupped out his vows, how he called for more brandy, how relentlessly he persecuted that poor woman who had married him to pay his debts, how later on he treated his and her own child, and the last infamous shame which he hurled at her at his own Coronation.

This little paper is not written to record the sufferings of Princess Charlotte's mother or the evil doings of her father, but as we think of her sad girlhood, one cannot but get side glimpses into these two households. The one in its extravagant gilded sins at Carlton House, the other in its almost Bohemian state of unroyalty at Blackheath.

Between these two extremes, the Princess Charlotte of England, the only child of her unhappy parents, was bandied.

received any affection, and as years rolled by, was it unnatural that the warm-hearted generous girl should grow up feeling strongly the injuries of her mother?

How well one can imagine the poison that was so cunningly administered to the child by the father's favourites. How wickedly lies were invented, foolishnesses exaggerated out of all truth, no stone was left unturned that could be raked up and hurled at the unfortunate Caroline. Still Princess Charlotte's love for her was not killed; though some people, even the poor mother herself, whose bitterest sorrow it was, sometimes felt that it was shaken.

One would rather believe that as she was powerless to act, it was wiser to keep quiet, and that her advisers were right to say she ought to wait neutral till the right time dawned.

"When I am Queen," it is often said she would say, "then it shall be different." But "When I am Queen" is exactly what the Prince Regent and his mother meant, if they could, to prevent.

One of the Prince's minor sins was his vanity, vanity which extended from his shoe-buckle to his daughter.

It was gall and wormwood to him to see her at the Opera, smiling, nodding, bowing to her friends in her artless manner, and to hear the loyal loving cheer which always greeted her. She could not drive out without the whole populace hurrahing, and in their cry of welcome was always the cry of sympathy which met her, as the child of the mother.

This slight to the First Gentleman in Europe was of course insupportable.

The Princess could no longer be held in the State prison she was confined in as a child; no further pretext could be made for keeping her from the Drawing Rooms; and, besides all this, Princess Charlotte was beginning to show the Court and nation too that the Heiress to the Throne was not to be bound in chains, even if the chains should be covered in purple and ermine.

So the wily intriguers of that day, with the wiliest of all at their head, invented a plan which was a marvel of all-round 'cuteness.

A good Protestant Prince, such as would be the worthy successor to a gay Court, like his namesake before him (so would history repeat itself again), was to be found in the person of the Prince of Orange.

He was to be invited to England carrying a proposal of marriage to Princess Charlotte, and a proposal of relief to her father, as by

this marriage his daughter would of necessity leave her native land, and would at the very least retire for so many months in each year to her husband's country.

Out of sight of the English who loved her and whom she loved, the nation would not consider her as their idol. She would most likely have Orange children and Orange interests, and, above all, the alienation from her country would be another mighty weapon of defence dragged from her unfortunate mother.

But the Prince and his Ministers were not as mighty as they deemed themselves, for when their projects were unfolded the clear sight of a young girl saw through them, the strong will of a young girl overruled them.

Sign a paper of forced banishment from the England she loved! never!

And though Councils, and big dignitaries, Bishops and Royalties besought her, the young Princess was as firm as Elizabeth herself might have been two hundred years before.

Then arose a scene with which we are all familiar, a scene of the fair-haired impulsive girl flying from her house of bondage, taking refuge in the crowded street of Charing Cross, for the first time in her life free and unattended, and driving off in a common fly to her mother's home in Connaught Place.

Here, of course, she was soon followed, but not until the early hours of that morning did Princess Charlotte allow herself to be overruled. The chief power in that overthrow of her strong young will must have been her exceeding grief at finding the mother she had fled to, was urgent for her return.

Poor child! then most vividly must she have realised how terribly alone she was in the world.

So far this little memoir is pure history—pure history, and of a happier kind, is the later account of our dear Princess's life. One is thankful to read of how another and a worthier suitor came for her—one whom she and the nation loved and respected, one who would not be a tool of her father's to take her from her native land.

And here, as far as history goes, we pause, for an immense sorrow fills our hearts; the grief which shook the nation then is strong enough to shake it still, as we read of the few happy months, of the exquisite promise, of its sad ending. The Revolution of a hundred years in our Court is so complete that the whispers of those days are now boldly set in relief in these, and a story the truth of which the writer can vouch for came a little while ago to her, out of a workhouse—so curiously can history be hidden in oblivion.

A friend, still living, though now long past her four score of years, told her that some years ago she went to live at Cheltenham, and, being anxious to work among the poor, took a district in that town. The clergyman of the parish mentioned incidentally that a very strange woman named Griffiths lived in two rooms in one of the streets she would visit, and that he would be very glad if she could make friends with her, or find out anything about her. He had heard she had been a nurse, and was looked upon as a half-crazy character. She refused to see him or any one, and never spoke to a soul.

This friend went and asked if she could see Mrs. Griffiths.

"She is there," the landlady said, pointing to a steep ladder-like stairs; "she won't see you, she sees no one."

But this good Samaritan mounted the stairs and rapped at the door. There was no answer; she rapped again, there was a slight stir as if some one were moving; she rapped a third time, and then the door flew open and an old woman, looking like a witch with her white hair hanging round her neck, glared at her.

"I don't want you, I see no one. You may go away," the angry apparition exclaimed, and the door was slammed in her face.

But the extraordinary refusal made the resistance to it greater, and the visits were repeated till Mrs. Griffiths, as if tired out, gave in, and at last became quite friendly.

Still there was a curious mystery about the woman, a mystery which haunted her visitor; she saw it in her manner, in her eyes, in every line of her face; it was so marked that one day when she went to wish her good-bye, as she was leaving Cheltenham for a long visit, she could not help saying, "If you have anything on your mind that you feel you would be easier for in telling a fellow

creature, will you treat me as your friend, and let me share your burden?" A look of terror came into Mrs. Griffiths' eyes, some words seemed unspoken on her lips, and then she held out a rugged hand.

"Yes! yes!" she cried, and then at the sound of her words the hunted wild look came into her face again. "Not now," she cried, "not now, but some day, oh! some day I must tell you."

This visit happened to be a longer one than was expected; but on her return, the maid said a most curious-looking woman, who had given her name as "Griffiths," had been twice in a bath-chair to the house to leave an urgent message, begging her mistress would call at the workhouse without delay, as there was something very important to be told her.

So the next morning, quite early, this friend went to the workhouse, but there the matron told her of the strange death of Mrs. Griffiths, who had died soon after her entrance.

She was scarcely delirious enough to be called in a delirium, but she was incessantly speaking to Lord Liverpool and to Lord Castlereagh, and repeating as if in a confession:

"I did it! I did it, but the Queen made me do it. I put it into her gruel, and not into her beef tea!"

Her last words were, "I did it, but the Queen made me do it!"

The Miss Crofts, sisters of the doctor who attended Princess Charlotte, lived also in Cheltenham, and when this friend, who did not know till then who Mrs. Griffiths was, or even that the Princess's nurse was Griffiths, told them this most strange story, they cried:

"Why, she must have been Nurse Griffiths, *the* Nurse Griffiths for whom there were people then hunting heaven and earth! She

was put in the gruel, and that the deed was committed solely because she was the unfortunate Caroline's daughter.

The England of to-day has passed its revolution, but it is strange that in its passing an inmate of a workhouse in Gloucestershire should have died in a half delirium calling upon Prime Ministers and revealing a secret which, if true, makes November 2, 1817, one of the most pathetic days in our history.

HENLEY I. ARDEN.

THE GOSPEL OF THE CURVE.

A HANDSOME man is one of Nature's Triumphs. A beautiful woman is one of her Masterpieces!

The beautiful body owes much of its beauty to the chord of gentle curves, modulating and modulated, which go to make up the whole.

A scraggy man or woman with sharp jaw and pinched nose is unattractive.

When, in addition to this, you see the angular shoulders and bony breast and straight waist, you turn your gaze elsewhere in search of restfulness in form and shape.

The difference between the unattractive bread-and-butter Miss and the fascinating Maiden is largely a question of the curve having begun to replace the angle in the latter. In the first the line of the body is a straight one, and the line of the limbs as they obtrude themselves through the skimpy frock is equally and obtrusively angular.

But in a few years her turn will have arrived, and Nature's artist modeller will have taken the plain girl in hand.

A little filling out here and a little expanding there, the depositing of a few ounces of fat on this surface and the introducing of a mass of fatty granules amongst the fibres of this muscle or around this

The answer is a simple one. However much you may hang clothes upon a stick, it is a stick still, and the line can never compete with the curve for fascination. Most people have learned that the gross superfluity of fat is repulsive, and the world of charlatans grows rich in selling all sorts of substances, dangerous and harmless, for the reduction of obesity.

The angular people, on the other hand, sorrow for themselves with a hopeless sort of repining, and imagine that nothing can be done but to hide their misfortune by much clothing and to console themselves with the reflection that it is the thin people who live the longest!

It is quite true that in old age the stores of fat are those which are the first to be drawn upon, and "leanness" is a characteristic phenomenon of advanced years.

It is equally true that constitutions which are watery and gross in their composition belong usually to that great class of people who die young, while those who fill and overfill their span of life are those whose limbs are lithe and hardy and whose muscles are muscular and not fatty.

A beautiful old age, however, is as real as a beautiful prime. It is true that then the curves are finer, but the curve is there all the same.

There is a greater *approach* to angularity, indeed, but the crudeness of the line is just avoided by the persistence still of a deviation from the straight in those wave curves which once bounded the full and well-modelled limbs and trunk. No one then should be satisfied to stand like a living clothes-prop or sit like a resting angle without a great effort towards the attainment of the more beautiful curve.

But how can this be done? That is the problem, and it is not always an easy one to solve. Each individual has his own idiosyncrasy, and no rule of thumb can be laid down such as would reduce the artistic skill of the physician to the trade level of the factory hand.

There are, however, some general rules which are applicable to many people, and which may well form the basis for personal effort preliminary to obtaining skilled individual advice.

The three leading lines of treatment are, to my mind, comprised in the words Diet, Exercise, Thought!

I often say to myself that if I had the control of these three, coupled with Time, I could transform the world of men and women, so that, to a reasonable extent, Health would conquer Disease, Happiness oust Sorrow, and Beauty dethrone Ugliness.

It seems a presumptuous claim to make, but I mean when I make it to emphasise the immense importance of these three causes, and not to claim any dignity for the engine-driver who merely moves the levers.

It must never be forgotten that the material body in which we live is built up from the food we eat.

However good the architect may be, he must have suitable materials if he wants his Temple Beautiful to be builded aright.

So too of the body the same laws are in force. Shoddy food makes a shoddy constitution, and just as a punctured tyre soon lets the rider down on to the sharp steel of his wheel, so the inflated constitution pricked by the needle of strain soon loses all its curves and leaves only the ugly bones showing beneath the sunken skin.

Good, sound food lies at the foundation of the permanent curve, and if you search the world over for large classes where the soft skin and the full flesh and the well-moulded forms are found, you will always discover that it is those classes who live on the simplest and plainest of natural fare who excel in those points of beauty.

Go to the peasant women of Normandy or Ireland. Travel amongst the dark-eyelashed maidens of Galway or Tipperary. Face the brilliant glances of the country girls of Spain, or follow up the coy children of the sun beneath the shades of classic Parnassus or where the descendants of the great Cæsar tend their sheep and till their vines.

In all alike there are the makings of physical beauty and the idealisation of every shade of curve.

And what is their food? The food of the peasant is much the same the world over.

Grain forms the staple, with tuberous roots and milk and cheese

They had enough to eat and plenty of exercise, but they had been kept for breeding, and were now come to an age when it was considered wise to replace them by a younger herd.

It was decided to fatten them up for the market.

I was much interested, because this herd, with its numerous angular members, reminded me in many ways of the people with whom I had to deal.

After three months' treatment by dietary and mental therapeutics these lean porcine ladies had become plump and beautiful—all but one—and she was proved to be tubercular!

Now what was the treatment? It was summed up in a few words: mental rest and physical feeding!

All the worries of motherhood were removed, all the excitements of jealousy were taken away, all the struggles for competition were repressed.

Life in single sties was reduced to the pleasures of air and shade and eating, and to the luxury of doing nothing but potter round!

The food was no longer varied, but was studiously monotonous, and yet mealtimes were always welcomed, and after a few days the craving for variety seemed to have gone.

Maize meal and sour milk formed the foundation of the curve!

So too with human beings. Gruel of fine oats like Robinson's groats, made somewhat thin with milk and eaten with toast or rusk, is one of the best foods to begin upon.

A little later, this should be replaced by fine golden maize meal, thoroughly well boiled, and eaten with milk and golden or maple syrup.

For some people it is wise to use malted barley or wheat, and for others to make frumenty the basis of the body-feeding process.

Side by side with the farinacea it is essential to commence with some laxative fruits like figs or raisins or prunes, and to provide a sufficiency of nerve foods in the fat of milk or of a fine-grade olive oil.

For the proteids, in addition to the milk that is used it is sometimes wise to add a little malted lentil flour or finely grated cheese, or the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, grated or pounded.

With gradually increasing quantities of these foods, coupled with complete rest of mind, and the usual bodily exercises strictly regulated and largely replaced by massage, the thin limbs will begin to fill out and the flaccid skin will begin to be cushioned upon a substratum of healthy fat.

A course of treatment of this sort can sometimes be carried out

at home under supervision, but it is usually wise to go away from all the responsibilities and mental interests which are grouped round home life.

Before commencing a course of simple feeding it is expedient to have a preliminary clearing away of the constitutional waste matters which are found in connection with mixed feeding, and this, coupled with a day's fast, gives a keenness to the appetite and supplies a zest and a sauce which make the plainest fare attractive.

The second incident which I referred to above happened to me when I was in India.

I was in a village where the country had been touched with the dreadful finger of famine the year before.

I was struck beyond measure with the picture of angularity that I found everywhere.

Children who ought to have been chubby were marasmic in their outline.

Young men and maidens, who ought to have been sleek and comely in body and limb, were spare and thin.

Women and men of older years, who should have been stalwart and sturdy, were verging upon emaciation which was painful to contemplate.

When I remarked upon this to the village doctor, "Wait awhile" was his answer, "wait awhile. These poor people have been pulled down by a twelvemonth of short commons, and they are thin and weakly and debilitated, but so soon as the sugar-cane is ready for the crushing mill you will soon see a marvellous change.

"The spare bodies will plump out. The wasted limbs will fill up round and firm. The pinched cheeks will become bonny and shining again, and everyone will be as happy as the day is long.

brushed and cleaned after every meal, and if this is done, they, like the skin, will not only not be injured but will actually improve under the treatment.

Whether the farinaceous or the saccharine dietary or a combination of the two be relied upon in any case, the value of the onion as an occasional addition must not be overlooked.

Thus shortly would I outline the importance and the general method of dietary, and in a few words more, and only very cursorily, must I deal with Exercise and Thought.

Exercise must be sufficient, but must be reduced to the limit of sufficiency. Passive exercise, in the form of muscle massage, must largely replace active exercise.

It must never, however, be forgotten that to produce a *permanent* fatty deposit, you must exercise the muscle around and within the fibres of which the fat is to be deposited.

It must be a "hard" filling and not a merely "soft" or flabby fattening which is to be aimed for.

Superficial flabby fat may be gained in a month and lost in a week !

The process of fat-depositing must be *commenced* by more or less complete rest, but slothful ease is not by any means necessary to secure its permanence.

The fat baby loses a good deal of its soft, blubbery fat when it begins to run about, but it retains the harder deposits which are connected with the muscle fibres, and these are the deposits which make for beauty.

By means of passive exercises the deposit of the blubber can be prevented, and the deposit of the permanent beauty-fat can be encouraged.

It is not the gospel of fatness which I would preach, but the beautiful and permanent curve !

Lastly, Thought. *Think* yourself curvilinear, and you will thereby help to lose your rectilinear ugliness.

Few people have any idea of the power of thought. We write about it and we dream of its possibilities, but we rarely set ourselves to the task of utilising this potent force for the attainment of our ends.

And yet we may do so, if we will. The cells of the body do their work under the control of central forces, and these forces are largely modified by the accumulated thought of the ages—which we call heredity.

Man has the power of consciousness, and by a concentration of

this consciousness he can modify those receptive higher centres, and, to a limited extent, alter the commands which they issue to the body-cells, and thus alter the structure which the latter are busily engaged in erecting.

A person whose hereditary tendency is towards emaciation may by rightly directed thought-power control this tendency, to the extent of postponing its operation for many years.

But this needs patience, courage, and scientific direction.

Mentality affects the nerves. The nerves control the blood supply. The blood supply affects nutrition. Consciously cultivate the curve in face, in body, in limbs. Do not sit down and mournfully groan over your angularity. Stand up and, with faith and hope, call forth the forces which will make you beautiful.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT WESTMINSTER.

A CRITICISM.

THIS great and ambitious building is admitted by architectural critics to be one of the few striking works of the nineteenth century. These are not more than half a dozen in number, and comprise the Houses of Parliament, by Barry and Pugin—one an Irishman, the other a Frenchman or half-Frenchman; the new Police Offices, by Norman Shaw, a Scot; the noble Waterloo Bridge, by Rennie (another Scot), declared by Canova to be worthy of the Romans; London Bridge, with its graceful outlines, also by Rennie; and this Cathedral, by Bentley, who came of a Scots family. When we add to these designers Robert Adam, deviser of a complete style of his own, which is now being revived, and Gibbs, the architect of the elegant St. Mary-le-Strand Church, we must own that we have serious obligations indeed to the Scottish architect. Wren in the way of architecture, of course, is a tower of strength, but he is very far off, and we have no Wrens nowadays of even smaller degree.

There has been a shower of praise—a little indiscriminate perhaps—lavished on the new Cathedral. The architect has been hailed as a reformer and innovator, standing high above his fellows. It is curious that almost at the same time a new composer—Elgar, one of the same faith—his equal in talent, dealing also in monumental, grandiose effects, should have been acclaimed in the same tumultuous fashion. We can heartily admire both these eminent artists and their large methods. Yet not all Bentley's work is of equal merit; there are portions where the effects have not equalled the intentions. There have been miscalculations, due perhaps to haste and over-enthusiasm. It is, indeed, astonishing that he has been so successful, for he was hitherto untried in this particular *genre.* He had of a sudden to repair to foreign countries to study the pattern—or what is vulgarly called "get it up." He brought back a

store of knowledge which was based on such superficial elements as attracted him; but the principles of cathedral-planning strike far deeper down, and truly take a lifetime to master. We might have expected him to be penetrated with the gaunt, rude simplicity of the German, Flemish, or Lombardic structures—vast rocks and crags of crusted brick—geological strata caked together. These might have shown him the simpler elemental shapes. But he knew that something "showy" was required of him, that was to compel wonder and admiration. It would not do to have your building talked of as "a barn," however nobly designed.

A notable surprise has been the speed with which the building has been carried to completion. It seems almost incredible that a cathedral of such enormous proportions should have actually taken less time to complete than an ordinary church, viz. seven or eight years. A portion only of Mr. Pearson's Truro Cathedral took several years, and is still laboriously plodding on to completion. The Law Courts were some twenty years in hand.

On the whole, our architect seems to have rather missed the religious and impressive tone which such a building, designed by such a man, should offer to the spectator. There is gaiety about the *ensemble*, a "*hustle*," as the Americans say, even a sort of festivity. The reiterated cupolas are animated and "lay," and hardly impart the feeling of solemnity. A grand waste of dark brick, unbroken save by the necessary windows—something of the grim and mournful impression of St. Alban's Abbey—is what we might have expected. Instead, we have this scenic and harlequin-like conglomeration. Does the first view of it speak to us in any way, or lift up the soul devotionally, making us give pause and think, "As all is so impressive outside, what shall we find within?"

as in the case of the pointed gables of the transept, which, instead of being bold and crag-like peaks, are fashioned into two, and thus weakened.

But what the eye misses most is one of those gaunt, grim, melon-shaped domes which we find at Frankfurt or Mainz, and which is wanting to "lift" aloft, as it were, the whole. This want presses itself on the spectator from whatever direction he gazes. Odd to say, the architect has left, as it were, a crying reminder of this want —a regular base or foundation for such a dome, which, as it were, clamours to be built upon. The spectator standing in Morpeth Terrace, on a line with the sanctuary dome, will note this base, fortified by buttresses. One would have thought that these buttresses were intended to resist the "thrust" of the dome. But they do no such work—on the contrary, they lean or recline upon it. Were such a dome supplied, outlined in sections, it would give a character to the whole. It might be of timber with a zinc casing, and this would entail but small outlay. True, it would be but a "sham" dome, without an interior, but so are most domes. It is not generally known that the outside dome of St. Paul's is the *third* covering, there being two beneath it. The inner one does not correspond with the outer, there being a long conical funnel between, which carries the huge cupola.

And this brings us to the campanile, or St. Edward's Tower, which, for a structure of such height (280 feet) and importance, seems to have surprisingly little effect. All who saw the large model, I am certain, must have been struck with its comparative ineffectiveness, and there was during its erection the constant and oft-repeated suggestion of "the factory chimney"—a vulgar idea, but really irresistible. This weakness is owing to its being altogether too lean for its purpose, whatever it may be. A solid tower—much shorter and solid, "four-square"—would be more in keeping. Then, the eternal stripes, ruled across in pink and white, check the progress of the eye aloft and divert it. We should expect something grave, solemn, and threatening. The head, too, and its treatment seem unimpressive and trivial. There is too much detail, after such an extreme elevation. At a distance the ornamentation is completely lost, and it seems a mere rounded top. Seen from Piccadilly it offers a very "poorish" air, and the factory chimney once more begins to disturb us. The belfries in Belgium, which belong to all periods, might have furnished the architect with many models for bold and conspicuous treatment of the head, which should be significant] This we cannot mistake in a Belgian tower.

Looking from Piccadilly no one, I say, would suppose that it was intended to hold a bell.

It is, however, only fair to consider that there will be no distant view of the whole extent of the building, such as is obtained now from Morpeth Terrace, for it will by and by be shut out by buildings; while on the other side, in Ashley Place, we can get a good view only by standing close beneath it. And it may be said that the view from the bottom of the road, beginning with Archbishop's House, taking in the recessed portions of the building, the curves and apse, the whole closed by the campanile, is very striking indeed. When all has been well darkened, stained by wintry gales and rains—duly "weathered," in fact—the effect will be fine and very harmonious. There have been comparisons of dimensions with those of St. Paul's and other great buildings; but in respect of the campanile and dome, St. Paul's counts 402 feet to the top of the cross, so it is some 90 feet or so higher than the campanile, which is some 280 feet high.

Again, in the ordinary Italian campaniles there is much expression, owing to the well-marked division of stories, each having a window and ornaments for itself. This formation has a sort of dramatic meaning—it suggests habitation and use. The campanile is usually not much higher than a common church steeple, for the reason that its purpose is to hold a bell, and a bell that can be easily rung. A bell hung nearly three hundred feet in the air would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for the ringer to pull or to sound. The beauty of these antique campaniles, as can be seen in Mr. Street's book, is that they are regular buildings, towers perhaps, and assert themselves as such; but this erection is too lofty and too attenuated to pass as a tower. The architect, however, may have intended it as a sign or

vitality to the whole scheme. There used to be such a brick tower for the old church at Ostend, from which used to issue the solemn, booming sounds of its bell. Indeed, the belfry always takes, or should take, a serious, practical part in the social life. But this rather "lanky" structure, it is to be feared, will do nothing but "look on."

If we compare it with the Clock Tower at Westminster, we shall find what a personality the latter has. It attracts and commands attention at once, both near and far, owing to the "character" infused into the clock head, which the rest of the tower is made to carry. Though this tower is 320 feet high, it, curious to say, looks shorter than the Westminster tower. This is owing to the excessive thinness of the Cathedral tower. A few feet more in its width would have made a vast difference—but, it will be answered, also a vast difference in the expense. One would like to have been in the architect's mind when he was devising his plan. He could hardly have intended that it should thus rise up like a huge spike or sign, without any real connection with the buildings of which it is supposed to be part. Yet nothing can be more emphasised than the divorce of the two. The more we consider its design, the more we see the "hesitancy" of the author's plans. The Mainz Dom seems to supply the true line—that is, great beetling, solid brick towers at the corners, with cowl-like canopies.

Much praise has been bestowed on the richly elaborate frontal, or entrance—the grand, absorbing arch, which, it is claimed, is larger than that of St. Mark's. Yet, with all wish to admire, the effect must be considered rather scenic than imposing, from the multiplicity and confusion of detail. The outlines do not stand out with clear solidity. The recession, with its steps and stages, of the upper portion makes the whole appear poor and scattered. How much better the effect had the solid wall been carried straight upwards on the top of the broad arch to its fullest height; the same with the towers and cupolas at the side. This treatment had been grand and impressive. Now the effect is as of something unfinished or imperfect. The shallowness in the broad arch of the entrance strikes us forcibly, as one would expect it to offer a sort of sheltering, cavernous recess for the doorway itself. The arch, however, is so "chamfered" off, as it is called, that the door seems but little below the level of the whole. Again, an arch of such faint pretensions cannot assert itself properly, as the necessary incidents expected from an arch are absent—that is, evidence of support and shelter. It may have been, however, that the question of "Ancient Lights" imposed this recession as

a necessity. As the stripes of stone and brick are in great evidence here, with the result of a lack of homogeneousness and an air of general disintegration, all these details—cupolas, mouldings, arches—become multiplied by adding this element of alternate pink and white stripes. The depth of this huge arch is not more than five or six feet—too shallow a recession for so pretentious a sweep. All its lateral supports are light and trifling—the columns slight, with open spaces behind them. The full effect, however, can hardly be judged at present; not, certainly, until the proper railings and enclosures have been arranged, when we shall be able to see the whole, from the ground upwards. Nor can we commend the rows of pendant medallions, showing profiles of Doctors of the Church, which are suspended from the slight column by simulated ribbons of stone quite unequal to the weight.

In the matter of the colour of brick, it is sad to think how the good old rubicund, enlivening tones have "gone out." Often when the streets are being opened we see turned up fragments of good old caked brick, bright, hard, cheerful. What has become of this honest material? As we walk through Brickland proper, *i.e.* the Cadogan district, the brick shows a sort of dark mud colour, with here and there a genuine red, but the prevailing tone is this well-grimed earthy colour. The old Queen Anne work shines out to-day as brilliantly as at first, only it has gained a beautiful mellowness. Our modern stuff grows darker and more colourless every year, and seems to absorb dirt with a sort of relish. Can it be that the manufacturers adulterate, as every other article is adulterated, and mix inferior clay, mud, and the like?

There is this danger from the multiplicity of brick detail—recesses, projections, cavities, mouldings, &c.—that they are sure to become reservoirs for wet and nurseries of decay. In the general enthusiasm

Now, here this vast arch has literally no work to do, and supports nothing; there is no vast monumental structure laid upon its shoulders, soaring upwards, no massive wall—there is just a course or so of brickwork. The whole apparent display of strength in this front is merely scenic, and the grand arch a bit of shallow ornament. By measurement its depth is only five or six feet from the wall. The arch itself is hardly sunk in the wall, rather *laid on* it. Indeed, all this approach to the entrance seems rather "fussy" and disturbed. Superficial arches—outlined rather than cut deeply—scarcely count. This purposelessness, I believe, accounts for the lack of effect and impressiveness—with, also, a certain want of bold and assertive distinctness, which would have been left had there been a superstructure such as I have described.

Many of these misconceptions must have struck the architect himself when he saw his work in shape, and when it was all too late to remedy them. It was unfortunate for him as well as for his supporters that too great faith had been placed in him—that he had sprung forth ready armed and equipped for cathedral building, whereas this had been his first and only experiment. It had been better that his designs had been canvassed and criticised and amended; but his patron, Cardinal Vaughan, believed in him thoroughly and devoutly, and gave him "the freest hand."

Another superfluity seems to be the square towers, each capped with a peaked roof, which flank the transept gable. These have no significance or purpose, do nothing, and give no support. As every erection of the kind connected with a building is garnished with a circular cupola, large or small, we may wonder why these were fitted with this angular head.

The mistake of exhibiting an idle arch that does no work is repeated in a rather singular way, which amounts to an architectural mistake, in the exterior treatment of the Sanctuary dome. Here we find the bold contour of a large lunette window flanking it on each side, without any structure resting upon it! We cannot call to mind any instance of an arched window of this kind forming the apex, as it were, of a building. We should also expect for the sake of symmetry that this "motive" would have been repeated at the back, and thus the dome would seem to be supported by three solidly framed lunettes. Instead, however, the back is treated with a flat surface—and a number of new details. The effect of these odd lunettes is that they seem to have been left unfinished, and we expect that presently some sort of wall will be raised upon them. Add to this the other expectation, of a dome upon the ready

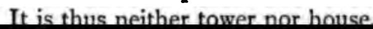
prepared base, and we shall find ourselves in a rather confused state. I am certain, indeed, that any skilled architect will be struck by the uncertainty and incoherence of the "sky-line," as it is called, which rambles about and betokens no decided purpose or arrangement.

Still, it must be said that the unprepared spectator, coming on the vast building at the end of Morpeth Terrace, and contemplating the full view of the whole, with the apse and its supporting cupolas, the eye being carried on to the campanile, will be impressed by the clustered air of the whole and the many significant elements. But as he gazes his correct sense will be disturbed.

The apse, indeed, is rather disappointing—it is so small and slight; and what effect it has is "frittered" away by the range of little arches and other objectless things. We know the grand effect in the old basilicas of the plain apse, bulging forth in a grand crescent, and claiming fullest notice. All profuse and random ornamentation is antagonistic to the simple, solemn lines.

The apse is always made a striking monumental thing in buildings of this class. You can always note it from afar—its grand protuberance impresses. But here our architect has weakened and attenuated it as of set purpose. The spherical dome is strangely shaped into a conical roof and a trifling sort of colonnade is seen below it. Nothing is conveyed of what is within.

The Archbishop's house, which joins to make up a striking group of buildings, is rather unattractive. There the architect seems to have shown little sense of novelty or feeling. It may be said, however, that such is not needed in a semi-monastic edifice. Looking at its front, we notice an odd architectural caprice, for there rises what seems a four-square tower, but on turning the corner we find that it becomes portion of a continuous front of the dwelling-house.



It is thus neither tower nor house.

but praises of a most exuberant kind. The most uncultured person that wanders through its aisles is awed and overwhelmed by this, perhaps his first acquaintance with the sense of vast and unbounded spaciousness, regulated by the truest feeling of proportion. The artistic enjoyment from surveying the Cathedral interior is derived from what Dr. Johnson would call the "noble amplitude of space" displayed at every turn. How grandly overpowering, for instance, is the great wall at the bottom, rising up so solemnly until lost aloft in the mistiness of the roof! The laying out of this grand wall that closes the bottom of the fane is well worth studying as a method of disposing a series of arches for effect. Here is the stately gallery, supported on open arches and columns. From that rise upwards the long arched windows; after them the crowning lunette window; while all is within the vast and deeply embayed arch, which encloses all, and starts from the floor, and turns its curve aloft in the clouds. We may wander round and round again, and always find something to surprise. And here is revealed what a fine, impressive medium is the solid concrete, always second only to stone, used plentifully for all the covering portions. It is dignified and solemn in its monumental effect. There is nothing finer anywhere, or more suited to excite the feeling of a noble largeness and spaciousness, than the series of piers which spread away down the nave, then soar aloft till they bend round into stately, sweeping arches, subdivided by smaller ones. The depth of these arches is remarkable. The piers are gigantic; the more we gaze on them the larger they seem. Their lines are grandly simple. They rest their claims to impressiveness on nothing but their size and form. It has been said that the coarse native brick thus left exposed adds to this tone of grand simplicity. This was, moreover, done of set purpose, space being left open between each course of bricks so as to supply a good "bite" for the marbles with which all is hereafter to be clothed. In this connection we note the sort of gallery that fills the spaces between, resting on a series of double arches and monoliths. This arrangement somewhat impairs the effect of the piers and their great arches; for the gallery is not part of the construction and its main lines, but is introduced to fill in the space between the piers and mark the division between the aisles. It is, therefore, somewhat superficial; were it away we should have the grand arches and piers of the nave running to the ground without interruption. If the necessity of such a gallery be pleaded, it seems of too light a character to need arches and monoliths to support it.

No doubt, however, it is a pleasing detail, and attenuates the general grimness and gauntness.

It may be that so fine a monument of brickwork, laid so as to display to the full the natural formation and capacity of brick, has not been seen in this country since the old Queen Anne days. There is, happily, none of the debasing "pointing." The bricks themselves—save in the interior, where the common stock brick is used—are of the tile pattern. One would, however, have preferred the honest healthy old *red* brick, raw and rubicund, to the faint and somewhat sickly pink tint.

But allowing all credit to the "large" effect of this gaunt lack of finish, there is a very important matter that has been overlooked—viz. the almost certainty that the Cathedral will remain in this bare and unfurnished state for a century or a century and a half, at least. For the cost of the painting, mosaic work, and marble veneers will be something incredible, and too stupendous to be encountered. It will be said that this can be done by degrees, and in small portions at a time; but to decorate a small portion even of the roof would need a scaffolding of such height and strength as would make a large part of the outlay. This could not be renewed with every small portion. Even if a portion were completed, the contrast with the raw, bare remnant would grow more marked and become more unpleasant every day. Then, the cost of mosaic work is almost appalling, and the time it takes enormous. The few feet of mosaic that covers the wall behind the altar at Farm Street—making two pictures of moderate dimensions—cost, I recollect, some eight hundred pounds. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's must have paid enormous sums for Sir W. Richmond's experiments.

A very noble impression is left by the disposition of the vast and stately transepts. It is rarely that we see a transept divided

In no direction has the architect displayed more fancy and propriety than in the disposition of his windows. It was a great experiment, this disposition of the amount of light, and he has shown science and tact in solving the problem. There can be no question that his success has been complete and the light perfect. The variety in the forms and patterns of the windows, while admirably structural and carrying out the architectural arrangement, shows also much fancy. We see the range of lunette-shaped openings at the top, with their pleasing detail and network of terra-cotta, with the two long arched windows underneath. These lunettes have a singular emphasis for their size. One might object, however, to the thick stone uprights which divide each window into three portions. Such supports are needless where there is an arch, which contains all the supporting strength necessary. There is a fine ungainliness, too, in the openings pierced in the curved concrete where the long windows follow the bend of the arched roof. There is often an awkward device of sections of arches, so as to maintain the lines of the window upright. The small windows in the far-off dome have exceeding character and draw the eye. We may praise also the happy patterns of the "leading" and the delicate greenish tinting of the glass.

How strange is that *penchant* which seizes on man for disfiguring or "uglifying" his own choicest work. Hung from the roof we see a gigantic cross thirty feet high, floating in the enclosed and mystic space of the domes. This dominates the whole and becomes the central note, meeting our eyes wherever we stand. The least skilled observer must feel that it is out of key and out of proportion with all its surroundings. It throws everything, as it were, out of gear, and dwarfs everything, near and far off. For the spectator must always assume that it is of the proportions of an ordinary cross, and the scale of all round it thus becomes dwindled. There is an exactly similar mistake in the balustrade round the dome of St. Paul's, which Wren has magnified to double the usual height, making it some twelve or more feet high. In imagination we supply a human figure to lean upon it, which must be of the ordinary height, and thus dwindle down the dome in the same measure. So, on the same principle, the vast amplitude of the Westminster domes within becomes shrunk and contracted. Their immeasurable immensity is brought to a tangible scale, the general indistinctness and the idea of domical space without bounds vanish, because here we have a fixed, suspended object with which to compare them. Not that the idea of a suspended cross is unsuitable. It has something significant and

picturesque and devotional; but there is a fitting scale of sizes which an architect could work out *secundum artem*, and which would be exactly suited to its environment. By this arrangement the whole misty regions of the domes, with their suggestions of rolling spaces, are turned into a background or "setting" for this mammoth cross.

It may be, however, fairly pleaded for this gigantic object that we must wait for the proper conditions to see the full effect. We should call up in imagination the encompassing dome, glowing with tinted figures in rich but subdued colours, the deep golden tints, the softened blues of the empyrean. With these the lines of the richly gilt and decorated cross will blend and be absorbed, and not, as now, be contrasted with mere raw concrete and bricks, and made to stand out. But for this we must wait patiently a hundred years at least, and all the while have our eyes drawn to this uglifying spectacle. Of course, time will do something in mollifying the glare of its tints.

Mr. Sargent, the eminent artist, who is much interested in designs of the Crucifixion, is said to have suggested a blue line running round the red ground; and it must be said that the result is not happy. The scheme of colour seems disturbed. One allows much for mediæval anatomy, but the arms of the sacred figure on the cross are strange distortions. With a good eye for measurement one can see that these arms, if placed by the side, would touch the knees!

A great cathedral of this pattern requires to be "lived up to," and to have all the associations suggested on a grand and corresponding scale. All praise must be given to the antique music, the stately strains of Palestrina and other masters; but more, certainly, could be done with the organ, a large and fine one. The organ, after the breath of prayer, is the very soul of the cathedral and its articulate voice. We expect, therefore, the grand and swelling strains,

completed, owing to the devotion and generosity of the faithful. A great fane thus fringed round by decorative tabernacles offers a sort of challenge to its frequenters to proceed in the same course, and in a sort of "nibbling" way the ornamentation is likely to go on. The sanctuary, which is partially done, will, likely enough, next claim to be taken in hand. Some pious Crœsus within the next twenty years is likely to be found to line the hemicycle of the apse with marbles and mosaics. But after that, as we fancy, there will come a check. On the whole, it is likely that the decorations will grow in this fashion from without towards within.

The new system of mosaic introduced by Sir W. Richmond seems to have been adopted in these Westminster chapels. The result has certainly more glitter than the old smooth cubes of glass. This new treatment might be called the "sugar-stick method," for the work has certainly a bright and rather "sticky" aspect. It partakes of scene-painting: it dazzles with that sheen which seems to enter into all modern decoration. The old mosaic was more formal and classical, if tamer and more subdued in tone. In St. Mark's, Venice, it is said that there are nearly 50,000 square feet of mosaic work.

It is proof of Bentley's "architectural propriety" that he declined to adopt for his windows the deep rich colouring and showy tints of painted glass. It was tempting enough, and would have gained the suffrage of the ignorant crowd. Instead, he gave us a flood of white silvery light, pure and undefiled, passing through faint and delicate tints of pale green. Few now think how almost hopeless is the condition of painted glass, and how misunderstood its principles are; but the real objection is little thought of, viz. the transitoriness of the colours. The art of permanently fixing these seems lost. Anyone who carefully considers the work done some twenty or thirty years ago will see how dull and faded it has become—how the lighter tints have either fled altogether or become "flat" and insipid. All those gorgeous bursts of Burne-Jones and others will by and by dissolve away like the "cloud-capped towers," and, though leaving a streak or so behind, will have become utterly ineffective, like all faded things. The false system of painting faces and figures on the glass as if on canvas is also accountable. We should follow the old impressionist method of putting fragments together like a mosaic or the combinations in a kaleidoscope. And yet, such is the incertitude of the times and public taste, that it may be by and by some rich "benefactor" will offer to the Cathedral as a memorial of a defunct relative some huge window, "richly dight," which may be accepted without thought or scruple.

The rather economical method of *veneering*, as it were, marbles on a brick background, however showy and convenient, has always seemed a "cheap device" and something of a makeshift. There is always a sort of tell-tale surface or something in the setting that betrays the device. I fancy it is that the thin sheets bend and warp, and do not lie close. It seems also that with time these veneers dry up and lose their sap, and acquire a shabby look. The richness of colour fades away. This is not likely in the case of great solid blocks. At the Farm Street Church the marbles in the sanctuary seem affected in this fashion. All shams have drawbacks of some kind, and are certain to be found out. Then, there are the associations —very potent. When we find these marble veneers profusely used in clubs and hotels, large expanses, palatial marble halls, we are not impressed, knowing that they are only films of marble sawn by the yard.

The marbles in the sanctuary galleries might have been combined more harmoniously. Thus, dark green, diamond-shaped slabs and the Indian-red panels make a somewhat uncongenial contrast; with the effect that the other tints, so faint and delicate, are extinguished. The colours are too deep and strong for their white background. The marbles in the Brampton Chapel are not happily contrasted— the green over the altar is disturbing—as are the white marbles under the windows.

As the Cathedral is destined to be in daily use and work for a century and more without change, it has to be considered how it can be made habitable and provisionally furnished for at least a century or so. The true method, I believe, would have been to plaster it over from end to end; or at least to have coloured its domes and walls white or yellow, as is done in French and Belgian great

the delicate tints of the beautiful marble colonnades—which are utterly killed by these adjuncts—is inconceivable. In the adjoining chapel on the left, lined throughout with lovely marbles in delicate yellow shades, these flaming red draperies have been introduced, with overpowering effect. The floor is covered with green baize, which seems the favourite matting. Green baize carpeting when matched with other green baize hangings no doubt produces a certain uniformity, but it is hardly artistic treatment. Even in the rudest attempts at ornamentation, or the perfunctory substitute for ornamentation, there should be a sort of homogeneousness. Gaudy stuffs and tinsel do not hide, but only set forth with more emphasis, the bareness and nakedness of other portions. Even a barn, if left to itself—to its rude supporting beams and joists—has a dignity of its own, which is quite lost when you introduce coloured calico and the like.

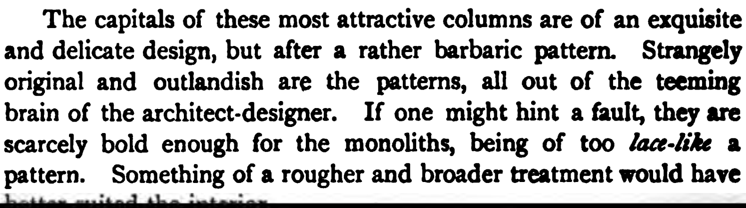
The proper scheme for the temporary furnishing and decoration, as it may be styled, should be based on an "oak motive," or, if that be found too costly, on stained woods. The abundant and cheap Belgian carving is available; witness the effective doors and very striking oaken furniture of the library at Archbishop's House. The Belgian craftsman is, in this kind of work, to the very manner born: he has inherited the traditions, he works in his material after a sort of instinct, and with a graceful, free, and flowing touch. Instead of the green baize partition raised behind the altar, there should be a well-panelled partition of the stained wood; while the parapet between the sanctuary and nave should have a bold architectural balustrade. The benches, too, should be artistic. There is no human necessity or law that canons should sit on green baize. Panelling of stained wood, even, might be fitted on the wall behind the pulpit. It is obvious that this panelling would harmonise better with the rude brickwork, and add to the natural dignity of the Cathedral, which these crude attempts at coloured decoration impair.

The style of the various accessories placed already in the Cathedral—the Archbishop's throne, the pulpit and the font—rich and costly as they are, seems to have been rather misconceived. The lines are too refined and delicate for the monumental character of the structure. For a pulpit we should have expected rather a solid, roomy *loggia*, a structure, in fact, with bold, well-marked-out lines and little decoration. This pulpit is meagre and *mesquin* in its treatment, the lines are poor and "spiky," and the decoration quite Italian. This inlaying of bits of gold and mosaic within compartments of the solid marble has but a poor effect. The Archbishop's

chair, we are told, is modelled after that of His Holiness; but it is again too Italian in character, and is, therefore, discordant in contrast with the Byzantine colonnade behind it. Yet it has been thought necessary to garnish it with an immense flaming red canopy, which kills whatever tints the chair offers. The same objections apply to the great font in the Baptistery.

The beautiful monolith columns which, disposed in pairs, set off the nave are worthy of study, and excite a never-failing dramatic interest. The rare, exquisite beauty of the marble, the wonderful tints and the fanciful carvings of capitals, the subtlety of their *entasis*, appeal wonderfully to the artistic feeling. Few think nowadays of this *entasis*, or care about it, or notice what a breathing life, and even "movement," it imparts to the inert and almost dead column. Who thinks that this *entasis* may turn the architect into a sort of Pygmalion? Who, indeed, knows what *entasis* means? Instead of a plain, straight shaft, of the same dimensions from top to bottom, the artist traces some magic sinuous lines or contours, of which he alone has the secret, swelling here at the middle or near the base, tapering off ever so delicately near the capital, all according to some mystical code. Each column thus treated begins to live, to throb almost, and becomes a sentient thing. One might liken such a thing to the arms of a lovely woman, graceful and well-proportioned, hanging down by her side, full of life and movement.

The capitals of these most attractive columns are of an exquisite and delicate design, but after a rather barbaric pattern. Strangely original and outlandish are the patterns, all out of the teeming brain of the architect-designer. If one might hint a fault, they are scarcely bold enough for the monoliths, being of too *lace-like* a pattern. Something of a rougher and broader treatment would have better suited the interior.



in the vestibule on the left and right, near the entrance, and also the bit near the Baptistery. The richness of the whole—the modulated colours are charming, the designs original—so exactly suited to the capacity of the marbles, makes it a feast for the eye, so as to cause us to lament that the whole design could not be carried out. As it is we have to accept the wooden parquetry floor, which is really destructive of the idea of spaciousness, and suggests the ordinary *room* of domestic life. Colossal piers and rock-like fabrics seem inconsistent with the frail wooden blocks on which they seem to rest.

In default of colouring the whole structure, the two large chapels to the right and left of the High Altar might be tinted buff or white; this would not affect the general tone of the Cathedral, as they are more or less enclosed. The Baptistery should also be tinted, and thus would match with the beautiful Brampton Chapel which opens into it. On the Chapel of the Holy Souls—that to the left of the sanctuary—some pains should be expended, so that its rich materials and delicate colours should have full effect. Every rag of the red draperies should be removed.

It is remarkable that these marbles, with their lovely and delicate tints, should be only found in foreign, far-off countries. They contrast with our own native products, which are quite English in their down-right assertive colours—plain blacks or greens or yellows. I say nothing of the indispensable and ever-present Aberdeen granite, which is always with us—a fine and everlasting material, but monotonous and unpleasant in its tint. English marbles have no suggestiveness, no sub-tints. As Mr. Ruskin has said somewhere, the true ideal of colour is to be found only in these antique marbles, set up in company with well-worn, well-rusted mosaic, such as we find at St. Mark's. They owe their effect to the rust and mellowing of ages. As a poet has said:

> "Not thine the guilt, soft-fingered Time,
> If ruin comes, not thine the gilded shame;
> Thy velvet touch does better mend than maim,
> Clips the gay frieze, but bids green ivy climb."

These foreign marbles are of the rarest and most precious kind; indeed, in these articles the skilled amateur and judge will find an almost over-abundance of material. No one who has not seen them can realise the half-tints, the rich, delicious plum, violet, and other colours which are found here. The polish attained, too, is extraordinary, owing to the density and closeness of the texture.

In one of the unfinished chapels lie derelict the eight great

columns worked and imported specially from old, disused mines, which were opened specially. By an unhappy chance, three of these precious things were fractured on their passage home, owing to the careless handling of Eastern sailors and porters, no doubt unaccustomed to deal with such vast bulks. It was at first thought that it was impossible to supply their place, as the mines were exhausted; however, at this moment they are actually in hand, and all is likely to be well. When the *Baldachino*, with eight rich columns, is set up, *vice* the upholstering that now does duty for it, the long vista from the entrance will be suitably terminated. The altar, however, is to follow the changes of colour in the ritual, and, according to the feasts, to be red or white or black. This is not to be hailed with any satisfaction. The permanent unchanged altar, richly carved in wood, which we see in so many foreign churches, is much more architectural and better suited to a great church.

In making this criticism nothing is intended in the way of carping or fault-finding. Who would look such a gift-horse too curiously in the mouth? Fair criticism only increases fair appreciation. It is only due to the lamented architect to see that his work is not uglified by well-meaning but ill-directed attempts at ornament. Uglify is a word that we owe to "Alice in Wonderland"—that sagacious child, whose parent I knew, having remarked that as we use "beautify" there should be a corresponding word in the opposite sense. As a stately fane of this kind will excite strong feelings of elevation, and is a sort of education, care should be taken not to interfere with or impair this wholesome impression.

F.

EIGHT CAPTAINS OF THEIR FATE.

"SHAKING off, therefore, all childish and effeminate fears, it pleased God to give us hearts like men, to arme ourselves with a resolution to doe our best for the resisting of that monster of Desperation."

So wrote Edward Pellham, who faithfully recorded in 1631 the story of the "Miraculous Preservation and Deliverance of Eight Englishmen, left by mischance in Greenland, Anno 1631, nine months and twelve days."

His record purports to be "a true relation of all their miseries, their shifts and hardships they were put to, their food, &c., such as neither heathen nor Christian men ever before endured."

The names of the eight adventurers were: William Fakeley (gunner); Edward Pellham (gunner's mate, and the narrator of the story); John Wise and Robert Goodfellow (seamen); Thomas Ayres (whalecutter); Henry Belt (cooper); John Dawes and Richard Kellett (landsmen). They were all employed in the "Worshipfull Company of the Muscovia Merchants," and they set sail by order of the Company in the good ship "Salutation," of London, for Greenland, on the 1st day of May, 1630, with a fair gale behind them, and, "setting our comely sayles to this supposed prosperous gale, and ranging through the boysterous billowes of the rugged seas, by the help and gracious assistance of Almighty God, wee safely arrived at our desired Port in Greenland the eleventh of June following."

The entire expedition consisted of three ships, commanded by Captain William Goodler. Their instructions were to stay for a month at the Foreland, and then, should it be possible, "make a voyage according to our expectation"; but if that were after all impossible, the ships were to separate, one to go a short distance eastward for whales; a second southward, "to trie her skill and fortune if it were possible there to make a voyage"; the third, in

which was our party of eight men, with others, to stay at the Foreland; but that order was subsequently countermanded by the captain, who sent a shallop from Bell Sound, where he was, with instructions that the ship should come to him, as he required it to carry some of his train-oil, and also thought it as well to make the fleet as strong as possible on the homeward-bound journey, Dunkirk pirates being very strong and rife at that time. Obediently the vessel left the Foreland on August 8, and endeavoured to make southwards towards Green Harbour, intending when the place was reached to take in twenty of the crew of the second ship. But a strong wind blew the struggling efforts of the vessel to futility, so that it could not make its course. A week passed, and a calm, clear day arrived. The ship was now some five leagues from a place famous for venison, so that the master sent out our eight men, all together, in a shallop for the hunting and killing of some venison for the ship's provision. They were accompanied by a brace of dogs, and took with them a snap-hance, two lances, and a tinder-box, and pulled for the shore, where, after four hours, they arrived. It was a fine day and sport was plentiful, for our recorder tells, "that day we laid fourteene tall and nimble Deere along." Tired out with rowing and hunting, the party decided to make a meal, and after resting for the night, finish their hunting and return to their ship. But the morning brought a fog. A southerly wind blew along the coast, and betwixt the shore and the ship they had left lay a considerable quantity of ice, so that to get clear of it she had been obliged to stand out to sea. Thicker and thicker grew the weather, and our eight adventurers were unable, strain their eyes as they might, to see her. In this dilemma they decided to make for Green Harbour, hunting along the shore as they went, and there to stay

provisions. Their decision was prompt: they would make all possible speed to Bell Sound, to their captain. Heaving the venison overboard to lighten the sloop, they sped on their way southwards. That night they got half way, about the point of the Nesse, but darkness and misty fog increased so fast that it was impossible to get any further. All night and half the following day they remained in a cove, between two rocks. The weather clearing a little, and time being perilously short, they left the Nesse behind them and made for Bell Sound, as they thought. They had no compass, nor was any of their company "pilot sufficient to know the land when he saw it," so that they were "faine to grabble in the darke (as it were) like a blind man for his way, and so overshot Bellpoint at least tenne leagues to the southward, towards Horne Sound."

Then occurred a discussion, the lost mariners taking counsel together. Will Fakeley, the gunner, was for making further south. wards; but his opinion was overruled by the reason of the rest, and they made for the north, judging that they had already come too far south. Presently, the weather being fine and clear, they descried the tops of the lofty mountains of Bell Point. Fakeley, who had been in the country five or six times before, looking about him, cried out that they were all on a wrong course, and would certainly lose all chance of regaining their ship. For a second time we find them turning their boat's head southwards (our recorder being one of the minority against the turn). But now had arrived the "fatall twentieth day of August, the utmost day of our limited time for staying in the country." What could they do in their uncertainty, and with the knowledge that "a million of miseries would of necessitie ensue" if they failed to find the homeward-bound ships. Fakeley was still for steering and rowing further southwards; but the rest had lost faith in his counsels and decided to make for the north. Fakeley thereupon refused to steer, so that our author records, "I took the oare out of his hand to steere the boate withall." A change in the wind, and the shallop scudded along, bringing them to Bell Point. Here they were forced to shorten sail and betake themselves to their oars, and make for the shore. Seeking for a harbour for the shallop, they despatched two of their party overland a distance of ten miles to see if the ships were still in the Sound. They came back with the disheartening news that they had gone. A storm of wind arose.

Fearfully and impatiently they waited until midnight, when a calm succeeding, they set out for Bottle Cove, hoping and fearing alternately. The Cove was deserted, and pilotless, without compass,

and devoid of everything, our adventurers stood mute and silent, with senses benumbed, looking for nothing but a miserable and pining death. There crowded to their memories fearful examples of calamities that in this very Cove had befallen their fellows under like circumstances. "And thus, like men already metamorphosed into the ice of the country, and already past both our sense and reason, stood wee, with the eyes of pittie beholding one another!"

One of the stories that recurred to their memories and "affrighted" them was of "nine good and able men left in the same place heretofore by the selfe-same master that now left us behinde; who all dyed miserably upon the place, being cruelly disfigured after their deaths by the savage beares and hungry foxes, which are not only the civilest, but also the only inhabitants of that comfortlesse countrey."

They reflected, too, that they were without suitable clothes, without food, and without a house to shelter them from the terrible cold of winter. It was at this juncture in their affairs that they came to the resolution set down at the head of our chapter.

The first step towards the "resisting of that monster Desperation" was taken when they unanimously agreed to seize the next opportunity presented by fair weather to go for Green Harbour, to hunt and kill venison for their winter supply. See them, then, on the first fair day leaving Bell Sound for Green Harbour, which they reached in twelve hours. Their first act on arrival was to rig up a rough tent with their sail and oars wherein to sleep. They were overtired and very troubled in mind, so that they slept but poorly.

The following morning they went on in their shallop, fitted out as best they might, for some miles to Coles Parke, where they killed seven deer and four bears—not a bad day's work. The clouds were

casks for storing their train-oil. These coopers had lodged and lived in the Tent during the early autumn months. It was of course empty during the winter.

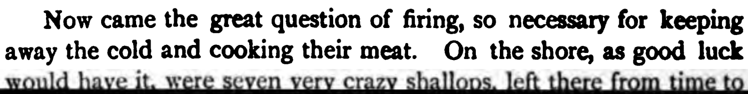
As they rowed towards Coles Parke, they espied by the side of a hill by the seaside seven deer feeding, and going ashore with their dogs they killed six. They slew another six as they returned along the side of the hill to the Tent. When morning broke they laded their shallop, and also another shallop which they had found, left by the ship's Company for future use, with bears and venison and the graves of the whales which they had found boiled and flung out upon the ground; then, dividing themselves into two equal companies, they manned the two shallops and "committed themselves to the sea" for Bell Sound, there as they hoped to store their food as they could secure it. But the darkness coming down upon them, and the next day being Sunday, they "thought it fit to sanctifie the rest of it, and to stay ourselves there untill Munday, and to make the best use wee could of that good day, taking the best course wee could for the serving of God Almighty, although we had not so much as a Booke amongst us all the whole time wee staid in that country."

Awakened by the sun on Monday morning, and rejoicing to see a fine clear day, they set out rowing, as they had done previously, for Bell Sound. The overcast sky and threatening wind, however, soon deterred their further progress, and they were obliged to put into Bottle Sound for the night. And now an unfortunate mishap befell them. Their shallops, which they had fastened together with a rope, casting their anchors in the Cove, were sea-washed, the whole of their provision being beaten about, wetted and spoilt, and much of it lost. In this dilemma they saw no remedy but a desperate one, that of plunging "into the high-wrought sea, getting by that meanes into our shallops, to save the remainder of our provisions, ready now to be washt quite away by the billowes." Having reached the boats, they heaved out of the water on to the shore the provisions, presently seeking them along the seaside. This discouragement partially overcome, they decided to wait for fair weather and then make again for Bell Sound. The fine day greeted them on the third of September, and on that date they stored their rescued spoil in the Tent. The temperature of the days was altering strangely, and the night frosts were growing in intensity, so that they realised that another hunting expedition was out of the question, as they feared that the Sound would be frozen over, preventing the return to their Tent.

The route overland was too mountainous to attempt. It was of supreme importance that they should build, with all expedition, a

house. This they decided must be within the Tent. Putting their wits together, they resolved to build it on the south side. Not far away were the remains of an old wooden building which had been run up many years previously to accommodate the landsmen who made the train-oil, and it was from this structure they obtained the materials they required. Posts, stanchions, rafters, and a hundred and fifty deal boards, with a thousand bricks from an old furnace, anciently used for train-oil boiling, constituted indeed a valuable find at this crisis of their misadventures. Good fortune smiled on them also when she discovered to them several hogsheads of very fine lime. This, mixed with the sand of the seashore, made capital mortar for their bricklaying. Our author and William Fakeley, the gunner, acted as masons, and assisted by the rest they speedily reared two walls, each a brick thick, against the inner planks of the Tent. All the time two men were kept constantly employed flaying the venison. The bricks had given out, so that the builders had no choice but to build the other two walls of wood, which they nailed on both sides of the stanchions, filling up the hollow between with sand, which effectually kept out the air. The chimney's vent was into the greater tent. The length of their new house was twenty feet by sixteen, and the height ten. They made their door to shut well, and lined it with an old bed which they found in their searches. They had no windows, but let in the light by their chimney vent from the big tent, removing some tiles in the eaves to effect their purpose. They now divided their structure into four cabins, each to contain two men, using for beds the dried deerskins, which they found warm and comfortable.

Now came the great question of firing, so necessary for keeping away the cold and cooking their meat. On the shore, as good luck would have it, were seven very crazy shallops, left there from time to



we made a common practice of it ever after. It never went out eight moneths together or thereabouts."

Behold them, then, with house and firing provided, as on September 12 they noticed the first ice of the season, drift ice, driving to and fro in the Sound. Early in the morning they arose, and, looking about them, espied two sea-horses lying asleep upon an ice block. Here was an opportunity that should not be lost. An old harpoon lay in the tent. Launching a boat, they rowed out towards their unsuspecting victims, and coming near surprised them asleep, and despatched first the old female and then the young one, which, being unwilling to leave her dam, made her own capture easy. To haul them into the boat, cut them in pieces for roasting and eating, took but a short time to the expert whalers. A few days later they killed another.

And now the severity of winter had our adventurers in its grasp, and they thought with anxiety on the meagreness of their food supply, and hoped that kind chance would direct down their way some wandering bruins. There was nothing for it but to limit themselves to one meal a day, and to keep two days a week as fast days, excepting from the fritters made of the loathsome meat known as graves of the whale. To this plan they adhered closely for three months. By this time their clothes were worn and torn almost to pieces, and necessity demanded an invention that should be applicable for repairs. The bones of the whale, manipulated, served them for needles, and their thread they obtained from rope-yarn. The nights had now become very long, and on October 10 so intense was the cold that the sea was frozen over. It was during these cold and dark times that our friends had leisure to think longingly of their homes, their parents, their wives and children, whose anxiety they knew must be deep on their account. They also discussed in their saddest moments the cruelty of their master who had left them to these distresses. Their fears were not wholly for themselves. They remembered their shipmates, and reasoned that they might have been overtaken by the ice, and miserably perished, so having endured even worse things than themselves. One or two of the more pious of their number suggested that they should all cease their complainings and betake themselves to prayer for strength and patience in their miseries and a happy issue from their afflictions. This they did, and were immediately comforted and cheered. Looking more carefully into the matter of their supply of firing, they were of opinion that it would be as well, in case it should fail them before the cessation of the bitter cold, to roast daily half a deer and stow

the meat in hogsheads. This they did, leaving enough meat uncooked for roasting on Sundays and Christmas Day.

A closer examination of their food supply disclosed to them the depressing fact that all the fritters were spoiled by the wet and were quite mouldy.

There was not enough bear meat and venison to allow five meals a week, and they were compelled to substitute another fast day, "so that for the space of three moneths after that we, for foure dayes in the weeke, fed upon the unsavoury and mouldie fritters, and the other three we feasted it (the stomach) with beare and venison." Nor was it only meat they wanted. They needed light also. From October 14 to February 3 they never saw the sun, "nor did hee, all that time, ever so much as peepe above the horizon." By the time the first day of December greeted them until the 20th there appeared no light at all, not even that faint daylight glimmer which the previous days had shown them.

Again that fertile mother, Necessity, brought forth an invention to lighten their darkness.

With an old piece of sheet-lead, which they found over one of the coolers, they made three lamps. For wicks they used rope-yarn, and their supply of oil they found in the coopers' tent. It was New Year's Day before they could perceive the limitations of day and night with ease. As the days "began to lengthen, so the cold began to strengthen"; which cold came at last to that extremitie as that it would raise blisters in our flesh, as if wee had been burnt with fire: and if wee touch't iron at any time it would sticke to our fingers like bird-lime. Sometimes, if we went but out a doores to fetch in a little water, the cold would nip us in such sort that it made us as sore as if wee had beene beaten in some cruell manner."

From January until May they could obtain no water from

snow for anger." The cub, seeing the fate of its dam, fled, and so escaped. Drawing the dead bear into their house, they flayed her, and cut up her flesh into pieces, each of about a stone weight, and found sufficient supply for twenty days. This bear was the harbinger of many more, some forty in all, which visited them, driven by hunger. Of these they killed seven. One great bear, slain on the fourth day of March, stood at least six feet high. These of course they flayed and cooked. The roasting was done on wooden spits, as their only cooking utensil was an old frying-pan they had found in the tent. Now, having no stint of food, for the bears' flesh they found as savoury as any beef could be, they ate two and three meals a day, and soon noticed an increase in their strength of body.

The better weather brought innumerable small wildfowl, whose usual breeding-place was this coast. They feed on small fish. The foxes, which had all the winter kept their burrows, now came forth from beneath the rocks to look round on an awakened world, and snatch their food, the wildfowl, if they could take them.

Our adventurers set traps for the foxes, baiting them with the skins of the fowl which they had found on the snow, the birds having fallen on their flight from the hill, where they bred, towards the sea. "For this fowle," says our chronicler, "being about the bignesse of a ducke, hath her legs placed so close unto her rumpe as that when they alight once upon the land they are very hardly (if ever) able to get up againe, by reason of the misplacing of their legs and the weight of their bodies; but being in the water they raise themselves with their pinions well enough." Setting their traps well out in the snow, they caught as many as fifty foxes, and these they roasted, finding the meat very good. Their next attempt was to set a trap for the fowl. They took, therefore, a bearskin, and laying the flesh side upward, they made springs of whalebone, and by this contrivance secured no less than sixty fowl, about the size of a pigeon.

On March 16 they had, to their grief and surprise, lost one of their mastiff dogs. He had left the tent in the morning as usual, but never returned home again, nor could they ever ascertain what became of him. On May 24, the weather being now warmer, they espied a buck. They went out after him with their remaining dog, but he had grown so fat and lazy that he was not able to pull down the deer. They therefore, to their chagrin, missed their chance.

On this day, too, they found and carried home some willock's eggs (a willock is a bird about the size of a duck), deciding to return with their comrades the following day and bring home a thousand more of the eggs. But the next day was so intensely cold—a cutting

east wind stinging every living thing with which it came in contact—that they hugged their house, nor sallied forth at all.

Only a day or two had passed since they had been able to discern the water under the frozen sea. A storm of wind had broken the main body of ice in the Sound, and a hustling east wind had driven the broken ice into the sea and cleared the Sound for a great way, although the water near the shore was still frozen.

Constantly, since the warmer weather, the castaways had climbed to the top of a hill on the look-out for the freeing of the Sound from ice. On this day of the biting, searching east wind they had, however, as we have said, remained in their Tent.

See them all gathered together in their house for prayers, except one, Thomas Ayres, who was still in the great Tent, and for whom they waited. What delayed him? They were growing impatient and curious.

Suddenly a great shout, familiar to the ears of seafaring men—"Hey!"—roused their attention. It was instantly answered with "Ho!" and the assembled men, waiting for no more, rushed out. Found at last; rescued; saved for home and England!

Their joy overpowered them. There stood the mates, whom they had not seen for so long a time, looking at them, blackened as they were with the smoke and wearing tattered garments. At the answering shout of Ayres the rescue party had stood amazed, half afraid, scarce believing the testimony of their own ears. Now that of their eyes convinced them, and they rushed eagerly forward to embrace the poor sufferers. "We showed them," writes our recorder, "the courtesie of the house, and gave them such victuals as we had, which was venison, roasted foure moneths before, and a cuppe of cold water, which for noveltie sake they kindly accepted of us. Then fell we to aske them what newes? and of the state of the land

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Mason's ship. Judge of the disappointment of the poor fellows, who had endured so much misery, when, instead of a kindly welcome, Mason spoke roughly to them, calling them runaways and using other harsh epithets!

On August 20 they set sail for Old England, and came at last, after contrary winds, to anchor in the river Thames, to their "great joy and comfort and the merchants' benefite."

JAMES CASSIDY.

TABLE TALK.

Public Interest in the Stage.

THOUGH a good thing in itself, the renewed interest in the drama which has been manifested during recent years by the public is not without serious drawbacks. About the middle of last century the enlightened and cultivated section of English life held aloof from the stage. When on the production of a new play which I was bound to witness I had at my disposal two or more of the free seats then lavishly distributed, I found it difficult to induce anyone to accompany me; and when in the sixties or thereabouts I told George Henry Lewes (the historian of philosophy, the Slingsby Lawrence of *The Game of Speculation*—himself, in turns, dramatist, actor, and critic) that I wrote on the drama, he expressed a doubt whether (since his retirement?) drama or criticism continued to exist. Revival of interest in these things dates virtually from the establishment, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Street, of the Bancroft management and the appearance of the Robertsonian comedy. Since that time public curiosity concerning the stage and its exponents has progressed until now, when both occupy perhaps a disproportionate amount of public attention, and the drama ranks as the most popular of the arts. Honours out of the reach of the Garricks and the Kembles of former days are awarded its professors, and clubs composed of playgoers and self-constituted critics are numerous and assertive. These signs of progress are accompanied by a marked advance in the social status of the actor, due rather to the class from which he is taken than to any augmented knowledge on his part of the art he follows or the profession he adopts.

The Manager and the "Gods."

WHILE satisfactory in many respects, perhaps, even in the main, the state of things I describe has, as I have said, its drawbacks. The drama is now, as it were, under the patronage of a number of self-constituted arbiters, who in addition to deciding on the value and the fate of novelties seek to add to their responsi-

bilities by aiding or counselling the manager in the engagements he must make, and so establishing an *imperium in imperio*. It will scarcely, I think, be easy to induce managements to acquiesce in this division of power. When recently, at the New Theatre, Sir Charles Wyndham was rebuked loudly and by name for substituting one lady for another as the juvenile heroine of his piece, he failed to grasp either the sense or the humour of the situation; and, besides bringing one of his numerous advisers before the authorities, announced his intention to arrest similar demonstrations in future. It is naturally from the "gods" that the protest and the thunder proceed. These, and not these alone, may plead precedent. The first recorded riots in a theatre were from the titled Mohocks who in early Hanoverian days claimed a right to sit on the stage and impede or insult the actors. Macklin was dismissed, in 1773, from Covent Garden in answer to reiterated demands of the public. This resulted in an action in the Court of King's Bench, in which Lord Mansfield enunciated his famous judgment that every person in a theatre has a right to express his approbation or disapprobation instantaneously, but pointed out the danger incurred when the rioters came to a theatre with a design to create a riot or oppress an individual. Instances are known in which, in response to an effort to abridge their privileges, the footmen—once the ordinary and privileged occupants of the gallery—descended on to the stage to destroy the fittings, and were only prevented by military interference from wrecking the house.

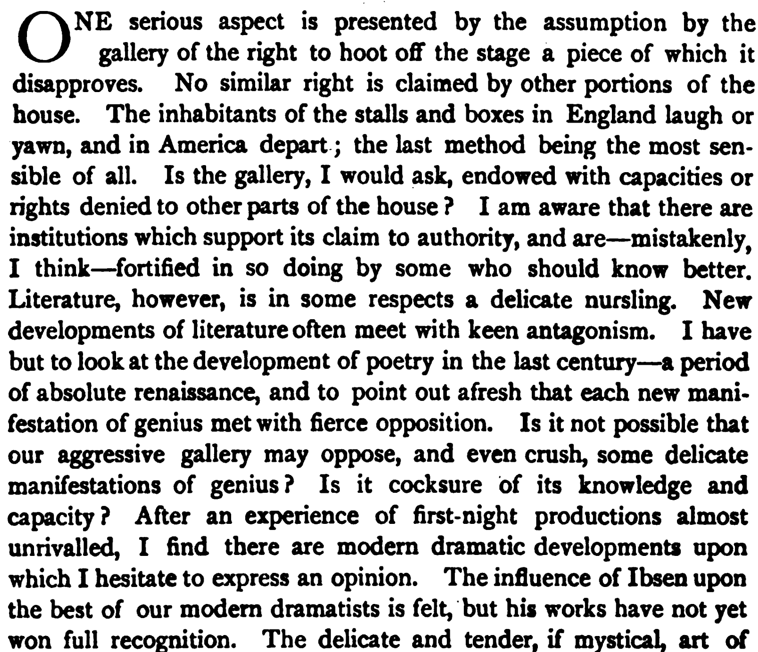
Public Censure of the Drama.

I SEEK neither to exaggerate the importance of the manifestations that have recently been made nor to interfere with the right of the gallery frequenters to express an opinion on a play, favourable or the reverse. A few hisses, preferable in every respect to the modern system of "booing," followed by a peaceful departure from the house, will, in the majority of instances, do no harm, and may even do good. I protest, however, against the system of luring, by delusive applause, an author before the curtain for the purpose of howling at and deriding him, and also against the practice of insisting upon a speech from the management. The author who responds to a call, and the manager who addresses the public, are, in my judgment, equally unwise. To the practice on the part of certain managers of haranguing the audience on the occasion of some real or supposed triumph may be attributed half the unseemly ructions that have recently been witnessed. Meanwhile the possibility of a feud between managers and "first-nighters"

has to be taken into question. I use the slang term "first-nighter," inasmuch as, so far as my knowledge extends, no opposition or disturbance has in modern days been prolonged to a second night. In the case of feuds of the kind it is the malcontents, rather than the managements, that are likely to suffer. It may be only an abridgement of their privileges that ensues; but that even is to be deprecated, and if possible avoided.

Gallery Criticism.

ONE serious aspect is presented by the assumption by the gallery of the right to hoot off the stage a piece of which it disapproves. No similar right is claimed by other portions of the house. The inhabitants of the stalls and boxes in England laugh or yawn, and in America depart; the last method being the most sensible of all. Is the gallery, I would ask, endowed with capacities or rights denied to other parts of the house? I am aware that there are institutions which support its claim to authority, and are—mistakenly, I think—fortified in so doing by some who should know better. Literature, however, is in some respects a delicate nursling. New developments of literature often meet with keen antagonism. I have but to look at the development of poetry in the last century—a period of absolute renaissance, and to point out afresh that each new manifestation of genius met with fierce opposition. Is it not possible that our aggressive gallery may oppose, and even crush, some delicate manifestations of genius? Is it cocksure of its knowledge and capacity? After an experience of first-night productions almost unrivalled, I find there are modern dramatic developments upon which I hesitate to express an opinion. The influence of Ibsen upon the best of our modern dramatists is felt, but his works have not yet won full recognition. The delicate and tender, if mystical, art of



THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1904.

A LONDON IDYL.

BY FELIX NOËL.

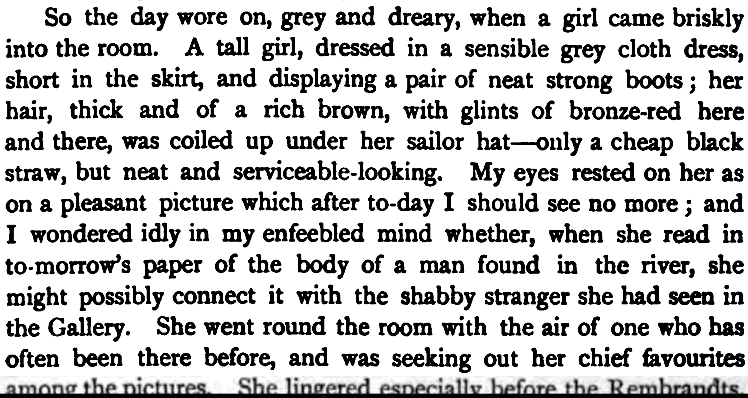
I WAS wet to the skin; it had rained all day as it only knows how to rain in London, a hopeless downpour, making the streets one pool of mud. It was November, and my clothes were thin, a summer suit, which was all but through at the knees and elbows, while my boots were in holes and my feet saturated. I was sitting in the National Gallery, a place which is often a refuge for hopeless waifs like myself; before me hung Van Dyck's wonderful "Charles I"; the worn, melancholy face was in keeping with my thoughts, though I was hardly conscious of it. The place was nearly empty for a great City pageant was going on, and, wet as it was, most of the usual sight-seers were drawn to it; no one was near but a rough-looking farmer asleep on a seat behind me, and a pair of young lovers in a distant corner.

I had reached that stage when a man is regardless of appearances, and with my burst and ragged boots thrust out before me, my soaked cap drawn over my eyes, sat shivering with my hands in my empty pockets and racked with hunger, for I had tasted nothing since the morning of the day before. Faint and weak, I was conscious every now and then of losing myself as it were, while ever and anon sounded in my ears a saying of an old nurse of mine, when as a child I saw a tramp taken to prison for stealing a loaf: "Ah, Master Charlie, hunger's a sharp thorn!"

The words seemed to set themselves to a tune and to be repeated' over and over again, "A sharp thorn!" "Hunger's a sharp thorn!' till they seemed to be written on the walls and floor around me.

Presently a gentleman and lady came into the room, catalogued and waterproofed. They passed before me after a while in making the circuit of the room, and the lady glanced in my direction with deep disapprobation, the displeased glance lingering especially on my ostentatiously displayed ragged boots. She turned to her husband and said something in which I caught the words "Shockingly dissipated-looking!" and he following her glance murmured something about "drink." It amused me somehow in my reckless state, and I laughed. When one is in the feeble condition that was then mine, to begin to laugh or cry means to continue doing so, and it was some time before I could check the convulsive laughter—that assuredly had no mirth in it. At last I succeeded, feeling weaker than ever. I was only waiting till the evening drew on and then—well, then I meant to seek the refuge so many have sought before—the river; that cheap refuge for those who, having lost their faith in God and trust in man, imagine that they can seek in death a refuge from their misery.

So the day wore on, grey and dreary, when a girl came briskly into the room. A tall girl, dressed in a sensible grey cloth dress, short in the skirt, and displaying a pair of neat strong boots; her hair, thick and of a rich brown, with glints of bronze-red here and there, was coiled up under her sailor hat—only a cheap black straw, but neat and serviceable-looking. My eyes rested on her as on a pleasant picture which after to-day I should see no more; and I wondered idly in my enfeebled mind whether, when she read in to-morrow's paper of the body of a man found in the river, she might possibly connect it with the shabby stranger she had seen in the Gallery. She went round the room with the air of one who has often been there before, and was seeking out her chief favourites among the pictures. She lingered especially before the Rembrandts.



"Will you oblige me by taking these? They are very nice and it is a pity to waste them, and I am not hungry."

Starving as I was, I am thankful to remember that the beast within me had not quite all its own way. I could not speak, but shook my head and motioned her away, but she exclaimed—with her eyes, soft eyes of that bewildering colour that is sometimes green, sometimes brown, now dark, now light, the most expressional eyes of any—earnestly studying my face, "Oh, please do not pain me by a refusal; if you do I shall feel that I have offended you, and indeed I had no intention of doing so, I spoke without thinking."

Before she had finished speaking I was devouring the food. Even now I cannot think without pain of the way in which I tore at it; the recollection of those sharp pangs, of that fierce craving has never left me. It has ever since been impossible for me to refuse the sturdiest of beggars who carries "Lie" on his forehead, if only he says that he is hungry.

While I ate, the girl sat a little turned away, searching for something in the little bag she carried, then she turned round.

"I hope I do not hurt your feelings," she said gently, "but I too know what it is to be without work, and so will you let me lend you something till you are better off?"

As she spoke she held out a five-shilling piece.

"Do you know what you have done for me?" I asked hoarsely, not offering to take the money.

She shook her head a little timidly.

"I should have ended this day—and all earthly days for me—in the river," I replied.

She trembled a little. "And now?"

"And now," I said, "it dawns upon me that there is after all some pity and sympathy left in the world, and I will try for a day or two longer."

She was weeping. "Don't," I said; "I am sorry to have grieved you."

She cried for a minute or two in a quiet, self-restrained way, then said, putting the money into my hand quickly, the warm touch of her fingers thrilling to my very heart: "Will you promise me that you will come here and tell me if you do not find anything to do, though I believe and hope you will? It is a curious thing to ask you, perhaps, a stranger, but I might hear of something—or be able to help you in some way. I often come here; it is usually quiet at this time, and I shall expect to see you in a day or two."

She rose as she spoke. I rose too and stood looking down into

her face, such a true womanly face, full of sweet sympathy and compassion.

"I know why you ask me to come," I said; "it is the kindness of your heart that prompts your request. Yes, I will come, but not to take from you the money for which you have to work, perhaps work harder than I can think. But your dreams shall not be haunted by my drowned face; I will come if only to tell you that I still live."

She moved her head in a gentle greeting, and then went swiftly away.

The day was growing dark, as it does so soon in London, and I rose to go and seek a lodging for the night. I went out and stood looking into the gloom of the mingled rain and fog and the fast gathering night. Some one touched my arm; turning I saw that the old farmer, as I had thought him, was beside me. He was a sturdy man of middle height, with a strong face and a pair of keen dark eyes. "You seem down on your luck, young man," said he.

"Very much so," I replied; "it is strange that in a place like London work should be so hard to find."

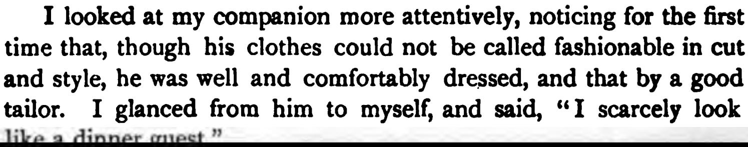
"Have you wanted work long?" he asked.

"Since last May, when the firm that employed me became bankrupt," I answered.

He stood beside me thoughtful for a moment, then said:

"Do you mind accepting a dinner from a stranger? I should like to have a few words with you, and this is a comfortless place in this driving rain."

I looked at my companion more attentively, noticing for the first time that, though his clothes could not be called fashionable in cut and style, he was well and comfortably dressed, and that by a good tailor. I glanced from him to myself, and said, "I scarcely look like a dinner guest."



That meal remains in my memory as the vaguest dream of confused sight and sounds. We sat down to a simple repast that in the contrast it formed to anything that I had had for some months was a very feast of Dives. But I could not eat it when it was before me. As I sat there in the warm and lighted room strong shivers shook me from head to foot. I became dimly conscious that I was talking fast and wildly, and that the keen eyes of my companion were fixed on me with an expression of grave concern. Every now and then I made a vigorous effort to pull myself together, and collect my wandering thoughts, but in a few minutes I found myself off again on a new track. At last I rose, but as I did so the walls of the room seemed to close and contract around me. I struggled violently to push them back but they approached swiftly, surely, as I have read somewhere was done in one of the tortures of the Inquisition; then I felt myself going down, down into immeasurable depths: and I knew no more.

. . . .

I opened my eyes upon a fresh scene. At first everything around me seemed white, as though I were adrift in a milky sea; but by degrees the whiteness resolved itself into the counterpane of a bed, on which I was lying; some one was holding something to my lips and I feebly wished they would let me alone, then I drifted off again; by-and-by my eyes opened again, and I was conscious of people talking in the room around me, and I wondered weakly who they were.

"Patient is awake, Nurse," said a voice, and I saw looking down on me the strong keen face that I had làst seen opposite me in the restaurant.

I tried to speak, and the effort brought the great drops on my forehead.

"No, no, you are not to talk," said my visitor; "you are getting on nicely," and as he turned away, I heard him say something about "poor fellow," and wondered who the poor fellow might be.

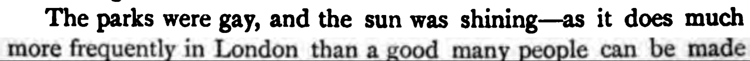
He had brought me there, that kind and good man, as I found out when at last I struggled back to life, a very wreck, but daily gaining health and strength. He was a great City merchant, and his son—a fine, handsome fellow of my own age and as kindhearted as his father—came to see me as soon as I was strong enough to bear visitors, and sat by my bed, and cheered me more than words can express. And, as soon as I could be removed, they sent me away into the country, where the first shimmer of green was appearing on the trees—so long had I been ill, and there I found myself gaining

the strength of a Hercules, and an appetite of which I was veritably ashamed, and yearning for the day when I might take up the work that my kind friend had promised me as soon as I should be able to do it.

And the girl whose gentle voice and sweet pity had brought hope into my desolate heart. What of her? Had I—man-like—forgotten her and my promise? Surely not. For in the early days of my convalescence I heard one morning a mighty rustling of silk, and there appeared at my bedside an old lady, very stately and dignified in appearance, the wife of my good friend; but her stateliness melted away at the first sight of my wan face, and she cried over me—though, as it were, under protest—and called me "my dear" like the true motherly soul that she was.

And on her second visit, accompanied by extravagant quantities of jellies and beef-tea and other good things, I summoned up courage to tell her of my anxiety about the girl who had befriended me in my extremity, and whose gentle heart might even now be saddened by the thought that I had failed her. It may be that the dear old lady scented a romance in the air; at any rate, she went that very day to the Gallery and found there my friend, sitting as I had sat before the "King Charles," and what passed between them I did not know until long after, but kind messages and assurances that she had never lost faith in me were brought, and I waited contentedly for the day when I should be able to see her again, feeling sure that it would come, though no word to that effect had passed between us, and the dear old lady was a very Tower of Silence with respect to anything else that might have been said concerning me.

The parks were gay, and the sun was shining—as it does much


more frequently in London than a good many people can be made

at first, and only by degrees was able to summon up courage to ask questions about my health and country visit, and such things; but as we talked, and I told her more and more of myself, of the dear old mother whose honoured grey head I had seen laid to rest two weary years ago, and the pretty sister far away in her Australian home with her husband and babies, she forgot her shyness, and we chatted easily, and finally parted feeling like old friends, looking forward to a speedy meeting.

There were many such meetings; we strolled together in the parks when all fashionable London had deserted them and was disporting itself in Scotland or on the Continent, and once or twice we managed a little excursion on the river; but always as friends, friends only; it was long before I could summon up courage to speak the love that day by day in her sweet companionship grew stronger and stronger.

My kind friend had given me a place in his great City office; it was at first a very subordinate post, naturally, and the pay for my work, though just and fair, was only sufficient to keep me, with no hope of even the putting by for the proverbial rainy day. But love is stronger than prudence.

It was late autumn, never a very cheerful season in London, but we had kept up our daily walks, even though now and then they were of a rather damp description, necessitating umbrellas and waterproofs; my darling is by-the-by the only woman whom I have ever seen who was not disfigured by that most hideous of garments, a mackintosh; but there, she looked and looks well in everything, no matter how simple.

We were walking in the park under the nearly leafless trees, and a soft wind was blowing and bringing with it sudden drifts of rain. She was silent; she had often had long fits of silence of late, and glancing at her downcast face I thought it bore a somewhat sad expression. She was usually so cheerful, my little love, working away so bravely, so unmurmuringly, that her sadness struck me with sudden alarm.

"You look very grave to-night," I ventured.

She lifted her eyes to my face, they were brilliant with tears.

"What is it? Tell me! You are unhappy! Have *I* said or done anything to pain you?"

She smiled through her tears.

"You! Oh no. You are always too kind to me; but sometimes I am a little tired and a little lonely, and to-day is my birthday, and—and"—with an attempt at a little laugh which was a conspicu-

ous failure, "I was foolish enough to feel unhappy because there is no one to remember it, and——" she broke down.

Then I put my arms round her and drew her to rest on my heart, and whispered, as her dear head nestled into my breast, "Sweetheart, I love you," and together we entered into the Eden in whose sunny groves all true lovers dwell.

What a different aspect our walks presented from that time forth! How we strolled along the muddy streets during that never-to-be-forgotten winter, and looked into the shops and made imaginary presents to each other! and by-and-by began a similar system of house-furnishing, cheaper by far than any "Hire System" ever invented. What a huge hole in my finances too was made by the purchase of that little trumpery ring, sparingly set with turquoises, which I placed on my love's finger with so much pride! That little ring is there yet, nearly hidden in the glitter of the diamonds above it, diamonds which are not so bright as my wife's dear eyes, though our eldest girl is to-day the same age that her mother was when I drew off her betrothal ring, only to replace it over the little gold band that marked her as a wife.

Ah, dear and ever dearer wife, God's best and choicest gift! Who can measure the depth and height of the power of a true woman's tender compassion?

MOUNTAIN SHRINES OF JAPAN.

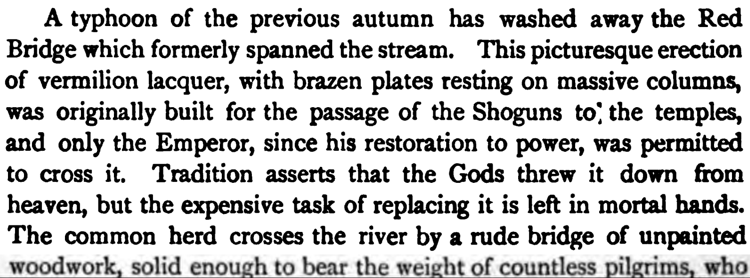
"WHO knows not Nikko must ne'er say *Kekko*" (*i.e.* magnificent). So runs a Japanese proverb, playing on the jingling words, for Nature, Art, and Religion combine to glorify the *sanctum sanctorum* of Japan with threefold fame.

"Once upon a time in the mountains of Nikko," is the initial sentence of almost every national fairy tale; for fable and fancy people this haunted region with gods and demons, elves and monsters. "Nikko-zan," "Mountain of the Sun's Brightness," probably memorialises ancient sun-worship, that primæval creed which first raised human thought heavenward with the pathetic yearning for "the land beyond the dawn," revealed to longing eyes by the rose of daybreak dispersing the clouds of night. In the earliest age of authentic history a Shinto temple was standing at Nikko; and though local records are obscure until the eighth century, when a Buddhist saint built a shrine on the sacred hill, tradition reaches back into that misty dreamland of myth and fancy, through which humanity groped from darkness into light. After sundry omens and visions, a Buddhist monastery was erected on a peak known as "The Mountain of the Four Gods," who appeared under the forms of a blue dragon, a red bird, a white tiger, and a black warrior. A holy abbot in the following century continued the meritorious work by raising altars to the divinities of mountain and forest; for the voices of wind and waterfall, river and tree, combined with weird effects of cloud, mist, and woodland shadow, in suggesting supernatural manifestations to the uncontrolled fancy and inaccurate observation of the period. The Shogun Ieyasu was buried with Buddhist rites, the system gradually predominating over the more ancient Shinto creed; and until the Restoration in 1868, when Buddhism was disestablished and disendowed, the Abbot of Nikko was always a prince of the Imperial line. The superb tombs of Ieyasu, the founder, and his warrior grandson, Iemitsu, the consolidator of the feudal power, gave new prestige to Nikko, attracting countless worshippers to the monuments of the deified

Shoguns. A glorious avenue of colossal cryptomeria, noblest of the pine tribe, extends for twenty-three miles from the plains to the venerable mountain shrines. The pillared trunks of deepest red beneath the black canopy of shade, with rays of emerald light piercing the fan-like boughs, suggest the interminable nave of some vast cathedral, though modern vandalism cuts many a gap in the long vista of ruddy columns, and thatched villages encroach on the grand *Via Sacra* of olden time. A second aisle of huge trees, known as "The Way of the Envoy," flanks the main avenue, and was used for the armed train of the ambassador who brought gifts from the reigning Shogun to the shrine of Ieyasu.

Japanese imagination fills the Daigawa Valley below the temples with evil spirits and fabulous animals, haunting nook and corner, or lying in wait for sacrilegious pilgrims. On the bank of the brawling river overhung by drooping boughs of scarlet maple, stands a row of moss-grown Buddhas, tradition affirming the impossibility of counting them correctly, and asserting their miraculous origin. Some of the mouldering statues have fallen from the lotus-wreathed columns, to lie buried in fern and bramble, the meditative calm of the stone faces veiled by the green tendrils of Nature's garlands woven round each sacred head.

A typhoon of the previous autumn has washed away the Red Bridge which formerly spanned the stream. This picturesque erection of vermilion lacquer, with brazen plates resting on massive columns, was originally built for the passage of the Shoguns to the temples, and only the Emperor, since his restoration to power, was permitted to cross it. Tradition asserts that the Gods threw it down from heaven, but the expensive task of replacing it is left in mortal hands. The common herd crosses the river by a rude bridge of unpainted woodwork, solid enough to bear the weight of countless pilgrims, who



right and left of the sculptured balustrade, the interstices sown with tiny ferns, by Nature's eternal yet transitory handiwork. Red lacquered walls of a graceful pagoda gleam against the dark trees, and a wandering sunbeam sparkles on the golden scales of the dragons, whose crimson jaws form the water-spouts of the curving eaves. A wandering breeze sighs through the pines; and the solemn booming of the temple gongs, stealing at intervals in long sweet notes through the air, blends with the voices of Nature in perfect concord. Further flights of mouldering steps lead to those gorgeous gateways of the great temples which represent the climax of Japanese architecture. Angels, birds, and flowers stand out in high relief from the blaze of gold and colour; dragons wind with intricate convolutions round every shaft—the golden trefoil of the Tokugawa line conspicuous among peony and plum blossom, chrysanthemum and bamboo; but these marvellous gates need careful study, and only a general impression of unparalleled splendour is grasped in the superficial view wherewith the ordinary tourist must content himself. The outer courts, with their holy-water tanks, canopied fountains, scarlet belfries, and drum towers, contain artistic gems of metal-work in the myriad lanterns of iron, bronze, and brass, presented by Daimios and tributary kings, notably those of Korea, Loochoo, and *Holland*, formerly regarded as a vassal state. Broad eaves of porch and fountain bristle with red pennons and paper prayers, hung on cornice and gable by pious pilgrims, but the Gods of wind and rain have obliterated most of the inscriptions. Carved and painted storehouses contain the treasures of the temples, including ceremonial ornaments used on the festivals of the deified Shoguns, together with silken robes of State, and richly lacquered furniture. In a red-roofed hall, gigantic golden images of Kwannon and Amida stand in friendly proximity to the great Buddha, who comprehends them in his Eastern pantheon. The Sorinto, a copper column, wreathed with lotus flowers, and hung with bells, was built to avert malefic influences, and the traditional *baku*, a combination of wolf, tiger, and elephant, crowns smaller pillars to fulfil the same purpose. So strong is national faith in the power of this mythological animal, that he is generally painted in gold lacquer on the wooden pillows of Japanese nobility, in order to devour any bad dream passing before slumbering eyes. A gnarled pine-tree in a stone enclosure remains as a memento of the Shogun Ieyasu, who carried it with him in his palanquin, when only a tiny shrub planted in a porcelain flower-pot. Near this historic tree an exquisitely carved gateway displays the triad of sacred monkeys, their paws covering eyes, mouth, and ears, to

symbolise the tenet of Buddhist doctrine, "I will neither see, hear, nor speak any evil." On many a lonely crag or forest tree these three monkeys, carved in relief, still preach their little gospel to the devout traveller and suggest a profitable theme for his solitary meditation. Buddhism regards it as a meritorious work to remind the unknown wayfarer of the claims which religion makes upon all mankind, and rays of eternal truth shine through the cloud of superstition like threads of gold woven into a black curtain hung before the shrine of an unknown God.

Below a sculptured arch stands the vaulted stable of the sacred horse belonging to the tutelary divinity. A weird interest attaches to this white steed, ridden through the dark forest ways at midnight by the Abbot of Nikko, when the deified Shogun presumably returns to earth and mounts in ghostly presence behind his priestly representative, on the somewhat degenerate descendant of the charger which carried the warrior prince to battle.

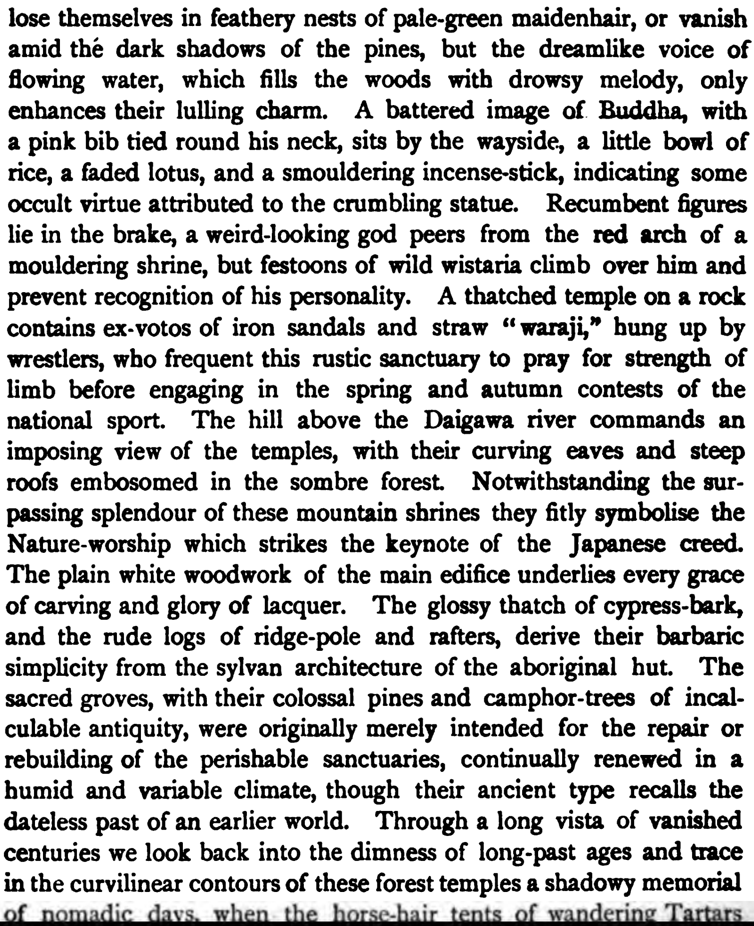
The Erl King of Northern folklore, hitherto the ideal type of woodland magic and mystery, pales into insignificance when compared with this fantastic dream of Eastern forests. The midnight darkness, the brooding silence of the haunted pine-woods broken by the sound of galloping hoofs, and the white horse flashing through the gloom with his ghostly rider, thrill the soul of an imaginative race with supernatural awe. The Gods and demons crowding round the ancient temples represent the eternal battle between good and evil, waged in every centre of worship, whether pure or corrupt, for the leaven of truth vitalising imperfect systems which have crystallised into creed suggests that the Deity dimly shadowed forth would have all His wandering children glean some harvest gold from the field of faith; a conclusion in no way detracting from the glory of Him who binds

above the gilt columns, is guarded by grotesque figures of "the laughing Buddhas," a deified Chinese priest and his sons, who invented this contrivance to facilitate the hitherto impossible task of perusing the seven thousand "sutras" of the Buddhist canon, awarding equal merit to the worshipper who turned the Library three times on the axis. Through arched gates of miraculous beauty leading from court to court of gleaming gold and scarlet in an ascending scale of splendour and brilliancy, we reach the *Kara-mon*, the white Chinese portal before the main temple. The Tokugawa crest on the ridge-pole glitters against black ranks of serried pines; and overhanging eaves shadow, as with jewelled folds, the white and golden beauty of the intricate lace-work. The sweeping curves of the fluted roof, originally suggested by the sagging haircloth of Mongolian tents, recall the nomadic past, when some backwash of that Western wave which bore the tribes of Central Asia toward the setting sun floated the aboriginal settlers of Japan towards the Eastern Sea encircling their future home. Chinese influence pervades Nikko, and the Imperial Founder of the Middle Kingdom with his Court is carved in ivory relief among Confucian sages on the *Kara-mon*. To the right stands the canopied stage for the *Kagura* dance of the Shinto priestesses; and an ancient dame, robed in white and scarlet, performs a weird and lifeless measure to the tune of tinkling bells and the waving of a feather fan. In the intervals of the dances required by the visitors, she sits on the red platform mounting guard over the brass money-box into which the offerings of spectators are cast. Business is slack on this October morning, and the superannuated priestess apparently prolongs her dancing days in vain. White muslin veil and thin red skirt flutter pitifully round the shrunken figure, but the appeal to Japanese devotion is unheeded, or unfavourably compared with the secular charms of *maiko* and *geisha* in the floral dances of the capital. Shoes are left at the temple steps before we may tread upon the soft mats laid over the lacquered floors of the dim sanctuaries, their gorgeous colouring and elaborate ornament subdued by the prevailing twilight. Golden dragons and rainbow-winged angels, their plumage tapering off into the feathery tail of a bird of paradise, disport themselves on a blue ceiling which represents a summer sky. Many-hued chrysanthemums wreathe medallions of red eagles and white phœnixes, but when Shintoism was established as the State religion, Buddhist symbols were removed from Ieyasu's temple, bells, censers, and candelabra being replaced by the round mirror, rice-straw rope, and strips of gold paper hung before the curtained shrine of the empty Shinto sanctuary. The temple of Yakushi,

Ieyasu's patron saint, remains intact, for even adherents of the revived Shintoism shrink from despoiling the shrine of the Shogun's celestial guardian. Shadowy drifts of pink flower-petals, and gilded sprays of bamboo, appear as though submerged in the transparent depths of azure and vermilion lacquer with their strange suggestions of fathomless water. Silver lotus blossom decks the golden altar, a bronze stork on a tortoise (the Buddhist emblem of immortality) holds a votive candle in his bill, and a brazen censer smokes before the gilded Buddha. Passing worshippers strike the bronze bells with a deer's antler, and throw their perforated *rin* (the tenth of a penny) on the white mat of the scarlet platform, the polished surface reflecting the golden glory of the dusky shrine. The Buddhist devotee shows a more reverential spirit than his Shinto comrade, whose devotions consist in clapping the hands to attract the divine attention, and a short ejaculation to the Sun Goddess or her subordinates, to increase his worldly prosperity or to punish his enemies. The recognition of those spiritual forces which build up conduct and character exalts Buddhism, though blurred with the mosslike accretions of centuries, far beyond the mundane shallowness of Shinto belief. Gaily dressed pilgrims from distant provinces roam through the courts, gazing in wonder at the black and red temples with the colossal *Ni-o* of menacing aspect who guard the splendours within ; the demons which figure largely in Japanese faith being impressed into the service of the gods to frighten evil-doers from the holy places. The main temples contain State rooms for the use of the Shogun, the screens exquisitely painted with storks, peacocks, and impressionist landscapes. A private chapel belongs to the suite of austerely simple apartments, which include a chamber for the offerings to three mysterious local deities, enthroned on the mountain of Nantaisan to promote the public welfare and the progress of

on battlemented walls, and the velvet moss cushioning broken balustrade, carpeting mouldering steps, and mantling stone lanterns with emerald verdure, suggest the age-long haunt of Tengon, God of Dreams, and idealise this solemn resting-place in the green heart of Nature's temple, the shrine not made with hands. Statues, altars, and moss-grown tombs lie buried in dense foliage. A rugged pathway of grey slabs and boulders winds into the forest depths, the broad curb-stones fringed with fern. The handiwork of man in no way lessens the loveliness of this green retreat, for Nature clasps all in her close embrace, flinging her tangled garlands over terrace, parapet, and stair, claiming them for her own. The red Sannomiya temple nestling among the trees is sought by mothers whose prayers for their children are typified by a multitude of wooden blocks thrown at the feet of Jizo, guardian of infants, his beneficent face looming through the dark shadows of projecting eaves. A sacred stone, inscribed with Chinese characters, beneath the veil of verdure, needs but the touch of faith to render it a safeguard from evil fortune, and a weeping girl in gay travelling garb of red and violet prostrates herself before it, laying her brown hands on the mossy surface. Little scarlet *torii* point out forgotten shrines among the reddening brambles of the matted undergrowth, and a wandering vine wreathes the memorial tablet over the grave of Ieyasu's favourite horse, set free in the mountains of Nikko at his master's death, and roaming for thirty years in the sacred forests. Marvel and miracle haunt the precincts of a crystal pool, supposed to change its waters into "*saké*" at the bidding of the forest gods, and three black spires of cryptomeria encircled by the Shinto rope and fringe of rice-straw are dedicated to these hamadryads of the East. A peasant woman, carrying a shaven-pated baby on her back, mutters a spell, and takes an amulet-box from the wide sleeve of her blue "*kimono*," as she passes a bronze lantern, green with damp and lichen, for the mass of graven metal is credited with the power of transforming itself into a demon at nightfall, and glaring with fiery eyes on rash intruders. The solitary lantern occasionally lighted at dusk explains the mystery, but Japanese fancy embroiders the common texture of daily life with myriad marvels. Near this haunted spot the Prince Abbots of Nikko are laid to rest among the whispering pines which murmur their eternal secret round the forest graves. Poetic thought traces an allegorical connection between the graduated splendour of the temples and the career of the deified Shoguns, a triumphal procession up to the very gates of death. Deeper and deeper we plunge into the green gloom; a white cascade falls from a temple-crowned cliff, rippling brooks

lose themselves in feathery nests of pale-green maidenhair, or vanish amid thé dark shadows of the pines, but the dreamlike voice of flowing water, which fills the woods with drowsy melody, only enhances their lulling charm. A battered image of Buddha, with a pink bib tied round his neck, sits by the wayside, a little bowl of rice, a faded lotus, and a smouldering incense-stick, indicating some occult virtue attributed to the crumbling statue. Recumbent figures lie in the brake, a weird-looking god peers from the red arch of a mouldering shrine, but festoons of wild wistaria climb over him and prevent recognition of his personality. A thatched temple on a rock contains ex-votos of iron sandals and straw "waraji," hung up by wrestlers, who frequent this rustic sanctuary to pray for strength of limb before engaging in the spring and autumn contests of the national sport. The hill above the Daigawa river commands an imposing view of the temples, with their curving eaves and steep roofs embosomed in the sombre forest. Notwithstanding the surpassing splendour of these mountain shrines they fitly symbolise the Nature-worship which strikes the keynote of the Japanese creed. The plain white woodwork of the main edifice underlies every grace of carving and glory of lacquer. The glossy thatch of cypress-bark, and the rude logs of ridge-pole and rafters, derive their barbaric simplicity from the sylvan architecture of the aboriginal hut. The sacred groves, with their colossal pines and camphor-trees of incalculable antiquity, were originally merely intended for the repair or rebuilding of the perishable sanctuaries, continually renewed in a humid and variable climate, though their ancient type recalls the dateless past of an earlier world. Through a long vista of vanished centuries we look back into the dimness of long-past ages and trace in the curvilinear contours of these forest temples a shadowy memorial of nomadic days, when the horse-hair tents of wandering Tartars



LIVE SEA-LIGHTS.

WHO that has watched from the deck of a swift steamship, as she ploughs a straight furrow through the trackless sea, can ever forget the remarkably beautiful displays of phosphorescent glows afforded by countless myriads of minute sea-creatures? Every revolution of the ponderous propeller churns the surface of old ocean into an effulgence that impresses itself indelibly upon the memory of the astonished gazer; every sea that is parted by the advancing prow of the vessel is tipped, like the sword of Gylippus, with fire that burns but does not consume; and then, at last, moved by the mysterious nature of the spectacle, the lover of Shelley's verse will fully grasp the meaning of the poet's allusion to this weird phenomenon:

> While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
> Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,
> With splendour and terror the black ship environ,
> Or, like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire,
> In fountains spout o'er it.

Under certain conditions of wind and weather, in tropical regions more especially, the sea is a very blaze of phosphorescence by night. When the stars are pulsating in the celestial concave, but the moon is hidden from view, the lustre of the sea vies with, and occasionally puts to shame, the glories of the heavens. Every ripple, however tiny it may be, bears a brilliant but unearthly light upon its crest; the horizon cannot be clearly distinguished by reason of the silvery sheen of the sea surface; and the ship's wake appears to be a broad avenue glowing like molten metal. Sitting well aft, the rapt beholder may easily read the ordinary print of a newspaper solely by the aid of this vivid illumination, which throws the sails and rigging into lights and shadows for some distance from the snow-white deck. Some have inferred that the abysses of the ocean are rendered habitable by the phosphorescent light emitted by the curiously specialised fauna, specimens of which are at intervals brought to the surface by the deep-sea sounding machines of the world's surveying

ships; although Shakespeare, in an inimitable passage of "King Richard III.," inclined to the poetical view that the lowest depths of the deep sea were strewn with treasures of all kinds, "inestimable stones, unvalued jewels," some of which lay in dead men's skulls as though for lighting purposes.

> And in those holes
> Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
> (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems
> That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
> And mocked the dead bones which lay scattered by.

Around the shores of the United Kingdom, during the nights of our short summer holiday for example, we may often observe this illumination of the sea by the lowliest of all the dwellers in the waters of the oceans. In "Westward Ho!" we find Charles Kingsley introducing his heroine, perplexed to her very heart's centre, endeavouring to draw away the veil from the future, assisted thereto by a wise woman of the neighbourhood who traded on the credulity of her gentle clients. Fearful and shuddering, but mindful of instructions, the maiden stripped off her clinging garments, waded hastily into the water, lest her conscience should become too assertive at the final moment, and stood still in sheer amazement. "A ring of flame was round her waist; every limb was bathed in a lambent light; all the multitudinous life of the autumn sea, stirred by her approach, had flashed suddenly into glow."

> And around her the lamps of the sea-nymphs,
> Myriad fiery globes, swam heaving and panting, and rainbows,
> Crimson and azure and emerald, were broken in star-showers, lighting
> Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,
> Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.

An expectant person, gifted with a perfervid imagination and believing in the legend, might easily feel convinced that some struggling ship, on the boundary line of sea and sky, environed by countless phosphorescent gleams, was the wraith of the ill-fated "Palestine."

A monopoly of descriptive narrative, however, does not pertain to poets. The late Charles Reade once refers to the sea surface as "a million dimples of liquid, lucid gold," which is not at all bad for cold prose; and, on a stormier occasion, he gave a word-painting of this phenomenon of nature when "the overwhelming sea ran in dark watery mountains crested with devilish fire." England's sailor-poet, William Falconer, told of how in a gale

> High o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
> Uprolled in hills of fluctuating fire.

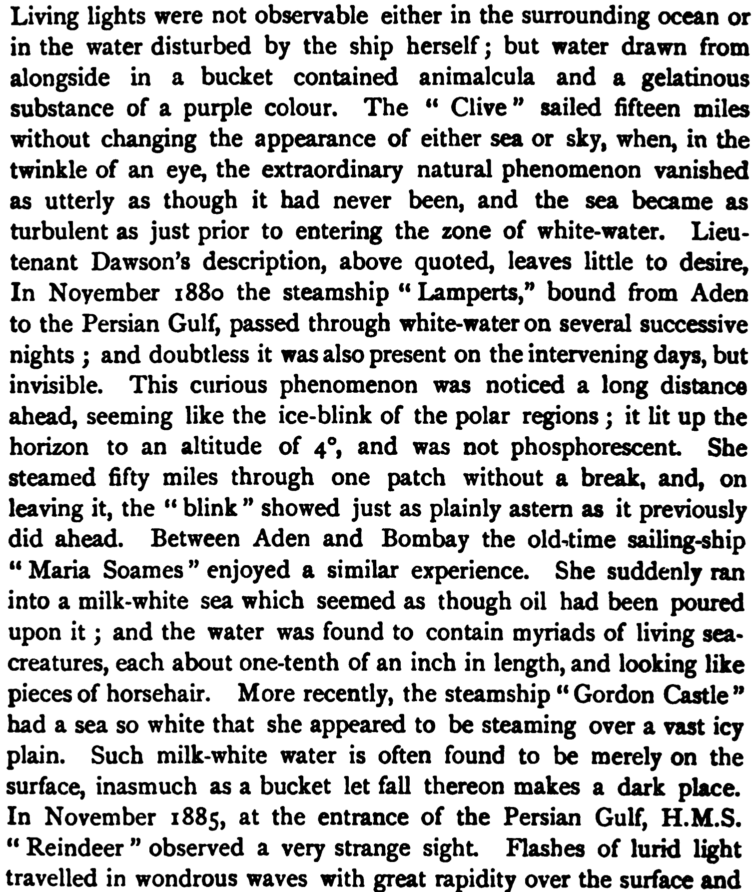
The late Mrs. Brassey, in her interesting "Log of the Sunbeam," describes a most beautiful example of a phosphorescent sea which she observed when off Lisbon in that famous yacht which circumnavigated the globe under the command of the owner, Mr., now Lord, Brassey. The night was stormy, and the sea all around looked like molten gold, lit to such a depth that thousands of fish could be distinctly discerned darting away like comets on every hand. The illustrious Darwin, in that interesting "Journal" in which he set forth the circumstances connected with his voyages on the "Adventure" and the "Beagle," has left to posterity a delightful description of an experience in tropical waters when "the sea presented a wonderful and most beautiful spectacle." Every portion of the surface glowed with a pale light, "the vessel drove from her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached the crest of every wave was bright, and the sky above the horizon, from the reflected glare of these livid flames, was not so utterly obscure as over the rest of the heavens." Captain S. Samuel, who later made the record passage between Sandy Hook and Queenstown with the American semi-clipper "Dreadnought," has described in his autobiography a most gorgeous phosphorescent display which he had the good fortune to witness at Batavia. Boats from the Dutch warships, then in port, were engaged in towing Captain Samuel's sailing-ship clear of the land, and the stout ash oars kept true time as a hundred lusty voices kept tune in a rollicking nautical chorus. As the blades dipped into the water the boats seemed to be floating on liquid silver, and innumerable diamonds appeared to drop from

them each time they were raised in order to take the next stroke. As though to enhance the enchantment of the scene, the sharks which infest Batavia Bay shot hither and thither, leaving streaks in the water comparable only to flashes of forked lightning traversing a galaxy of scintillating stars. Sir Wyville Thomson, when off the Cape Verdes in H.M.S. "Challenger," found it an easy matter to read the smallest print in his cabin solely by the phosphorescent light afforded without stint by the animalcula drifting past the ship on the sea surface. A giant pyrosoma brought up by the deep-sea trawl of the "Challenger" was utilised by Professor Moseley as an object-lesson. He wrote his name with his finger upon its exposed part "as it lay in a tub at night, and the name came out in a few seconds in letters of fire." Four years ago, in this geographical position, the ss. "Moravian," Captain A. Simpson, found the sea red as blood for forty miles while daylight lasted, caused by the smallest of animalcula. At night the whole surface of the sea was a blaze of phosphorescent light. About the same date, half-way between Socotra and Ceylon, the P. & O. palatial liner "China," Captain T. S. Angus, passed through several very remarkable phosphorescent patches on the sea surface. As she approached each spot it was instantaneously illuminated over an area of many square yards, and the lambent light spread with inconceivable rapidity.

Midway between Africa and South America, on the equator, these lights that are alive very often make manifest their presence, and gladden the hearts of the massed mariners. In order to determine the cause of a vivid phosphorescent display, a bucket of water was drawn from over the vessel's side. It was found to contain many thousands of bag-like "jelly-fish," each about the size of a man's thumb, and covered with small points, from the end of each of

witnessed at sea. It is alleged that this beautiful phenomenon is merely a phase of disease; or, as it were, a kind of swan-song in light and colour. A "pathogenic and luminiferous bacterium" does to death the marine animalcula concerned; and, while the latter are shaking off this mortal coil, and for some time afterwards, they give off that brilliant phosphorescent light which is so entertaining to passengers and to the hardy toilers of the deep sea.

Less frequent, and perhaps less attractive, but certainly more uncanny, is the so-called "white-water" met with in various parts of the world, although more especially noticeable in the Arabian Sea. Suddenly, as though the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" were to be demonstrated as true, the good ship seems to be gliding over a white cloud and the stillness approximates to that of death. The surface of the surrounding medium that bathes the vessel's graceful hull is like milk, and dazzles the unshaded eye as it were a sea of quicksilver. Captain Kingman, of the American ship "Shooting Star," has left a vivid word-picture of the fairy-like environment of his vessel while sailing a distance of twenty-five miles. Scarcely a cloud was visible, stars of the first magnitude twinkled timorously in the sky, and the milky way overhead was almost eclipsed by that through which she travelled so silently. "The scene was one of awful grandeur; the sea having turned to phosphorus, the heavens being hung in blackness, and the stars going out, seemed to indicate that all nature was preparing for that last conflagration which we are taught to believe is to annihilate the material world." During this display the "Shooting Star" was about two hundred miles south-west of Batavia. A similar illumination was witnessed by all on board the H.E.I. Company's sloop-of-war "Clive," on the way from Bombay to the Persian Gulf. Sailing ten miles an hour before a strong south-west monsoon, the ship was suddenly surrounded, one night, by water white as milk or the driven snow. The sea, hitherto high and unruly, became instantaneously smooth, although the wind-force remained as before the event. This milk-white water "seemed to have no termination until it reached an altitude of 70° or 80°, where it subsided in a strongly marked ecliptic, above which the heavens presented a beautiful and bright bluish cast, not dissimilar to polished steel. No line of horizon was visible; the dead-white colour of the water close to the ship, as it increased in distance from her, very gradually brightened, until, where I supposed the horizon to be, it assumed a silvery aspect, which increased as it ascended, became brilliant and dazzling towards the zenith, obscuring the stars and clouds, which had before this visitation been distinctly visible."



Living lights were not observable either in the surrounding ocean or in the water disturbed by the ship herself; but water drawn from alongside in a bucket contained animalcula and a gelatinous substance of a purple colour. The "Clive" sailed fifteen miles without changing the appearance of either sea or sky, when, in the twinkle of an eye, the extraordinary natural phenomenon vanished as utterly as though it had never been, and the sea became as turbulent as just prior to entering the zone of white-water. Lieutenant Dawson's description, above quoted, leaves little to desire, In November 1880 the steamship "Lamperts," bound from Aden to the Persian Gulf, passed through white-water on several successive nights; and doubtless it was also present on the intervening days, but invisible. This curious phenomenon was noticed a long distance ahead, seeming like the ice-blink of the polar regions; it lit up the horizon to an altitude of 4°, and was not phosphorescent. She steamed fifty miles through one patch without a break, and, on leaving it, the "blink" showed just as plainly astern as it previously did ahead. Between Aden and Bombay the old-time sailing-ship "Maria Soames" enjoyed a similar experience. She suddenly ran into a milk-white sea which seemed as though oil had been poured upon it; and the water was found to contain myriads of living sea-creatures, each about one-tenth of an inch in length, and looking like pieces of horsehair. More recently, the steamship "Gordon Castle" had a sea so white that she appeared to be steaming over a vast icy plain. Such milk-white water is often found to be merely on the surface, inasmuch as a bucket let fall thereon makes a dark place. In November 1885, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, H.M.S. "Reindeer" observed a very strange sight. Flashes of lurid light travelled in wondrous waves with great rapidity over the surface and

which no shadow was given. On pouring the water back into the sea from the draw-bucket, it resembled pouring on molten lead, or stirring a caldron. The wake of the ship, stretching right astern to the limit of the horizon, was of a greenish luminous colour, the whole sea presenting a most awe-inspiring spectacle."

As the steamship "Kilwa," Captain Whitehead, was leaving the Persian Gulf, at 8 o'clock on the night of April 4, 1901, the officer of the watch called the commander's attention to a peculiar appearance of the sea-surface. Great waves of vapour seemed to rush past the steamer at the almost incredible rate of sixty miles a minute! There was not any phosphorescence, except at the instant that each wave passed the bridge; and then the water seemed covered with star-like specks as though a handful of pebbles had been thrown into quiescent phosphorus. The vapour-like waves were comparable to a field of gold-ripe corn over which a strong breeze was passing, depressing the ears in long waves and thus causing light and dark lines. The sky was cloudless, and the distant high land clearly defined.

> Each puny wave in diamonds rolled
> O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold

held spell-bound the cosmopolitan crew. In a few minutes the waves changed their direction; and, instead of coming from the south-east, towards which point of the compass she was steaming, now came from the south, and quickly from the south-west. It was then noticed that the centre of the disturbance was close to the ship, as there appeared to be a circular dark patch whence the waves were darting in every direction. This display lasted fifteen minutes, and gradually died out. A somewhat similar experience was recorded by Captain Pearson, of the steamer "Strathleven," in 1881. Just at the entrance to Aden Bay a species of luminous vapour was observed gyrating on the sea-surface; the zone being about three hundred yards broad, and connected with extremely luminous water to the eastward. Last September, somewhat to the eastward of the above position, the P. & O. steamship "Australia," Captain Cole, found the sea-surface covered with a luminous haze, apparently due to phosphorescence.

Both the brilliant blaze, and the "white-water," so often fallen in with by ships at sea, appear to be due to phosphorescence. In the one case the result is as though myriads of fire-flies or glow-worms were resting on old ocean's surface; and, in the other case, the result is as though a huge mass of phosphorus were excited by friction in the dark. The phenomenon, in either case, is a most attract

tive feature of marine life with respect to the drifting organisms of the upper layers of the sea, or plankton, as they are collectively termed. Infusoria, crustacea, medusæ, molluscs, echinoderms, polypes, tunicates, rhizopods, and similar low forms of marine life, are admittedly phosphorescent; but the chief cause of the phosphorescent displays observed at sea is probably traceable to a minute organism known as the noctiluca miliaris. Many sea-water bacteria are also alleged to be luminous under certain conditions. Numerous instances might be added with respect to both the kinds of phosphorescent seas—the sparkling and the milk-white—but sufficient has been written to indicate the curious appearances of the sea-surface at times and also some of the causes thereof in so far as they are given by men of science who have made a serious study of this singularly interesting luminous display afforded by organisms dwelling on the sea-surface.

W. ALLINGHAM.

THE ANCIENT MERCANTILE HOUSES OF LONDON.

MANY of the old mercantile firms of London are probably of a much higher antiquity than they care, through the absence of documentary evidence, to claim. The necessity for destroying an accumulation of books that must have been regarded in the light only of so much useless lumber, and the loss of others in the devastating Fire of 1666, robbed many of them of such evidence, as to their earlier existence, as their ledgers would otherwise afford. For book-keeping, even by double entry, had, long before the Great Fire, become a systematised art. An old treatise, first published in 1543 by a schoolmaster, Hugh Oldcastle, and republished in 1588, entitled "A Briefe Instruction—to keep bookes of Accompts," etc., is prefaced by an epistle to the reader by the author, who says: "And know ye for certaine . . . I am the reneuer and reviver of an auncient old copie, printed here in London the 14 of August, 1543, . . . by one Hugh Oldcastle." [1] Beckmann believed that this work contained the true principles of book-keeping by double entry, which, however, as late as 1569, was undoubtedly new in England, though it had long been practised in other countries.[2] As the following notes relate principally to the old druggists, chemists, and medicine dealers of London, I may here allude to an Act of 34 & 35 King Henry VIII., by which it was "ordained, established, and enacted by the authority of this present parliament, that at all time from henceforth it shall be lawful to every person being the King's subject, having knowledge and experience of the nature of herbs, roots, and waters, to practise, use, and minister such herbs, etc., for divers specified wounds and maladies, everywhere within the King's dominions, without suit, vexation, trouble, penalty, the foresaid statute" (3 Hen. VIII. c. 11, giving a monopoly to the surgeons and physicians) "or any other to the contrary heretofore made in any wise notwithstanding." This

[1] Ames's *Typog. Antiquities*, 1786, vol. ii. p. 1227.
[2] Anderson's *Hist. of Commerce*, vol. i. p. 409.

Act, no doubt, vastly improved the commercial status, not only of the apothecaries who kept shops for the sale of drugs, but also of the vendors of so-called "quack" medicines, many of which were evidently not what is now understood by "quack" medicines, or they would not have survived, as they do, to the present day. But the large firms who own them do not advertise, and consequently they are not as well known as formerly. Such, for instance, is that truly wonderful survival, "Daffy's Elixir," "Bateman's Pectoral Drops," and others. But with regard to the antiquity of the firms who are vendors of these old nostrums, and of London pharmacies generally, it is claimed for that of Messrs. Beedzler & Co., operative chemists at the "Golden Key" in Norton Folgate, Bishopsgate Without, that theirs, dating from 1700, is the oldest in their particular trade. This however, can hardly, *ad unguem*, be said to be the case, even though the comparison be confined to retail businesses, for Messrs. Corbyn's old stone sign of the "Bell and Dragon," found on their late premises in the Poultry nearly forty years ago, when they succeeded Edward Winstanley & Sons, certainly dates from not later than the seventeenth century, and is consequently well calculated to dispute for its owners any such claim to precedence.[1] For it must be remembered that these carved stone signs, several of which bear a date immediately subsequent to that of the Great Fire, were put up in place of the more destructible ones consumed then, rendering it certain that their owners existed in business for some length of time, however indefinite, anterior to that event.

The merits of this claim to precedence may, I think, be equally apportioned—as there can at present be no absolute certainty in the matter—between Messrs. Corbyn ; Messrs. Horner, of Mitre Square, Aldgate, the wholesale druggists ; and Messrs. Sutton, Patent Medicine

of his connections, John Sadler and Richard Quyney, were grocers and druggists at the Red Lion in Bucklersbury.[1] It may not be amiss to mention here other Bucklersbury trade signs that have come within one's ken. "Toy shops" were popular repositories for the sale of nostrums in the eighteenth century. So the "Griffin" was, as early as 1709, the sign of a Mr. Lawrence, toyman, at the Poultry corner of Bucklersbury, who sold "A Perfect Cure for the Asthma by an Elixir (a pleasant and innocent Medicine)," etc., but he is so vague in his description of it that it would have been better, perhaps, if Queen Anne's subjects had let it alone.[2] It turns up again, however, at the "Griffin," next door to the "Bolt and Tun," in Fleet Street, in 1728, as "The Incomparable Chymical Drops for Asthmas and Consumptions."[3] In 1721–22 a Mr. Lockton seems to have succeeded Lawrence, and sold a much-advertised "Chymical Liquor for the Hair."[4] In 1729 a Mr. Sandwell succeeded Lockton, his brother-in-law, and still continued to "puff" the "True Original Chymical Liquor for the Hair."[5] Sandwell now advertises "The Great Restorative in all Hysterick Diseases, whether Hypochondriac Melancholy in Men or Vapours in Women," etc.[6] The sale of tobacco was carried on in Bucklersbury at a time when it was regarded in the light of a somewhat scarce drug, and its purchase was commensurately expensive, and the circumstance is alluded to in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair."[7] "I thought he would have run mad o' the Black Boy in Bucklersbury, that takes the scurvy, roguy tobacco there."

The stone sign of the "Three Kings," now preserved in the City Museum, is from Bucklersbury, and was perhaps put up by an apothecary in allusion to the precious offerings of frankincense and myrrh which the three Magi, or Kings, as they were called, presented in homage to the infant Saviour, and also in allusion to the aromatic herbs, for the sale of which Bucklersbury was famous. This stone relief was in position over the front-floor window of No. 7.[8] A few years ago there was not one druggist left in Bucklersbury, upon part of which Queen Victoria Street was laid out, but since then Mr. Waring, chemist, has established himself there as a

[1] See *Transactions of the Middx. Arch. Society*, vol. iii. p. 578.
[2] *Tatler*, Dec. 22, 1709. [3] *Craftsman*, Aug. 4, 1728.
[4] *Weekly Journal*, Sept. 23, 1721, and the *London Journal*, July 7, 1722.
[5] Fog's *Weekly Journ.* Oct. 25, 1729.
[6] *Craftsman*, Dec. 27, 1729. [7] Act I. sc. i.
[8] An illustration of this stone carving may be seen in the fifth volume of the *Publications of the Antiquarian Etching Club* (plate xxiv.).

successor to Corbyn's business in the Poultry. Previously to the purchase of Burkitt & Winstanley's by Corbyn & Co., in 1865, the former business can be traced back to the other side of the Great Fire in 1666, an event with which their interesting stone sign is undoubtedly identified. Horners were the last of the old druggists to withdraw from Bucklersbury, in 1878. Of this street Stow says that, in his time, "the whole of it, on both sides throughout, is possessed of grocers and apothecaries." Later, according to R. B. in Strype's "Stow," it was inhabited "especially by Drugsters and Furriers." Mr. John Horner became a member of the firm about the year 1750, and since his death the business has been continued by three successive generations of the family, bringing it down to the present time. Mr. Edward Horner was one of the original founders of the Pharmaceutical Society.

With regard to Beedzler's, it is claimed as a tradition of the business that, during the plague of London in 1665, a free medicine stall was opened in the Spital Market, and the drugs were supplied by the "Golden Key" druggist or apothecary of that day. But it may with certainty be said that Beedzler's was established in 1700. The name of Mr. Fouch, who succeeded the reputed founder of the firm, one Gilchrist, an herbalist, is among the list of benefactors to the Norton Folgate Girls' Charity School, instituted in 1703, as is that of Mrs. Fouch also. Mr. Fouch was succeeded by Messrs. French, who are also stated to have contributed largely to the support of the school, one of the first charity schools established in London, very few of which existed prior to 1700.[1] The "Golden Key" is said to have been mentioned by both Dickens and Thackeray, but in what circumstances I have been unable to ascertain.

prietorship, and used to take his "pipe and glass" in the little Russell Street parlour. The great anatomist and surgeon, Dr. John Hunter, who "influenced the practice of medicine more than any man of his generation," was a customer from 1776 to 1790. An interesting account has been written by Mr. Warren himself, which sets forth the history of the house.[1]

Messrs. Gorton & Sons, at the "Golden Sun," No. 146 Whitechapel High Street, is another eighteenth-century druggist's, established in 1796 by Michael Colesworthy, who was succeeded by Samuel Cheshire, and is associated with memories of one of the most extraordinary men of his time, the celebrated Quaker physician, Dr. John Lettsom, whose chief title to remembrance is perhaps his having been the original proprietor of that beneficent institution, the Sea-bathing Infirmary at Margate, so much benefited in later years by the philanthropy of Dr. Erasmus Wilson. The institution dates from 1792 or thereabouts. The present proprietor of the Golden Sun, Mr. Gorton, removed two doors west, to the present site, when the railway station was built on that of the old house, then No. 144; and Dr. Lettsom's pills as sold here were originally prepared from a private prescription of the doctor, who as a physician sometimes realised as much as £12,000 a year. By his liberality and philanthropy he earned the title of "Amicus Humani Generis." A list of his works will be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Dr. Lettsom's prescriptions were always signed "I. Lettsom," a habit which called forth an epigram which is said to have been displayed over his door when a country doctor. The sentiment of the fourth line is, however, not, I think, sufficiently humane to have come from him, and I am not speaking without my book in saying that the version in "Old and New London" is not the correct one; it is there given as follows:

> When any patients call in haste,
> I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em.
> If after that they choose to die,
> Why, what cares I?
> I lets 'em.

But the late Mr. H. S. Cuming told me that his father was told by Dr. Lettsom himself that the lines really were:

> If any folk applies to I,
> I blisters, bleeds, and sweats 'em.
> If after that they please to die,
> Well, then I lets 'em.

[1] In the *Chemist and Druggist* for January 31, 1903.

The version given by Mr. Gorton, the present proprietor of the "Golden Sun," is:

> I, John Lettsom,
> Blisters, bleeds, and sweats 'em.
> If after that they please to die,
> I, John, lets 'em.

The sign of the "Golden Sun," between the two first-floor windows of 146 Whitechapel High Street, is doubtless intended to represent the head, surrounded by beams of light, of Apollo, the God of Healing, as it appears in the arms of the Apothecaries' Company.

At his hospitable house at the top of Grove Hill, Camberwell, "laid out in the virtuoso style," Dr. Lettsom entertained some of the most eminent *literati* of the day, among whom was probably Sir Walter Scott, who inscribed one of his lesser poems to his hospitable friend, while Boswell was also a frequent visitor, he having, in an ode to Charles Dilly, celebrated at once the beauties of the physician's country seat and its owner's humane disposition. "The house, which was subsequently occupied by Mr. Charles Baldwin, of the 'Standard' newspaper, commanded in front a view of London and Westminster, with the adjacent hills in Middlesex, and, behind, a prospect bounded only by the horizon of the rich region of Surrey and Kent, the thickly navigated Thames. . . . The doctor's cabinet of curiosities and his pleasure-grounds, laid out in a very original style, were liberally left open to the inspection and entertainment of visitors, permission to view, on proper application, never being refused any respectable stranger." [1]

But far older than the "Golden Sun," which was established in 1796, is the sign of the "Phœnix," which distinguished (until lately pulled down) an admirable example of domestic architecture, No. 31

father's laboratory, but were declared bankrupts in 1746.[1] The business, however, did not suffer in point of continuity; and I was credibly informed some years ago by Mr. William Dart, the predecessor of the present Mr. Ernest Hume in its ownership, that the lucifer match was first made, so far as London is concerned, on his and Ambrose Godfrey's premises. The first English *friction* matches without phosphorus—"Congreves," as they were called, after Sir W. Congreve, Bart., the inventor of the Congreve life rocket —were invented by John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees, in April 1827.[2] Faraday seems to have brought these friction matches into use. The credit of the invention of the present lucifer match rests apparently with Mr., later Sir, Isaac Holden. He narrates how he had to rise at four in the morning to pursue his studies in chemistry, and experienced the gravest inconvenience from his tedious efforts to obtain a light from flint and steel. He says: "Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room, whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father of it, and shortly afterwards lucifer matches were introduced to the world." It would be a matter of interest to know whether this young man came from what was formerly Godfrey & Cooke's place in Southampton Street. Godfrey advertised the sale of Dr. Barker's Drops for Paralytick, Nervous, and Rheumatick Disorders and for Jaundice . . . prepared as communicated by Henry Rowe, Esq., of Bloomsbury Square, a near relation of the late Doctor.[3] In the same journal, however, imposition is hinted at in another advertisement by a Mrs. Chapman, the doctor's executrix, who claims that it was to her alone that the doctor left the original receipt, she having prepared this particular medicine for many years by the doctor's directions in his lifetime.[4] Godfrey's name occurs in the following paragraph:

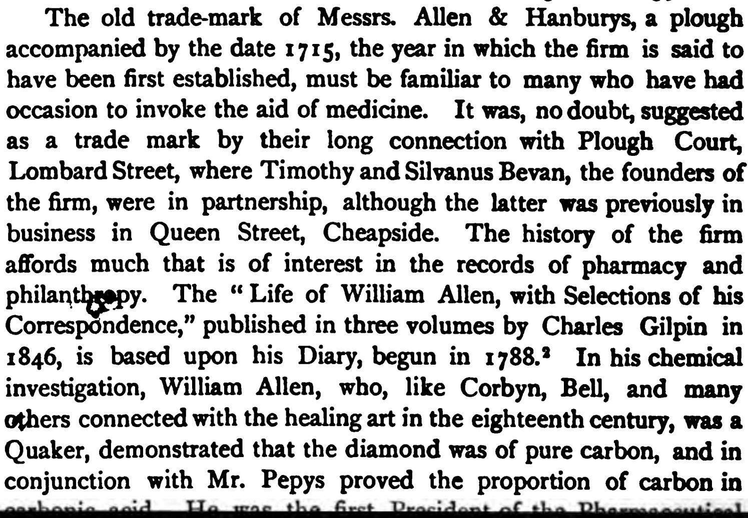
"A Patent hath lately passed the Great Seal, whereby his Majesty hath been pleased to grant unto Mr. Ambrose Godfrey, a chymist in Covent Garden, the sole privilege of making and vending his new invented machines for extinguishing fires in houses and ships, etc., for the space of fourteen years." [5]

[1] *Gentleman's Mag.* xvi. 45, 108. See also the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*
[2] The *Dict. of Applied Chemistry*, by Dr. T. E. Thorpe, 1891.
[3] The *Daily Advertiser*, Oct. 1, 1741. [4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Weekly Journ.* Dec. 7, 1723.

The firm of Bainbridge & Pound, at the sign of the "Golden Cross," 60 Leather Lane, Holborn, was founded in 1704. The old sign distinguishes a spacious if sombre double-fronted shop in the heart of Dickens-land.

Messrs. John Bell & Co., pharmaceutical chemists, at No. 225 Oxford Street and Hills Place, were first established in the year 1798 by John Bell, a Quaker, whose interesting life-story has been reprinted in pamphlet form.[1] In the counting-house is an etching of the Oxford Street laboratory by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, who has lately been elected to membership of the Royal Academy. By its side is another engraving of the laboratory as it was originally, after the painting by W. Hunt, R.A.—"Billy Hunt," as he was familiarly known. This is of a date somewhere between 1850 and 1859.

The old trade-mark of Messrs. Allen & Hanburys, a plough accompanied by the date 1715, the year in which the firm is said to have been first established, must be familiar to many who have had occasion to invoke the aid of medicine. It was, no doubt, suggested as a trade mark by their long connection with Plough Court, Lombard Street, where Timothy and Silvanus Bevan, the founders of the firm, were in partnership, although the latter was previously in business in Queen Street, Cheapside. The history of the firm affords much that is of interest in the records of pharmacy and philanthropy. The "Life of William Allen, with Selections of his Correspondence," published in three volumes by Charles Gilpin in 1846, is based upon his Diary, begun in 1788.[2] In his chemical investigation, William Allen, who, like Corbyn, Bell, and many others connected with the healing art in the eighteenth century, was a Quaker, demonstrated that the diamond was of pure carbon, and in conjunction with Mr. Pepys proved the proportion of carbon in



Mr. T. F. Savory took into partnership an apothecary named Moore, whence the familiar style of Savory & Moore.

An extremely old firm of wholesale druggists is that of Hearon, Squire & Francis, now of Southwark Street, *i.e.* since 1890, but established in Bishopsgate in 1714. Probably they go back earlier than that, for, sixty years before, a Widow Kirk resided in the same house for which in 1714, Kirk, apothecary and wholesale druggist, paid the tithes. There is, however, no documentary proof that the widow was related to the apothecary, and for that reason the firm is content to claim a continuous history from 1714. Between 1800 and 1840 the house was known consecutively as Hearon, Bright & Thompson; Bright & Johnson; and Hearon, Bright & McCulloch. Mr. Bright was the father of the eminent telegraphist, Sir Charles Bright. From the roof of the Southwark premises, which is utilised for oil-bleaching, may be had a splendid view of the City of London. One of the old leather bottles, called "duppers," (about five gallons capacity), used for the storing of essential oils and also of castor-oil, which was imported from India in the old days, is one of the remnants of the past among Messrs. Hearon's curiosities.[1]

Closely allied originally to the druggist were the perfumer and the snuff-dealer, and their trade cognizance of the "Civet Cat" must have been well known to the dandies of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods, as well as to those of the Augustan age of Queen Anne; for civet is mentioned by Du Bartas, Shakespeare, and Massinger in terms of more or less contempt as a foppish conceit:

> The sweat-sweet civet, dearly fetch'd from far
> For courtiers nice, past Indian Tarnassar.[2]

Among the changes in Benedick's appearance Pedro of Arragon notices that "he rubs himself with civet. Can you smell him out by that?" To which Claudio adds, "That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love."[3]

> Lady, I would descend to kiss your hand
> But that 'tis gloved, and civet makes me sick.[4]

The sign of the "Civet Cat" is said to be common to the whole of Europe, the musk obtained from the animal being universally used in the composition of perfumes. The principal surviving instance of the sign, and the one that is of most interest, in London is

[1] The *Chemist and Druggist*, Mar. 22, 1890, pp. 399-401.
[2] Du Bartas, *Divine Weekes* (Joshua Sylvester), 6th day, 1st week.
[3] *Much Ado*, Act III. sc. ii. l. 50. [4] (?) Massinger.

a carved representation over the entrance, and a painted one on the premises within, of No. 17 Cockspur Street, a very old established perfumer's, Bayley & Co., whose painted sign bears the date 1739 Their original great painted signboard which hung outside may be mentioned here as an instance of the fate which often befell others when the use of such signs was authoritatively condemned. It was oval shaped, and was first, from 1820 to 1832, used as a table in a summer-house at Hampstead, and afterwards for the same purpose in the garden of the Rectory house at Nuthurst, near Horsham, Sussex, from 1832 to 1840. The "Ess. Bouquet," a perfume which was the peculiar favourite of George the Fourth, is still exclusively prepared by Bayley & Co. For the curious manner in which the civet is obtained from the animals, see "Narrative of Travels in Northern Africa, in the years 1818, 1819, and 1820," by Capt. G. F. Lyon, R.N. There was a "Young Civet Cat," the sign of a snuff dealer in New Round Court, Strand.[1] Another of the "Civet Cat," a perfumer's "over against Bow Church, Cheapside,"[2] The "Civet Cat and Rose" was the sign of a Mr. Rothwell, New Bond Street, who sold "English coffee. This invaluable restorative, . . . which is a balsamic extracted from a variety of the choicest aromatic plants and herbs, and also barks, . . . for every species of consumptive and nervous complaints, etc. etc."[3] The "Civet Cat and Rose" was still the sign of a perfumer at 47 New Bond Street in 1803.[4] The "Civet Cat and Star" was the sign of another perfumer, William Mackala, in the Pall Mall;[5] and Child's Bank stands on the site of a perfumer's with the sign of the "Civet Cat."[6] The only two other instances of the sign, besides that of Bayley & Co., in London that survive to-day are those of Mr. Charles Morrell, of Nos. 60 and 61 Burlington Arcade, and of a public-house at the corner of Church Street and High Street, Kensington, which no doubt

and "Tatlers."[1] In "Tatler" 92 he says, "I am a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand." Two volumes of original letters sent to the "Tatler" and "Spectator," and not inserted, were published by Charles Lillie in 1725. In the "Daily Advertiser" of Feb. 4, 1742, Lillie advertises

"Persian Soap, in Pots and Boxes,

For lathering the head and face with a brush instead of the hand, by which the dabbling about the face with the hand of a servant, etc., is avoided.

"This soap makes a strong, smooth, and creamy lather, has an agreeable smell, but not perfum'd, and is entirely freed from those sharp and poignant salts which in other soap cause a fretting and smart after being shav'd.

"To be sold only by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand.

"Note, True Naples Soap, also the finest double Lavender Water, true French, Hungary, and Montpelier, the King's Honey-water, made to the highest perfection, and all sorts of snuff and perfumes, wholesale and retail."

Nearly opposite, "at the corner of Burleigh Street, next Exeter Exchange," Lillie must have had a rival in a Mr. Parry, Perfumer, who there sold

" . . . An oil drawn from Mustard Seed (chiefly) and other vegetables. It is pectoral, stomatick, and nephretick, provokes an appetite and urine: it heals all internal impostumes, is good against shortness of breath, opens obstructions of the lungs, cures coughs and asthmas, expels wind powerfully, and infallibly takes away stitches in the breast: it is good in all cold distempers of the nerves, as palsies, &c., and eases pains of the gout. Externally us'd, it helps cold swellings, clears the skin from scabs, scurf, and freckles, and restores the complexion after the small-pox. Note, it is much more effectual in pleurisies than linseed oil, two ounces being the largest dose; besides, it is of a pleasant and agreeable taste. Price sixpence an ounce."[2]

Among the many remarkable circumstances connected with the firm of Newbery & Sons, patent-medicine dealers, in Charterhouse Square, is that of the present proprietors being the lineal descendants through four generations of the famous John Newbery, who published Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" upon the poet's introduction to

[1] Nos. 92, 94, 101, 103, and 259.

[2] The *Weekly Packet*, May 17 and Nov. 22, 1718.

the publisher by Johnson, an historic incident in the annals of literature depicted on the stationery used on the premises. John Newbery was the publisher, too, of those children's books which are now worth their weight in gold; and perhaps it will be of interest to give here an advertisement relating to them:

"This day was published,
Price only Sixpence, neatly bound and gilt
(Being the largest as well as most entertaining Book for Children ever yet published at the price).

"A pretty book of pictures throughout, with an easy and pleasant description of each in verse and prose, for little masters and misses; or, 'Tommy Trip's History of Beasts and Birds,' to which is added the history of little Tom Trip himself, of his dog Jouler, and of Woglog the great giant; and other puerile amusements.

"Printed for J. Newbery, in S. Paul's Churchyard, opposite the north door; J. Hodges on London Bridge; and B. Collins in Salisbury."[1]

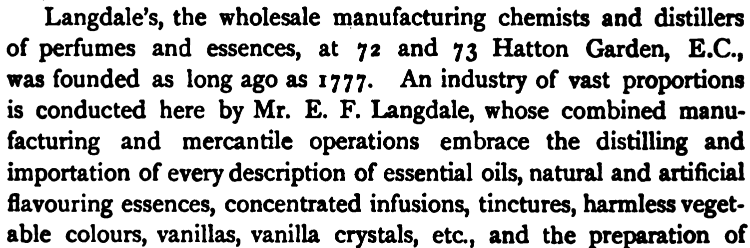
It was at his "medicinal warehouse," at the north-east corner of Ludgate Hill, at the sign of the "Bible and Sun," that he sold patent medicines, like Greenough's Tinctures, and Dr. James's Powder, sadly associated with the death of Goldsmith. Thomas Greenough was a chemist and druggist at No. 10 Ludgate Hill, who was succeeded by Robert Hayward; but this business appears to be extinct. A document in the possession of Messrs. Newbery is the agreement between John Newbery, great-grandfather of the present partners, and Robert Raikes of Gloucester (of Sunday-school fame), disclosing the secret of making Bateman's Pectoral Drops, a famous medicine still "on the market," of which the father of Robert Raikes was patentee. Newbery, in his publishing capacity, gave to the world

of Griffith & Farran, has issued a *brochure* relating to the history of Newbery's in its publishing capacity. The firm dates from 1746.

The oldest existing firm of patent medicine dealers is, however, undoubtedly that of William Sutton & Co., not *originally* Dicey & Benyon, as stated, for J. Cluer was before them, in 1722, and before Cluer there were others, as the existence of their sign, dated 1669, probably testifies. After Dicey & Benyon it was Dicey & Sutton, now William Sutton & Co., of 76 Chiswell Street, but formerly, for at least two hundred years, at No. 10 Bow Churchyard. Their stone sign of the "Golden Ball" (not the "Golden Pill," as it is sometimes described), which alone is enough to mark their antiquity, was placed among the collection in the City Museum when their premises were destroyed for the rebuilding of warehouses of another character. The King's Arms and Boar's Head, depicted on their stationery, are but a modern imaginative combination, and it is unaccountable that they should be so indifferent to the fact that their stone sign of the "Golden Ball," one which was commonly put up by the early medicine vendors, as well as by other branches of trade, actually bears the incised date 1669. The boar's head used upon their stationery is merely taken from the capsule of their old-time medicine phials, and was in no sense their sign. J. Cluer, their predecessor in Bow Churchyard, published a representation of it, from a rough wood-block, with his advertisements, and requested purchasers to see that "each bottle is sealed with the Boar's Head." He also used what he called the "London Arms" in the same way. This will be seen in both instances by referring to the "London Journal" of May 5, 1722; and even at that early period in soliciting the custom of "shop-keepers and country chapmen," J. Cluer speaks of himself as selling, both "wholesale and retail," Bateman's Pectoral Drops, and "The Grand Cathartick: or the Great Restorer of Health, prepared by several eminent Physicians, for the Benefit of Great Britain in these sickly times." The old Royal Arms suspended within their premises are those of George I. No. 10 Bow Churchyard seems to have always been distinguished by the sign of the "Golden Ball," *i.e.* until the sign found a home in the City Museum; and the sign formerly had a lamp suspended either over it or by the side of it, when such lamps were first brought into use. Hence it became known in 1729 as the sign of the "Golden Ball and Lamp," allusion to the lamp being omitted, no doubt, when such a means of illumination became too general to warrant the continuance of the distinction. And beneath the "Golden Ball and Lamp" dwelt Joseph Cam, M.D., who wrote, and published, and sold here, a book

upon a certain disease that was not uncommon in those days. It was sold also by many of the principal booksellers, like G. Strahan, in Cornhill; W. Mears, without Temple Bar; C. King, in Westminster Hall; and E. Midwinter, on London Bridge. Also by Robert Nicholls, in Worcester; B. Room and S. Farley, in Bristol; and T. Goodall, in Cambridge. This "Practical Treatise" was interspersed with remarks on the "pretended specificks" that were used in those days, and their authors.[1] The "Golden Ball"—the sign, much fractured, still bears traces of having received a coat of yellow paint—was the principal house, as Sutton's is to-day, for the sale of a celebrated medicine of the time, Daffy's Elixir Salutis, which is mentioned at least as early as 1673.[2] This "Elixir" is also advertised to be sold at "Daffy's Elixir warehouse, at the Sign of the Maiden-Head, behind Bow Church in Cheapside," and is spoken of as having (in 1721) been "in great use then throughout England, these fifty years."[3] Mrs. Daffy, the preparer of the "Elixir," died at her home in Salisbury Court, August 30, 1732. Antony Daffy, her husband, died October 8, 1750.[4] "Squire's Original Grand Elixir" is another patent medicine sold by Sutton's at the present day, which I find mentioned in an advertisement in the "London Journal" as early as May 19, 1721.

Langdale's, the wholesale manufacturing chemists and distillers of perfumes and essences, at 72 and 73 Hatton Garden, E.C., was founded as long ago as 1777. An industry of vast proportions is conducted here by Mr. E. F. Langdale, whose combined manufacturing and mercantile operations embrace the distilling and importation of every description of essential oils, natural and artificial flavouring essences, concentrated infusions, tinctures, harmless vegetable colours, vanillas, vanilla crystals, etc., and the preparation of



EBENEZER JONES.

THE fate of a book is as uncertain as that of a human being. It may or may not be attacked in early life by diseases incidental to infancy, known as adverse criticism; if it survives these, it is still doubtful whether or not it will attain its majority, which may be represented by a second or third edition. It is liable to the chief dangers and difficulties which surround and confront the life of man, and it has rightly been said that it is almost as great a crime to kill a good book as to kill a human being. Like men, the most brilliant are frequently not the best; a book may live a short and meteoric life, and be then swallowed up in darkness, while another issues silently from the press and maintains a quiet existence until its worth is recognised, and it lives thenceforth to illuminate the world for ages. But the saddest fate is that of the book which is stillborn, which fails on the threshold of existence, which has all the physical perfection of form, and lacks nothing save vitality. Such a book is "Joseph and His Brethren," by Charles Wells, published in 1824, which, though resuscitated by Mr. Swinburne in 1876, has not yet won its true position in the world of letters. Such, too, are the fine tragedies by R. H. Horne, which are now, with a few exceptions, out of print. To enumerate the examples of good workmanship which have failed to win recognition would be to mention the names of much that is known only to the riper students of English literature; the list of the writers would be headed by the name of Beddoes which has succeeded, that of a poet who is, now, happily no longer in the category of neglected artists—the name of William Blake. Close upon Beddoes must follow the still less familiar name of Ebenezer Jones, whose personality and work are alike interesting. He must not be confounded with his namesake, Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law rhymer. Ebenezer Jones's claim to a niche in the literary Pantheon is based on his "Studies of Sensation and Event," a volume of poems published in 1843, which won the hearty approval of no less a master of his art than Robert Browning; while Dante Gabriel Rossetti declared them to be "full of vivid, disorderly power," and at

the same time expressed a hope that they "should be one day disinterred from the heaps of verse deservedly buried." This hope was realised in 1879, when the book was republished by Pickering, edited and prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd, with memorial notices of the author by Sumner Jones and W. J. Linton. This volume contains a photograph of the author, who is represented in a sitting posture, leaning, with closed eyes, against a stone wall. The face is clean shaven, the beard being worn only on the throat. There is intensity of suffering visible in the contracted brow; otherwise the attitude is suggestive of repose.

Ebenezer Jones was born on January 20, 1820, in Canonbury Square, Islington. He was the son of Robert Jones, a gentleman of Welsh extraction, and of Hannah Sumner, the youngest daughter of Richard Sumner, head of a family long settled in Essex. Ebenezer had two brothers and three sisters, but there is little known of the family, save a few glimpses given by Sumner Jones, to whom we are indebted for the facts of this sketch. The Joneses were Calvinists of the strictest type, and the stern discipline to which they subjected their children extended to the exclusion of all books which they considered of a too "worldly nature." A dreary picture of the dearth of books in the family is drawn by Sumner Jones, who says:

"Dr. Watts and Kirke White were permitted on our Parnassus; but Shakespeare, and even Milton, were kept in rigorous quarantine. Of Byron we had a mysterious notion, gathered from hearing our elders now and then speak of him, shudderingly, as of some Satanic spirit who had been permitted visibly to walk abroad. Of Shelley we had never heard. Card-playing and dancing were denounced, and those who indulged in them were looked upon as

was, which was situated on an upper floor. The usher seized the dog by the neck, with the intention of throwing the animal over the balustrade of the stairs. Seeing the action, young Jones, who was but eight years old, rushed up with flushed face, and shouted: "You shall not." The usher took no heed of the boy, who burst into tears when he heard the sound of the wretched animal's fall. Whilst at this school he first began to write verse, probably wrung from him by the misery which he was suffering. He mentions in one of his poems written at this time a favourite habit he had of climbing one of the poplars, and there with his book amusing himself reading and dreaming. We give the poem as an early specimen of his verse and an expression of his aspirations—the aspirations of one whose desire, as expressed in after-life, was

> Fiercely to rend life's seemings and
> Drag out the things that are.

The poem is addressed to his youngest sister, Hannah, who died in 1879, amongst whose papers it was found:

> See, sister, yonder is the bank
> Where the dragon-flies did play;
> How often have I broke the rank
> Of schoolfellows and stole away
> To climb that very beechen tree,
> To con some old romantic story
> Of Jewish maid or Alice Lee—
> Of knightly love and feudal glory.
>
> While the stately sun was going
> Like a hero to his bride,
> On my leafy study throwing
> His parting glance of pride,
> Then came to me the joys, the fears—
> The lofty hopes of poetry,
> And brightly shone my future years—
> I stood and gazed exultingly.
>
> And sometimes 'neath my lofty bower
> A beauteous girl would wander by.
> I knew not then that wealth was power,
> That love from poverty would fly;
> With ardent and devoted pride
> I read in her sky-watching eyes
> Genius might win a lovely bride,
> And vow'd to gain the prize.

Before he left school Eben's father died, and with his death all prospects of professional pursuits for his sons came to an end. Like

many another man reputed to be wealthy, the elder Jones proved to have but little money at his decease. Leaving the brothers in London, the rest of the family retired to Wales to eke out their livelihood on the wreck of a once substantial fortune. Up to this time the house of the Joneses had been constantly filled with men who are happily dubbed "tea and toast parsons," but the financial smash was accompanied by the flight of all the many specimens of this now extinct genus. This was the time of Ebenezer Jones's intellectual awakening. His brother says:

"His mind was now fairly aroused, and books hitherto proscribed and which we had been taught to consider of a worldly character, and worse, could no longer be suppressed. Carlyle's "French Revolution" was lent him, not very long after its publication; and later on "Sartor Resartus" was read, and burned within him. A little thick duodecimo edition of Shelley's poems was also obtained, and this had afterwards a magical effect upon him. But it was at first Carlyle's famous history that became among us a 'Sensation and Event.'"

As early as 1837, when he was about seventeen years of age, Ebenezer was apprenticed in a commercial house of wholesale tea-merchants in the City, and with this important step in his career commenced the misery of a life of drudgery and toil which did not terminate until 1860. "Most wretched men," we learn from Shelley, "learn in suffering what they teach in song"; and it is undoubtedly to these years of sorrow and pain that we owe such poems as "Song of the Kings of Gold" and "Song of the Gold-getters." The former we should like to quote in full, but a few stanzas will give sufficient proof of the fiery intensity of the poet's hatred of the worshippers of Mammon:

The whole earth is in the possession of these despots :

The earth, the earth is ours ;
  Its corn, its fruits, its wine,
Its sun, its rain, its flowers.
  Ours, all, all—cannot shine
One sunlight ray but where
  Our mighty titles hold ;
Wherever life is, there
  Possess the Kings of Gold.

Chorus.

We cannot count our slaves, &c.

And all on earth that lives,
  Woman, and man, and child,
Us trembling homage gives ;
  Age trampled, youth defiled,
None dareth raise one frown,
  Or slightest questioning hold ;
Our scorn but strikes them down
  To adore the Kings of Gold.

Chorus.

We cannot count our slaves, &c.

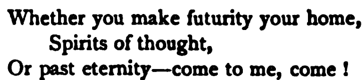
The song concludes with the following stanza :

In a glorious sea of hate,
  Eternal rocks we stand,
Our joy is our lonely state,
  And our trust our own right hand ;
We frown and nations shrink ;
  They curse, but our swords are old ;
And the wine of their rage deep drink
  The dauntless Kings of Gold.

Notwithstanding the swing of these verses, it is evident from the fact of the curious inversions of words in them, and the brevity of the final line in the chorus, that Jones had not a very delicate sense of music. Such a line as that given above which terminates in "deep drink" could easily have been altered ; and the sense, as well as the metre, would have perceptibly gained by making the final line of the chorus to run, "Ha ! ha ! who are the Gods?" thus making the Kings of Gold defy, as well as question the existence of, deities greater than themselves.

But we are anticipating. The volume in which the "Song of the Kings of Gold" appeared was not published until six years after the author had entered the world of commerce. That the poet had no

light labour is patent from the facts given by his brother as to their daily life. "Our hours of business," he writes, "were twelve daily, from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., exclusive of getting to and from the premises. They were severe for even those days; nor had the great boon of the Saturday half-holiday been then thought of." But notwithstanding the long hours of work, and the consequent strain on body and brain, the poet resolutely set before him a self-appointed task, and the reader of his verse cannot but conclude that the midnight oil was never burned by a stronger soul. It is a pathetic picture, this struggle of genius for liberty and a larger and diviner air. In the thought for himself others were not forgotten, not even "Fool," the dog, who always had his nightly scamper, and who was now confided to the care of Sumner Jones, whose time was not considered as precious as that of the poet. The first product of these years was an "Ode to Thought," which appeared in "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine" in September 1838, and which, though traces of the influence of Shelley are distinctly discernible in it, bears a close affinity to Tennyson's "Ode to Memory," which appeared in 1830, and which, we think, Jones could not possibly have seen. The various readings of 1838 are not by any means as happy as those of 1843, when the poem found its place in the "Studies of Sensation and Event," and we therefore quote the latter. The strength and manliness of Jones were never more manifestly patent than in these lines, which bear no traces of the gloom and privation of his life, and which contain no expressions save those which exhibit his courage and powers of endurance. The opening lines run as follows:



Whether you make futurity your home,
Spirits of thought,
Or past eternity—come to me, come!

For the great sake of the eternal spring
Of all your might,
Unto me, desolate, some comfort bring;
Unto me, dark, some light;
Come crowdingly, and swift, that I may see
Upon your wings their native radiancy.

And the conclusion is:

Ye come, ye come, like stars down the dark night,
Boldly leaping;
I hear the mighty rushing of your flight,
Loud music sweeping.
The unconceived splendour of your speed
Is not more great
Than the oceanic choirings that precede
And tide your state;
Fill me with strength to bear, and power to tell,
The wonders gathering round, that man may love me well.

Such was the first published poem of a poet whose gifts were as great as they were exceptional. His delight at the appearance of these verses in "Tait's" was expressed in simple words: "I feel as if I should do now," he wrote on a slip of paper which he passed to his brother's office desk. But he needed all his innate self-reliance to accept with resignation the reception given to his life's work. The five years between 1838 and 1843 were spent in assiduous labours in poetry and prose. It was between these dates that he wrote a remarkable pamphlet on the Land Monopoly. Any journal or society which advocated the alleviation of the condition of the masses found in him a ready and ardent supporter. While touching on this side of our poet's nature, we may mention that when Dante Rossetti met him later, in 1848, he was an enthusiastic Chartist, and "would hardly talk on any subject but Chartism."

In 1843 "Studies of Sensation and Event: Poems by Ebenezer Jones," was published by Charles Fox, of Paternoster Row. It consisted of forty-five poems, any one of which was sufficiently indicative of the fact that a new and remarkable figure had entered the literary arena. Copies were sent by Sumner Jones to Hood, Barry Cornwall, R. H. Horne, and others, but failed to win an acknowledgment, save in one or two instances. Hood was severe in his censure, but the letters received from Procter and Horne were much prized by the recipient. The book, however well it was received by the few, was, nevertheless, an undoubted failure, and the author made no second attempt to win public recognition. He did not, like his great contemporary, the author of "The Ring and the Book," give time and pains to turn his work "into what the many might, instead

of what the few must, like," but, on the contrary, as his brother says, he destroyed a mass of poetical composition which he had in preparation for a second volume had the first succeeded. A glance at this book, which has proved so great a failure, may not be without interest, all the more so inasmuch as Mr. Watts-Dunton declares that, "unknown as Jones's poems are to the general reader, his influence has been so great upon those who have greatly influenced others that no student of nineteenth-century poetry can leave him unread." The book opens with "The Naked Thinker," which, like all Jones's work, is highly original in subject and composition; but we pass on to one of the most remarkable poems in the volume, which is entitled "A Death Sound." A lover lingering in Italy with the girl to whom he is soon to be wedded, one brilliant summer day leans his head against her breast, and in that very act learns the sorrowful fact that she has not long to live:

> They were sitting 'neath the trees; he felt her soft hand come;
> It clasped his brow and swerved it toward her bosom home;
> He sank upon his pillow, resigned to think that this,
> If bliss might be on earth, was sure earth's happiest bliss;
> Then heard he through her frame the busy life-works ply,
> But the sound was not of life; and he knew that she must die.

But of what import was the happiness or misery of mortals to the life of the universe itself? This girl might live, or die; whether or no, the summer sun would glow on aching or on happy hearts and the brightest day be fraught with misery for many.

> . . . the press of the sunshine held the world;
> And with never a breeze or a sound
> The golden air glow'd radiant,
> While as ever the earth rush'd round.

And beneath those fair Italian skies a human life fades; this girl lay in her lover's arms and "died against his face." The immediate power of the poem lies in its being charged with what Clifford termed "cosmic emotion." With the exception of Wordsworth's "divine eight lines"—"A slumber did my spirit seal," &c.—in "Poems of the Imagination," there is no expression in our literature of a like nature.

"A Development of Idiotcy," apart from its inherent qualities, is valuable as giving a portrait of the author by his own hand:

> He was a force-fill'd man,
> Whom the wise envy not, his passionate soul
> Being mighty to detect life's secret beauty,

Detecting, would display ; and in his youth,
When first bright visions unveil'd before his gaze
Their moral loveliness and physical grace,
With the sweet melody of affectionate clamour
He sang them to the world, and bade it worship ;
But the world unrecognised his visions of goodness,
Or, recognising, hated them and him.
As some full cloud foregoes his native country
Of sublime hills, where bask'd he near to heaven,
And descends gently on his shadowy wings
Through the hot sunshine to refresh all creatures ;
So came he to the world ; as the same cloud
Might slowly wend back to his Alpine home,
Unwatering the plain, so left he men,
Who knew not of their loss.

The last eight lines might truthfully be applied to Jones's life and work. A few others taken from the same poem are faithfully representative of his silent strength when a sense of his failure had been forced upon him :

Then, no more
Lamented he the wingless minds of men
Than pines the swan, who down the midnight river
Moves on, considering the reflected stars,
Because dark reptiles burrowing in the ooze
Care not for starry glories.

A sonnet entitled "High Summer," quoted by Mr. William Sharp in his excellent little compilation, "Sonnets of this Century," is perhaps the only instance of our poet's work having been included in a volume of selections. Though it would bear quotation here, we omit it in favour of a couple of stanzas of a much more important item "A Pagan's Drinking Chaunt" :

Like the bright white arm of a young god, thrown
  To the hem of a struggling maiden's gown,
The torrent leaps on the kegs of stone
  That held this wine in the dark gulf down ;
Deep five fathoms it lay in the cold,
  The afternoon summer-heats heavily weigh ;
The wine is awaiting in flagons of gold
  On the side of the hill that looks over the bay.
There's a bower of vines, for each one bends
  Under the terracing cedar-trees ;
Where shut from the presence of foes or friends,
  He may quaff and couch in lonely ease ;
The sunshine slants past the dark-green cave,
  In the sunshine the galleys before him will drowse ;
And the roar of the town, like a far-travelled wave,
  Will faintly flow into his calm carouse.

The singular beauty of this lyric has caused it to be the best known production of Jones's pen. With it we have reached the last quotable poem in the "Studies." Of the remaining poems we may mention "A Crisis," "A Slave's Triumph," "Ways of Regard," and "The Face," the last of which was much admired by Lord Houghton, who is said to have spoken with enthusiasm about it. Such was the volume which was sent forth by the poet of twenty-three, to meet with such an unmerited fate.

Of the poet's life, so full of fiery energy and dauntless courage, there are but few facts known. He married Caroline Atherstone, a daughter of Edwin Atherstone, whose "Nineveh" was at one time a celebrated book. "Poet's marriages," Mr. Watts-Dunton significantly says, "are not in a general way made in heaven," and Jones's was no exception. The love-poems in the "Studies" were not addressed to the girl who became the poet's wife, but to another, who did not return his love and married a man who was Jones's friend. In 1844 Eben abandoned poetry for politics, and was employed by the Radical press for some time. In the railway mania year, 1846, he became secretary of a company which ultimately proved a failure. In later years he fixed his residence in Old Chelsea, the choice of locality being mainly the result of his love for Carlyle, with whom he desired to be thus associated. As the years passed away he won many friends, who recognised the undoubted worth of his work, and he was particularly delighted with a tribute of praise paid him by W. J. Fox, who recited from the platform of the National Assembly Hall, Holborn, his poem of "A Coming Cry." We can easily imagine the effect produced by the recital of such lines as the following, which the speaker declared were written by a poet who must one day rank high :

his verse. It could no longer be said of his poems that they contained "lines that bruise the ears like flints." The power with which Eben could depict a landscape and endow it with life is proved by the singular force of the following lines from "A Winter Hymn to the Snow":

> The woodland rattles in the sudden gusts;
> Frozen through frozen brakes *the river thrusts*
> *His arm forth stiffly like one slain and cold;*
> The glory from the horizon line has fled;
> One sullen, formless gloom the skies are spread,
> And black the waters of the lake roll'd.

But the most important of these last poems is one bearing the singular title, "When the World is Burning."

> When the world is burning,
> Fired within, yet turning
> Round with face unscathed;
> Ere fierce flames, uprushing,
> O'er all lands leap, crushing
> Till earth fall, fire-swathed;
> Up amidst the meadows,
> Gently through the shadows,
> Gentle flames will glide,
> Small and blue and golden.
> Though by bard beholden,
> When in calm dreams folden—
> Calm his dreams will bide
> Where the dance is sweeping,
> Through the greensward peeping,
> Shall the soft lights start;
> Laughing maids, unstaying,
> Deeming it trick-playing,
> High their robes upswaying,
> O'er the lights shall dart;
> And the woodland haunter
> Shall not cease to saunter
> When far down some glade,
> Of the great world's burning,
> One soft flame upturning,
> Seems to his discerning
> Crocus in the shade.

This extraordinary poem appeared in "Ainsworth's Magazine," and bore the sub-title of "Stanzas for Music."

In the autumn of 1860, unable to withstand a strong desire to return to England, he removed to Brentwood, in Essex, where his niece tended him during his final illness. Even the ravages of disease did not quell his unconquerable soul.

"Whenever a friend went to see him on his deathbed," Mr. Watts-Dunton writes, "he was always met by a dauntless face shining from a pillow, a glance from an eye as steely bright as ever, a voice to which not even the King of Terrors could bring a quaver—to which, indeed, nothing could bring a quaver, save the tenderness of those around his bed. 'Note the grasp of my hand,' he would say; 'it is only here I fail,' and he would point defiantly to his chest, where those dreadful forenotings of the death rattle told their tale."

He died on September 14, 1860, and was buried in Shenfield Churchyard. In his first poem he had expressed a wish that his fellow-men should love him well, and even in death he desired that he should not be buried in a burial-ground which would be either "lonesome or neglected"; and his wish was obeyed. His brother writes:

"He sleeps in a spot selected absolutely to fulfil his last wish. The village children pass on their way to school, and the robin perches on the garden fence close beside his grave. And there may be heard two of his best loved sounds in life: the watch-dog's bark from the farm across the still fields at night; and in springtime, in the morning, the throstle's first unmistaking song."

"Studies of Sensation and Event" has won the commendation of such men as Barry Cornwall, R. H. Horne, Lord Houghton, W. Bell Scott, Robert Browning, William Allingham, D. G. Rossetti, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Swinburne, who constitute the most prominent of the poet's admirers. Some of these have written in no measured terms in his praise. Although not allied to any particular school, Ebenezer Jones was undoubtedly a disciple of the author of "Dramatic Lyrics." Save Browning's no name rises as easily to the lips, when reading such lines as these, to prove their source:

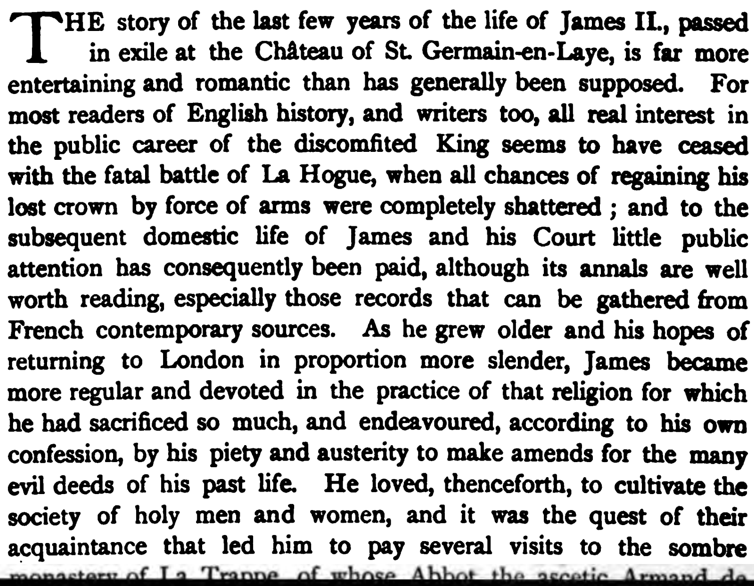
prominence to the emotional element of human nature, and inorganic nature he has endowed with a demoniacal existence to match human nature as he conceived it. "Two Sufferers" and "Ways of Regard" are sufficient, on a first perusal, to prove to the rawest student of poetry that in this lay the cause of his failure. But apart from this, his powerful expression of particular moods, the elemental force of his utterances, and the vividness of his descriptions, render him an important figure in modern literature. As Mr. Watts-Dunton says in lines already quoted, "No student of nineteenth-century poetry can leave him unread." He sought to express the naked truths of the universe, to lay bare the innermost recesses of the human spirit, and to harmonise the apparent discords in both; above all, to

> Leap with his passionate reason down the depths,
> Tempestuously toss'd, of human nature,
> Seeking the masked demons that invoke
> Suffering and wrong.

RAMSAY COLLES.

KING JAMES THE SECOND AT LA TRAPPE.

THE story of the last few years of the life of James II., passed in exile at the Château of St. Germain-en-Laye, is far more entertaining and romantic than has generally been supposed. For most readers of English history, and writers too, all real interest in the public career of the discomfited King seems to have ceased with the fatal battle of La Hogue, when all chances of regaining his lost crown by force of arms were completely shattered; and to the subsequent domestic life of James and his Court little public attention has consequently been paid, although its annals are well worth reading, especially those records that can be gathered from French contemporary sources. As he grew older and his hopes of returning to London in proportion more slender, James became more regular and devoted in the practice of that religion for which he had sacrificed so much, and endeavoured, according to his own confession, by his piety and austerity to make amends for the many evil deeds of his past life. He loved, thenceforth, to cultivate the society of holy men and women, and it was the quest of their acquaintance that led him to pay several visits to the sombre monastery of La Trappe, of whose Abbot the ascetic Armand de



piety, but also for the profundity of his Greek learning, whilst he had in earlier days been much addicted to astronomy and astrology. "At first," wrote King James, in his "Spiritual Exercise," "it was partly curiosity and a desire to see whether the discourses I had heard and the relations I had read whilst in England of that holy place" (La Trappe) "came up to my expectation, and whether the Abbot who began that reform deserved all the commendations that were given him. An old friend of mine, le Maréchal de Belford, carried me thither, for which as long as he lived I gave him many thanks, and by degrees found myself, as I thought, improved; for till I had been there some times, and had made a kind of retreat for three or four days at a time, which I have continued to do at least once a year since my coming from Ireland, I found not that change which was necessary in myself; it gave me a true sense of the vanity of all worldly greatness, and that nothing was to be coveted but the love of God."

King James arrived at La Trappe on November 30, 1690. "The first year after his return from Ireland," says his biographer, Clarke, "he resolved to make a spiritual retreat at La Trappe, notwithstanding the private derision he was sensible it exposed him to." During this visit, James, who was accompanied by Marshal Belford and by Lord Dumbarton, lived entirely on "roots, eggs, and vegetables," served to him in the refectory, and pleased the monks so much by his benevolence that the delighted De Rancé subsequently recorded, "I never saw anything more striking than the whole of the King's conduct. Nor have I seen any person more elevated above the transitory objects of time and sense. His tranquillity and submission to the Divine Will are marvellous. He really equals some of the most holy men of old, if indeed he may not rather be said to surpass them. He has suffered the loss of three kingdoms; yet his equanimity and peace of mind are undisturbed. He speaks of his bitterest enemies without warmth. . . . All his pursuits tend to the love of God and man. He appears uniformly to feel the Divine Presence."

Whilst staying for the first time at La Trappe, James came across, in the midst of that vast solitude, an old servant. Going with De Rancé to see a hermit, who abode in a small wooden hut built in the woods near the monastery, James found that this religious was a Scottish gentleman of noble birth named Robert Graham, who had once been in his service in England. This pious Jacobite now passed a life even more severe than that of the Cistercian brethren themselves. He saw none of the monks except De Rancé, living

entirely by himself, but attending the religious services in the abbey. He would make his perilous way through the dark and dense forest, as early as three o'clock of a winter's morning, in order to be present at the first Mass. How many years this hardy Scot existed in this solitary state is not known, but we are told that James warmly commended him to persevere, although Lord Dumbarton warned him against the dangers of his daily journey to La Trappe, and advised him in vain to enter the monastery, and live in common with the monks.

In 1696 James was accompanied to La Trappe by his Queen, Mary Beatrice of Modena, who lodged with her ladies in a house that had formerly been used by the Commendatory Abbots when inspecting the monastery. By this time, De Rancé was no longer Abbot, he having reluctantly resigned that position, owing to ill-health, at Christmas 1694, nearly six years before his death, and seven before that of James II. His successor, however, was wont to consult with him, and take his advice on all important matters as if he were still the head of the house.

The resignation of De Rancé had made no break in his friend ship with the King, who continued to correspond with him from St. Germains. "Until I was with you," wrote James, in June 1695, "I did not enjoy that contempt of the world which now I am sensible of; I make use of that expression, because I was never truly happy till I had gained a real conformity to the will of God, and till I was convinced that it is impossible to have content in this world but by dispensing of it." Two months later he writes, "The continual distractions of those who live in the world make it necessary to be stirred up by frequent admonitions and remembrances of their duty, which I stand more in need of than others who began so late to apply themselves seriously to the work of salvation." A year later, the King wrote, "I really think nothing has afforded me so much consolation since my misfortune as the conversation of that venerable saint, l'Abbé de la Trappe. When I first arrived in France, I had but a very superficial view of religion, if I might be said to have anything deserving that name. L'Abbé de la Trappe was the first person who gave me any solid instruction with respect to genuine Christianity. I formerly looked upon God as an omnipotent Creator and as an arbitrary Governor. I knew His power to be irresistible. I therefore thought His decrees must be submitted to because they could not be withstood. Now my whole view is changed. L'Abbé de la Trappe has taught me to consider this great God as my Father, and to view myself as adopted into His

family. I now can look upon myself as become His son, through the merits of my Saviour applied to my heart by the Holy Spirit. I am now convinced, not only that we ought to receive misfortunes with patience, because they are inevitable, but I also feel assured that death, which rends the veil from all things, will probably discover to us as many new secrets of love and mercy in the economy of God's providence as in that of His grace."

The King's confessor at this period was an English Jesuit, Dr. Francis Sanders, afterwards to become one of his biographers, who seems thoroughly to have approved of the King's visits to La Trappe, and of his friendship with De Rancé, although the good abbot had at one period been popularly suspected of Jansenism. So penitent, indeed, was King James II. for his sins that we actually find him giving directions for no requiem masses to be said for his soul after death, as he hoped to stay a long time in purgatory. The combined entreaties, however, of the Jesuit and the Cistercian induced him to forgo this decision. Of the visits to La Trappe, his confessor, the scholarly Father Sanders, who accompanied him thither, has himself testified, in his life of James II., in terms of profound admiration, and the following is a translation of the original account written in French: "Though he was very well informed how his retirements at La Trappe were talked of, he never missed going there once a year. He would stay there three or four days, and spend them in long meditations and spiritual conferences with the abbot and his confessor, whom he took with him. He assisted at all the choir-hours, except at night. He was never so infirm but he would dine once with the religious in the refectory, where no meat nor fish is ever served up. If at any time he was edified (as well he might be) by these pious solitaries, and if he profited by their examples, he would also himself leave such an edification behind him as was very profitable to them; and without doubt the odour of his virtues is still preserved in their solitude, and will be so for a long time."

Complimentary as are the above references relating to the religious life of the deposed monarch, it must not be forgotten, of course, that they have been extracted, one and all, from Jacobite sources, and are, therefore, unlikely to record any trait or circumstance unfavourable to their hero's reputation; and between their estimate of the King's character and the estimate of Lord Macaulay, it is hardly necessary to state, there is a great gulf fixed. Without entering, however, into a controversy upon the subject of these discrepancies, it is fairly safe to assume that the last seven or eight years of the exiled

King's career were spent in a far more honourable and regular fashion than the majority of English writers have imagined. No great exception, indeed, in his old age can be taken to the depth of his sincerity, and it is evident that during his sojourn at St. Germain-en-Laye he became a most devoted husband and father. Finally, in the words of one of the ablest of our historians, "James, since the miscarriage of his last attempt for recovering his throne, laid aside all thoughts of worldly grandeur, and devoted his whole attention to the concerns of his soul: hunting was his chief diversion, but religion was his constant care: nothing could be more harmless than the life he led, and in the course of it he subjected himself to uncommon penance and mortification: he frequently visited the poor monks of La Trappe, who were much edified by his humble and pious deportment: his pride and arbitrary temper seem to have vanished with his greatness; he became affable, kind, and easy to all his dependents; and his religion certainly opened and improved the virtues of his heart, though it seemed to impair the faculties of his soul. In his last illness he conjured his son to prefer his religion to every worldly advantage, and even to renounce all thoughts of a crown if he could not enjoy it without offering violence to his faith; he recommended to him the practice of justice and Christian forgiveness, he himself declaring he heartily forgave the Prince of Orange, the Emperor, and all his enemies."

James II. was interred, at his own request, in the church of the English Benedictines in Paris, and according to an eye-witness "Though he appointed himself a very small funeral, he had a very great funeral, but not so great, by much, as became him."

PHILIP SIDNEY.

BROAD-ACRE SKETCHES.

I. Billy Didsbury

I MADE his acquaintance this wise:

I was leaning on the low wall of Widow Didsbury's garden, inhaling the fresh smell of the spring flowers and watching the bees clustering about the mouths of the hives, awakened from their long winter sleep and commencing work in real earnest, sometimes raising my head to observe the antics of a colt the Rector's groom was trying for the first time with bridle and bit in the meadow just beyond the garden wall, when I felt a pull at my jacket and looked round.

Turned up towards me was a rosy, dirty, and chubby face, with a mass of twisted curls falling over the blue eyes and the little mouth open in a grin of delight. A pinafore which once had been of red print, with a pattern of white flowers, though now, like another and rather more famous coat, it was of "many colours," covered all other articles of clothing except a pair of small well-worn shoes, half hidden by dirty white stockings, which had slipped down over them at the base of two fat little legs.

The owner of these various attributes was some three or four years of age, and flourished in one hand a letter and in the other something wrapped in paper.

"Ah'm a man now," he informed me. "Ah'm doin' to de pos', an' ah've dot to say to Mittie Dat'son" (*Anglice*, Mrs. Jackson), "as ah want some b'ead an' a 'tamp to put on dis," and here he waved the letter in my face.

I felt rather at a loss what to reply to this little aspirant to manhood, but could not help laughing heartily at his comical manner when, pointing to my left sleeve, which hung empty, thanks to an unlucky fall in the hunting-field, he continued:

"Wheer thi arm?"

"It has been cut off, my little man. But what is your name?"

He pursed up his mouth, and then, as though the name was one rather difficult of pronunciation, ejaculated quickly:

"Bi'ye Did'b'ry. But 'as thi arm bin cutted off?" and the blue

eyes grew round and big with surprise, not unmixed with a certain amount of awe.

Just then Widow Didsbury came along the garden walk and, catching sight of the child, clapped her hands and called out:

"What art botherin' t' mester abawt, tha little raffle-toppin? Ah'm comin' for thi if tha doan't mek sharp off for that theer bread."

The youngster laughed in a rebellious manner, and then tripped quickly along the pathway, only to stumble and fall after a few yards, the letter flying from one hand, and the money, luckily wrapped in paper, from the other. But he was up in a moment, turning to fling a saucy smile back at us, and, regaining his belongings, gravely dusted the envelope with a corner of his pinafore, no doubt making it dirtier than ever, and continued his errand, turning every few yards to see whether we were looking at him.

The old woman gazed after him with a smile on her pleasant, wrinkled old face, and turning to me, said:

"Aye, 'e's a bonny lad, an' that owd-fashioned, sir, yer'd hardly beleeave it sometimes, an' 'e's nobbut three year owd, fower next month."

"He is your grandson, is he not?" I remarked.

"Aye, sir, 'e's t' only choild as our poor Tom iver had, an' 'e's bin wi' me two year come this harvest, for 'is father, poor lad, deed o' t' small-pox when Billy wor nobbut nine month owd, an' his wife, poor thing, shoo fretted hersen into t' churchyard five month at after, an' ah've kep' t' bairn iver sin'. Eh, but 'e's that owd-fashioned, is Billy."

That was my first acquaintance with Billy.

The second entry in these "simple annals" is of a different order.

It was at the rectory, the occasion being that of a parish sewing-

inveigled into the midst of the sewing-meeting, and was hardly seated when an audible whisper reached my ears:

"Dranny, dere's de man wot's dot 'is arm cutted off!"

A violent sound of hushing followed this remark, and I looked, with a smile, as I recognised the voice of my little friend, who had climbed upon a chair, rather to the detriment of plush and French polish, and was gazing at me curiously over the back.

The Rector rose just then and moved heavily towards the group; for our worthy pastor was a portly man, of mighty girth and tall withal, and, to let him down easily, his boots must have been a mystery to him for years.

He paused by Billy's chair, and placing his hand patronisingly on the boy's head, remarked:

"Now, Billy, my boy, do you think you could sew?" and he picked up a half-finished surplice from the table.

"Des," answered William promptly, with no trace of the awe which the august, well-fed head of a village church is calculated to inspire.

"Then could you make a surplice for me?" continued the Rector in his most wheedling, charity-sermon tone, smiling at the little fellow.

There was silence for a moment, during which Billy looked at the portly form beside him, and then, his shrill treble rising on the hushed silence of the room, he replied:

"Des, if tha wants one, but tha mun buy me t' stuff, tos it'll tek sich a lot!"

For a moment silence reigned, and then a shriek of laughter came from the Rector's wife, as she lay back in her chair and shook again; whilst the Rector himself, though for a moment he glared at the unconscious youngster, joined perforce in the merriment which burst forth on all sides.

Another time that I saw Billy is still before my mind's eye.

"Mester, dost want a roide?"

I was strolling along the street, bound for the cool room and sanded floor of the "White Duck"; not so much, however, for the purpose of tasting the ale of those parts—though I did not let the opportunity pass—but for a sheltered place, this hot August weather, in which to await the arrival of the carrier's waggon, which was to convey me to the neighbouring town, when the above remark was shouted from the opposite side of the roadway.

I looked in that direction, and there was Billy, set astride, or rather fixed somehow, on the broad back of a cart-horse, and pulling

with high glee at the red projecting ends of the hames, whilst he sang out the invitation to me.

"Hallo, Billy," I said, "where are you off to?"

"Ah'm off to t' quarry wi' me unknel, an' ah'm doin' to roide on owd Botser all t' way."

Harry Didsbury, Billy's "unknel" as he termed him, approached from the garden with a gear-chain and a pick-shaft on his shoulder, and the burly quarryman smiled as he heard his nephew's reply to my question.

"'E meks a raight little jock, doan't 'e, sir, on owd Boxer. We shall 'a ter enter him for the St. Leger," and Harry laughed greatly at his own joke.

"But ah've not dot a whip, unknel," said Billy, seriously.

"Ne'er moind, lad, tha'd not mek a deeal o' difference to thi mount if tha hed one," replied his uncle.

"Well, Billy," I put in, "if you are a good boy I'll bring you a whip from Rotherboro'. How will that suit you?"

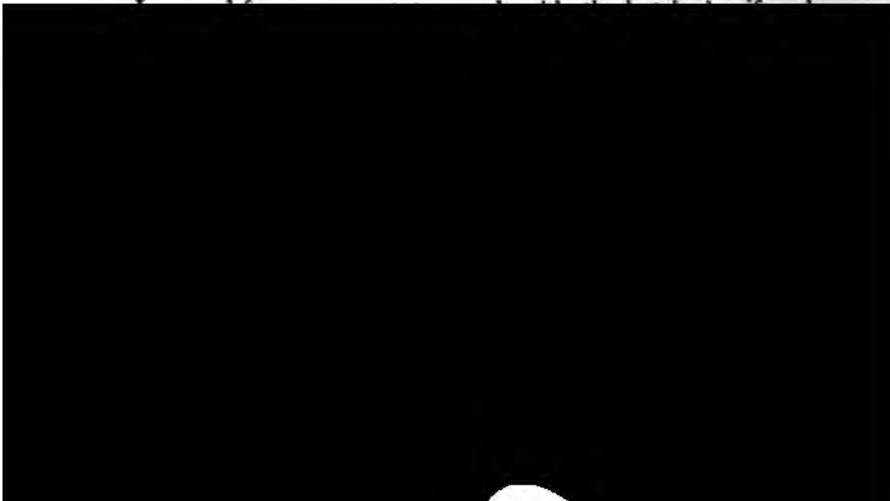
Billy's eyes sparkled, and he squirmed with delight, but looked at his uncle to answer for him.

"Theer, lad, what dost say to t' mester for doin' that?"

Billy looked at me for a moment, then at his uncle again, and finally said, "Tha'll bring me a big un!"

I laughed heartily at this and walked away, my last glimpse of the child showing him jolting up and down on the old horse's back, evidently at the height of his enjoyment.

I stepped down at the corner of the village street in the evening, on my return from the town, loaded with various commissions, conspicuous among which was a child's toy whip, the handle plaited with red leather, which I intended for Billy.



to t' smithy, an' when 'e get to t' door, dropped it off'n 'is showder, an' niver seed poor bairn walkin' agin 'im, an' it dropped on 'im, an' crushed 'im that bad as 'e deed this afternoon at foive o'clock. Poor little thing ! an' they say as how 'is uncle teks on that bad abawt it as 'e's a'most soft. They do ! " and she looked at her companion, who gave a confirmatory nod.

I could hardly believe the terrible news, and looked, horror-struck, in my informant's face ; and she, noticing my incredulous stare, said :

" It's true, mester, ah'm sorry to say. Poor bairn, 'e wor sich a bonny lad," and the good woman's eyes grew cloudy.

I hardly know what I answered, and walked on my way, far more greatly shocked at the news than I should have thought it possible ; but my last sight of the poor child had been one of health and happiness, and the contrast was terrible.

The bees hummed amid the gilliflowers, the swallows flitted around the whitewashed walls of the cottage, and all without looked cheerful and bright, but from within came a sound of smothered weeping, which stopped me half-way along the garden walk.

I could not intrude, and walked sadly home with a child's toy whip in my hand.

Poor little Billy Didsbury ! No more frolics with granny and auntie, no more rides to the quarry on " Boxer " with " unknel," no more quaint remarks and pretty ways.

The pen of the great playwright had stopped in the first act of this little life drama, and Billy had hardly played one part before he was called from the stage.

It seemed sad and hard ; and yet when, some days later, I watched the mournful little procession wind its way slowly under the shade of the horse-chestnuts in the churchyard, and looked around at the silent spectators, I wondered perhaps if Billy's lot had not been an enviable one.

A brief period of happiness and comfort, loving and being loved, and then away to eternal happiness after an hour or two of pain, with no fear of growing up to a life of rough and hard work, of care and worry, as must have been inevitable.

Now, the rest of the acts of Billy, and all that he did, are they not told in the quiet summer evenings when Widow Didsbury wipes her spectacles and murmurs, with a choke in her voice, how " 'e wor that owd-fashioned " ?

II. Fiddlemore Feast.

It was Fiddlemore Feast.

This statement would easily have explained to any person residing within a five-mile radius the meaning of newly white-painted window frames, half-fuddled rustics in their Sunday clothes, unlimited business at the "Plough," and great hurry and bustle on the part of the butcher as he executed his various orders.

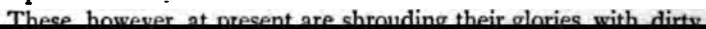
Yes, the "Feeast" was a great institution, and a villager got ready for it and enjoyed himself at that period just as naturally as he went about his work at other times.

Yes, and what is more, it was also the "Club Dinner," and Mrs. Downes, the landlady, was in a great state of work and bustle, perspiring freely as she superintended the cooking and scolded the ostler for not helping her girls to carry "that theer gre't panfull of cabbage watter, which allus wor a gre't weight, as ah towd our John when 'e bowt t' pan o' that theer gipsy as wor raand last back end, when 'e knew as ah didn't loike heavy things. But theer, some men allus did think as they knew moor abawt t' housework nor their woives."

Busy Mrs. Downes, she was hot and tired; the kitchen was hot and steamy, and the day was also hot; but still it was one of those pleasant days in July when the sky was a deep blue and everywhere the feeling of summer in all its splendour was in the air.

The bees hummed about the tall, pink hollyhocks in the rectory garden, and the butterflies flitted over every cluster of bloom, rising higher in the sunlit air till some found their way over the old walls and tiled roofs into the field at the rear of the "Plough," where the collection of roundabouts, shooting-galleries and toy-stalls formed the principal attraction of the Feast.

These, however, at present are shrouding their glories with dirty



The strolling players, for such they were, worked hard at the poles and ropes, except one, who seemed more fond of telling the others what to do than of doing it himself.

Evidently he was not popular with his companions, as different remarks tended to show. And yet, even to the most casual observer there was something about him above the ordinary. He was good-looking, and had a style with him the others lacked, and this fact no doubt did not add to his popularity, though it was not the chief cause of the other players' dislike. It was his haughty, stand-off manner, or rather his want of tact; for it was not pride in the main that made Arthur Morthern almost unbearable amongst his companions, and no doubt he often wished that he could adapt himself more; and yet, always, his nature stepped in and prevented any advances. And perhaps the thought struck him on this July day, when, after some remark, he heard a not very complimentary reply, and, stopping in his work, he gazed with knitted brows to where the old ivy-covered church tower stood out against the expanse of dazzling blue.

Poor fellow, he was more to be pitied than blamed; though, as the loquacious Sam Tickhill, low comedian to the company, observed, "'E's a strollin' player now, an' nuthin' else, so 'e needn't carry hisself like a bloomin' dook."

By afternoon the tent was pitched, the little flags on the peaks hung lazily in the still air, and, after arranging the stage within, the men came out to enjoy a few hours' idleness until the evening.

Sammy looked at his not overclean hands and arms, and turning round to the others proposed a bath and swim in the neighbouring canal.

Most of them assented, and after lighting their pipes commenced to stroll lazily in that direction, leaving Arthur Morthern, however, who stood in a hesitating, undecided manner, until Tickhill, with unusual good-humour, seeing the other's gloomy face, said, "Come on, old chap, you'll need a rinse as well as we shall, I reckon."

Rather surprised at the kind tone, Arthur linked his arm with Sammy's, and bending down to pat the head of an infant strayed from a neighbouring caravan, passed on with the rest.

The way to the canal led through the churchyard, and as the party entered "God's Acre" the sunbeams fell on the pavement without the church porch, which was sprinkled with rice, a wedding party having shortly before left the building.

On the moss-grown wall of the old rectory garden a peacock sat sunning itself, its iridescent plumage glinting in glowing splashes where the light fell on it through the spreading foliage of a beech

overhead. The hen came walking from amidst the gravestone, and commenced leisurely to pick up the grains of rice, whilst overhead the swallows circled round the tower, twittering unceasingly, as though from very joy at the beauty of the day.

"There is Norman work in this church. Do you see the dog-tooth over that archway, Tickhill?" and Morthern looked with interest at the old structure.

Sammy, who knew rather less about Norman architecture than an Australian native, mumbled something in reply, whilst one of the men, turning to his companions, said in an undertone, "'E's showin' off again. I can't stand these d——d broken-down swells."

And they pursued their way to the canal.

. . . .

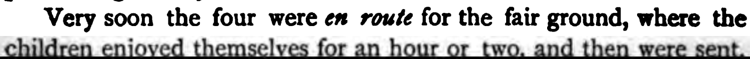
"Me uncle's gen me thrippence, Jessie, to tak' to 't' Feeast.'

"An' me aunt's gen me tuppence, and sho says as sho's goin darn wi' us, but we mun wait till termorrer noight ter hev a roide on t' woodin 'osses."

And the two little girls chatted merrily on in their aunt's large farm kitchen, whilst their uncle sat smoking in his big Windsor chair by the side of the fireplace, looking very uncomfortable in a black coat, only donned on very special occasions, the one this time being that of the club dinner, at which he was soon to appear.

His wife, a severe-looking woman, made her appearance, and asking him whether he was ready to go, made some remarks to the children as to their behaviour, telling them that they could not go down to the feast that evening, as it was very noisy, but that she would take them to-morrow, and to-day they must be satisfied with patronising the toy and sweet stalls.

Very soon the four were *en route* for the fair ground, where the


children enjoyed themselves for an hour or two, and then were sent

of the canal banks, which rose a good height above the fields. There they wove fresh chains of flowers and talked about the "Feeast," whilst the younger told the other that they would hear lots of music in the evening, and said the club band had been round the village, and, taking off her straw hat, beat upon it with her little fist in imitation of the drummer. And the summer afternoon sped quickly on.

But what is that sound of men's voices raised high in altercation from the other side of the canal banks, which causes the children to turn affrighted glances in that direction?

They can see nothing, but yet turn cold with fright as one voice, above the others, rises in the air with a note of terror.

"You surely do not mean to let me drown? Help! Help!"

The agonised cry rings out on the balmy stillness of the July day. From the vast expanse of blue a cloud seems to have arisen, through which the sun's beams lose their warmth and light.

Splashing sounds, a choking voice, and then all is still once more—dreadfully still, whilst the terrified children cling to each other, and after gazing with horror-struck faces at the bank above them, hurry home over the daisy-strewn fields.

Their aunt is there, looking cross and more severe than ever, with a scolding ready for them for having come in late for tea; to which meal they sit down with scared faces, the great dread they possess for their relative preventing them saying a word in explanation.

And that night they whisper in a frightened manner as they slip between the sheets of their bed, whilst the moonbeams light up the room, and from afar off the sounds of music are borne faintly to their ears.

. . . .

"One o' them fellers from that theer theayter at t' Feeast wor drownded yisterday arternoon i' t' canal. 'E wor took wi' t' cramp, an' they worn't near enow ter git 'im out afore 'e wor done for."

And as uncle gave out this information he applied himself with great zest to his breakfast of fried bacon, whilst his wife said solemnly, "I niver heerd on it. I only 'ope as the man wor prepared ter die. An' I hope it'll be a warnin' to you childer niver to go down alone to that theer canal soide."

It was.

But the children never forgot.

HAROLD WILD.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF FORUM JULII (FRÉJUS).

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. THE ANCIENT CITY.

Inde Forum Julii parvam nunc venimus urbem ;
Apparent veteris vestigia magna theatri,
Ingentes arcus et thermæ et ductus aquarum ;
Apparet moles antiqui diruta portus,
Atque ubi portus erat, siccum nunc littus et horti.
Œuvres du Chancelier l'Hôpital, POÉSIES LATINES.

AS a proof of the enchantment lent by distance, the assumption may be hazarded that the Roman remains at Fréjus would perhaps be better known to the generality of travellers were these ruins less accessible from the great European centres; for minute accounts of antiquities situated in far more distant climes are not infrequently given to the press—even in volume form.

The chief value to be attached to the Forum Julii ruins lies in their general representative character. Although certain towns that might be mentioned, in the South of France, possess Roman

The importance of Forum Julii greatly consisted in its maritime pre-eminence, and it is for this reason that attention will be directed in the first instance to the Port.

Two great problems in connection with the ancient port of Forum Julii have exercised the minds not only of purely Fréjusian writers, but also of those archæologists, historiographers, and hydrographers hailing from other parts of France, who have fastened their attention upon this complicated subject. Upon neither of these questions can there be said to exist unanimity of opinion. The first and most important of these two points is to the effect—whether the sea, in Roman times, attained the circumvallatory walls of Forum Julii. The second, which is dependent upon the first, is in reference to whether, in case the sea fell short of the Gallo-Roman town, the space circumscribed by the harbour buildings and quays was connected with the open sea by a broad channel. M. Charles Texier [1] and M. Lenthéric [2] are of opinion that the sea reached the southern bases of the eastern and western citadels, without, however, stating to what extent the waters penetrated on the eastern and western sides of the fortifications generally. Besides drawing attention to the fact that, in his time (1828–9), while great traces remained, as at present, of both the quays and of the walls, not a vestige of the channel works was perceptible between the harbour entrance and the sea,[3] M. Texier grounds his belief on the discovery of marine shells on and beneath the surface of the whole extent of the sand-downs separating Fréjus from the Mediterranean. Such, indeed, is the case; but this fact is far from sufficient to settle the question. Shells and other marine *débris* are found at a distance of no less than thirty-five kilometres inland, and at an altitude of over eight hundred metres, namely, as far as Mons, whither, in prehistoric times, the sea penetrated, as M. Texier himself does not neglect to state. The point under discussion is how far the sea came in *Roman* times.

In the elucidation of this problem in particular, the opinion of

[1] *Mémoires sur la Ville et le Port de Fréjus.* (Collection des Mémoires présentés à l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.)

[2] *Provence Maritime ancienne et moderne.*

[3] Although M. Texier discovered no signs of the channel substructures, yet, in an unpublished memoir drawn up at as comparatively remote a date as 1698 by a naval engineer, the existence of the channel in question is clearly affirmed. Abbé Girardin, in both his works (*Histoire de Fréjus* and *Notice et Description historique du Diocèse de Fréjus*), alludes to the waterway as if the matter admitted of no doubt. Girardin was totally unacquainted with the memoir of 1698. Seventy-five years later M. Vallon and M. Segaud, engineers for the Province, vouched for the same fact, while in 1803, the archæological commission, presided over by Count de Villeneuve-Bargemont, strongly supported the idea.

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M. Aubenas, a resident in Fréjus during the last quarter of a century of his life, who filled the office of mayor of the town, a position that gave him the necessary local influence and authority to make researches and to carry out excavations, and who, moreover, devoted five years to the composition of his most valuable work,[1] must carry especial weight when compared with the views formed by certain others who, whatever their scientific attainments may have been, were, at the most, mere visitors to the locality. It is only, in sober truth, by repeated visits and by a most careful study of the spot, supported by the documentary authority offered by the writings of M. Aubenas and his predecessors, that a firm grasp of the subject can be obtained. It is, in fact, a matter of no small difficulty to trace the outlines of a large port upon a superficies which, without previous knowledge, offers but slight signs of having formerly been the site of such a maritime centre, this very surface (given up to agricultural purposes) lying, moreover, at a totally different level from what was the case in Roman times, as well as to give an acceptable notion of the approximate date when loose sand-hills, the result of silt cast up by the Argens [2] and Reyran, and a more level and solid earth's surface encrusted with a coating of heather, dotted hither and thither with small farmsteads and mean-looking shanties, formed the bottom of the Mediterranean.

It is for these various reasons, as well as on account of the actual grounds put forth by M. Aubenas for his belief, that the writer of these papers adopts this historian's opinion in preference to any of an opposite tendency laid down with no inconsiderable amount of plausibility, ingenuity, erudition, and confidence by Texier and Lenthéric, and also in spite of some preconceived opinions of his own, which M. Aubenas's statements have served to dispel.

antiquity by the sea, and that the mode of communication with the ancient city was by a causeway. This would have brought the sea to the south-west of the town, that is to say, to the other side of the Butte Saint-Antoine. Nevertheless, not a trace of this presumed causeway has ever been discovered. It is true, also, that the admirably preserved wall that formed the limits of the *thermæ* in the direction facing the town is of a thickness and massive construction generally that would almost encourage the belief that this bulwark may have served as a protection against the inroads of the waters, the more so as the vestiges of a tower and what seems to have been some kind of a fortification, not dissimilar to the buildings in close proximity to the Lanterne, are also to be easily descried at the extremity of the wall in question lying nearest to the high road; but, on the other hand, all who are familiar with the magnificence that the Romans were accustomed to lavish upon the construction of their baths, as exemplified particularly by the imposing remains of those of Caracalla, would only see in what is preserved at Fréjus an indispensable adjunct to such a building. Moreover, besides the ruins of a *sacellum* or small temple originally constructed without a roof, and known in the district by the name of "La Tourrache," several Roman tombs made of bricks, stone, and marble were discovered about forty years ago in a private property situated half-way between Fréjus and the "Thermes." One of the stone sarcophagi and the débris of one of the marble tombs are to be seen in the town museum. Furthermore, towards the south-east, and between five and six hundred metres from Fréjus, what is considered to have been a tomb, or perhaps part of the basement of a dwelling-house, has also been unearthed on the new Valescure road; while extending the zone to Saint-Aygulf, a spot dear to the lovers of solitude, situated at the extremity of the Gulf of Fréjus, and five miles, as the crow flies, from Saint-Raphaël, which beautiful winter station it faces, Roman substructures are still to be found at a distance that must necessarily have been covered by the sea, had its waters bathed the feet of the Forum Julii ramparts.

It may be confidently asserted that, in the opinion of an inexperienced or uninitiated observer, nothing would seem to exist visibly distinguishing from the surrounding district the tract forming in Roman times the interior of the harbour of Forum Julii. Nought is to be seen but a succession of fields divided from each other merely according to ownership; but when we begin to carefully examine the remnants of antiquity surrounding the huge space, then are our eyes opened.

After somewhat wearisomely plodding across the kilometre and a half of dunes separating the sea-coast from the approaches of Fréjus, our gaze is attracted by a somewhat remarkable object. This is an hexagonal[1] brick *tourelle*, erected on a semicircular base and surmounted by a pointed cone or pyramid, which is also six-sided. The summit is separated from the mass of the edifice by a single layer of bricks resembling a cornice or hem. The height of the whole prismatic building hardly exceeds ten metres. This measurement would make it inferior in altitude to the ramparts, the towers of the enceinte, and the citadels. This pointed tower has long been known in the district by the name of the "Lanterne." For a long period this building was considered—not only by the people of the region, but even at a late date by eminent authorities, such, for instance, as Girardin and de Bargemont, in spite of its comparatively diminutive dimensions, which did not permit it to be discernible from the open sea, and notwithstanding the important fact that no traces existed of any contrivance by which a permanent light could have been furnished, the entire edifice being solid—to have constituted the lighthouse of Forum Julii. This erroneous impression prevailed until the days of M. Texier, who has done so much to elucidate certain obscure notions concerning the Fréjus remains. This deservedly considered great authority dispelled this delusion by assigning to the little monument its correct destination. The real lighthouse, the summit of which was visible from the offing,[2] M. Texier placed much further back, at a distance of 530 metres. To mention two very modern examples, the *faro* at Viareggio and the lighthouse at Ambleteuse are disposed in a similar situation, as was also the *pharos* at Alexandria (described in Cæsar's Commentaries), not omitting that at Ostia. The Lanterne he declared to be merely

mariners, and to point out in particular to them the entrance to the harbour. It is surmised that at night a small light was attached by some simple process to the summit of the pyramid. This idea of M. Texier's is borne out by what remains of former buildings in the immediate vicinity. It is supported by Aubenas, who is convinced of its accuracy, and it is undoubtedly the correct one.[1] The Lanterne has undergone excessive restorations at the base and on three of the sides.

We have now planted our footsteps upon what was two thousand years ago the extremity of the southern quay of the ancient harbour of Forum Julii. Topographically, there is little to cause such an idea to arise in the minds even of the initiated, beyond the fact that the part upon which we are now stationed lies at a very trifling elevation (at this point, perhaps, a couple of feet) above the level artificially created over the original bottom of the ancient port. Even this very modest elevation is diminished at other parts along the remnant of the quays. Adjoining the Lanterne are ruins of strong fortifications. The semicircular base of a demitour measuring 6 metres 50 centimetres in the interior can be distinctly traced, as well as the remains of other works, including a triple bastion. Immediately facing the Lanterne, from which it is separated only by a narrow passage two metres in breadth, is a solid block of masonry composed of tufa and lava. M. Texier considers this shapeless mass to have been the base of an *ædiculum* or small temple, a sacred edifice invariably placed at the entrance of Roman harbours. Skirting this huge *massif* and the foot of the Lanterne is a circular space representing an *exhedra* or esplanade, where it is surmised that sailors and other spectators assembled to view the shipping entering and leaving the port.[2]

[1] The entrance to the channel leading to the harbour of Forum Julii not having been, perhaps, easily perceptible at night, another lighthouse was erected upon an islet, which, seen from the spot where the channel effected its junction with the sea, appears admirably situated for such a purpose. Strictly speaking, the islet in question and an adjacent one are in front of Saint-Raphaël. From some whimsical resemblance to a wild animal in a crouching posture, this islet, a porphyritic rock of a ruddy, tawny hue, has been denominated the "Lion de Mer." The second, which is closer to the shore, of a similar geological constitution, but less fantastic in shape, has, as a result of titular assimilation, been termed the "Lion de Terre." We are of opinion that the latter insulated fragment formed part in remote times of the mainland. In the time of Pliny, according to Jules Raimond de Soliers, the two rocks were connected, forming one island under the name of Phila.

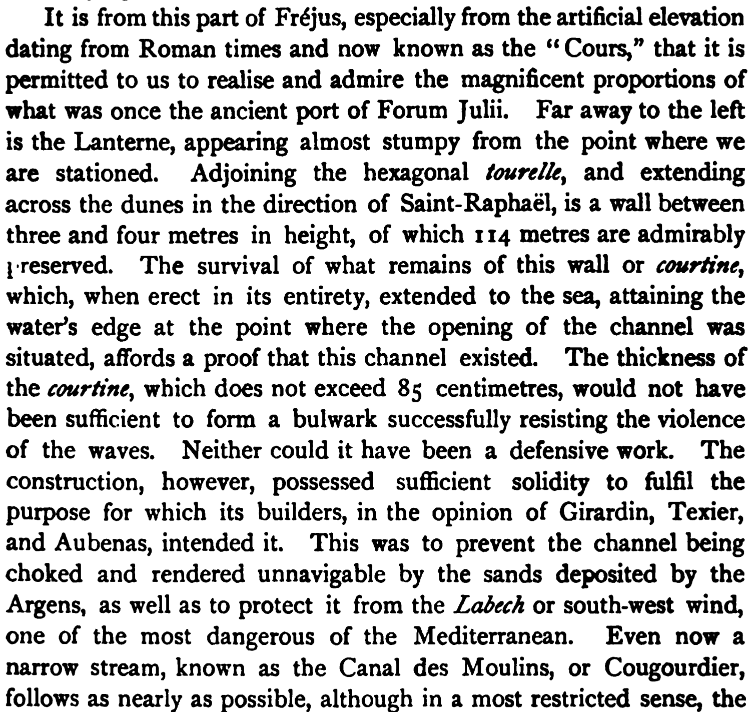
[2] An instance of costly vandalism that would not appeal to the average understanding is furnished by the contemplation of this extreme limit of the

The entrance to the harbour, which naturally coincided with the breadth of the artificial channel, was 83 metres in width. As we have taken the whilom existence of this channel for granted, the present may not be an inappropriate moment for stating that, irrespective of the essential fact of the harbour having been maintained by the water penetrating from the sea through the fairway, it is believed by M. Fauchet,[1] M. de Bargemont, M. Texier, and M. Aubenas [2] that a very large additional supply was obtained by bringing a derivative of the Argens in the direction of Forum Julii, for the purpose of giving an impetus to the channel water and thus helping to preserve the way clear of the quartzose sand and other deposits cast up at its mouth. Situated within a distance of three kilometres from Fréjus, and standing in some fields, slightly to the left of the high road leading to Puget-sur-Argens, is a remarkably well preserved monument dating from the Roman occupation. This is an extremely solidly yet elegantly constructed stone bridge. Owing to the additional elevation of the ground perceptible in the entire plain through which the Argens and Reyran flow, the supports of the bridge are partly buried, while the arches, especially the one on the northern side, protrude but slightly above the ground. It may safely be assumed that no water in any volume has flowed under this bridge for ages; but a streamlet sluggishly crawls under the central arch, while a ditch-shaped depression is traceable for a considerable distance on the Puget side. The orientation of the structure is from north to south, and it is considered that it was built over the artificial branch of the Argens to which we are alluding, in order to reconnect the Gulf of Saint-Tropez with Forum Voconii [3] and the mountainous region extending far to the north of Fréjus. The arm of the river thus diverted flowed direct to Forum Julii in a line almost parallel

them by the above-mentioned distance of 83 metres, are some substructures. Upon this foundation a small farmhouse has been built. The vestiges of antiquity at this point are considered by Peiresc, Montfaucon, Abbé Girardin, and M. de Bargemont to be ruins of fortifications that corresponded to those formerly existing in immediate proximity to the Lanterne. There is less to be described on this inner side of the harbour than upon the external quay looking seawards, and the description may be completed at once. Proceeding for a distance of 166 metres along this northern mole in a straight line towards the west, we come to another small farmhouse, termed by Aubenas the *consigne Mège*, also built upon ancient substructures in the form of arches. Little beyond the vaults protrude above ground. From an archæological point of view, the Roman remains upon which the *consigne Mège* is built are of great interest and value. Facing us, as we approach the end of the quay, is a square mass of solid masonry several feet in height. At the back the Roman foundation is also discernible, terminated by an arched entrance, *à fleur de sol*, leading into what bears a resemblance to a subterranean chamber. The upper part of the arch is well preserved. Near approach is not an easy matter. The ground in front is marshy and covered with high dank weeds, formidable brambles and undergrowth, while near the arch is a large pool of stagnant water, around the edges of which is rotting straw. It is advisable to close one's nostrils when making an inspection. Aubenas considers that a guard-house was situated here. Along the entire way separating these two farmhouses, remains of the ancient quay are distinctly traceable in the shape of massive portions of what may have been the parapet. On leaving the homestead last alluded to, we turn abruptly to the right and follow a beaten path for a distance of 144 metres. The limits of the port can here be traced by a trifling difference in the elevation of the ground, which is indicated by a row of pollard willows. All further signs of the harbour disappear at this point. Some traces existed as late as 1840, but they were deliberately swept away in the course of some alterations made upon his land by a peasant proprietor. With the disappearance of these ancient maritime marks any precise notion is also lost of the direction taken by the line of quay at this spot: whether it curved towards the "Cours"—that is to say, towards the west—or whether, continuing in a northerly direction, it joined the angle of the "Plate-Forme" or eastern citadel. We are inclined to favour the latter theory, in spite of some reasons advanced by Aubenas in support of the contrary; for on the western and southern sides of the eastern citadel various magazines, store-houses,

and granaries were constructed for the use of the Roman navy; and in our opinion it is more probable that the waters bathed this part, thus facilitating egress from and ingress to the magazines. The adoption of this plan of the harbour's circuit would give to this side —starting from the *consigne Mège*—a development in a straight line of nearly 450 metres.

It is from this part of Fréjus, especially from the artificial elevation dating from Roman times and now known as the "Cours," that it is permitted to us to realise and admire the magnificent proportions of what was once the ancient port of Forum Julii. Far away to the left is the Lanterne, appearing almost stumpy from the point where we are stationed. Adjoining the hexagonal *tourelle*, and extending across the dunes in the direction of Saint-Raphaël, is a wall between three and four metres in height, of which 114 metres are admirably preserved. The survival of what remains of this wall or *courtine*, which, when erect in its entirety, extended to the sea, attaining the water's edge at the point where the opening of the channel was situated, affords a proof that this channel existed. The thickness of the *courtine*, which does not exceed 85 centimetres, would not have been sufficient to form a bulwark successfully resisting the violence of the waves. Neither could it have been a defensive work. The construction, however, possessed sufficient solidity to fulfil the purpose for which its builders, in the opinion of Girardin, Texier, and Aubenas, intended it. This was to prevent the channel being choked and rendered unnavigable by the sands deposited by the Argens, as well as to protect it from the *Labech* or south-west wind, one of the most dangerous of the Mediterranean. Even now a narrow stream, known as the Canal des Moulins, or Cougourdier, follows as nearly as possible, although in a most restricted sense, the

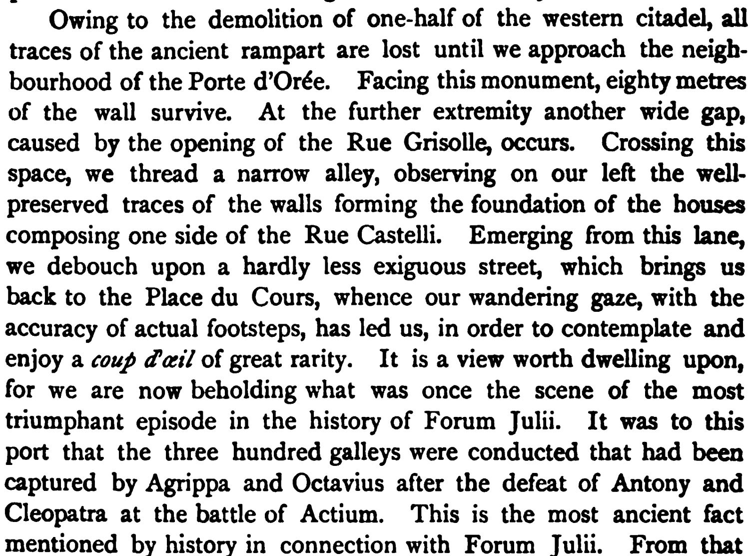


worthy of their reputation for perennial durability had not the hand of man, living in a less classic age, hastened their destruction with thoughtless, not to say contemptuous, deliberation, and even aided to forestall their final disappearance. At one point a huge block of at least twenty metres in length has been hurled from its foundations, apparently by means of some explosive. A little further on, along the mural line, three paltry tenements have been built. In the instance of two of these one-storeyed huts the builders had the moderation to utilise the noble old wall merely as the backs of the premises, and have contented themselves with wantonly destroying sufficient of the monument to allow space for a trumpery gateway; but in the case of the third and somewhat larger *maisonnette*, the ingenious architect has demolished no less than twenty metres of the rampart in order to build the back of a house, the purpose of which would be too appropriately served if it were devoted to housing one or two cows and storing garden tools. An Act—"La loi de classement des monuments historiques"—is in existence for preserving ancient monuments from such acts of vandalism, which, judging from a minute inspection that we have made of the Fréjus antiquities, have been tolerably frequent throughout all ages, while the Société d'Archéologie de Marseille, the object of which is "the study and preservation of the monuments and vestiges of antiquity in Provence," has quite recently been constituted. What remains of this wall extends in its broken line for a distance of 256 metres. It was originally four metres in height. Its altitude is now but one-third of that measurement. Its thickness is one metre twenty centimetres. We then pass, on our right, a row of seventeen tall poplars, which trees, in the total absence of the wall for a space of 136 metres, seem in the far distance, as perceived from the Cours, to form a clearly marked limit to this portion of what was once the famous port. We are now separated from the inner extremity of the harbour but by a distance of 130 metres. The pathway is now skirted on the right by a modern wall. Bulging from the base of this construction for a length of a few yards are signs of a solid mass of ancient masonry, which is visible in a meadow on the opposite side of this boundary. This fragment forms the remains of a kind of guard-house that was intended for the accommodation of the *cohortes vigilium*. Situated in the midst of this field is a large farm-house, the foundations of which are laid upon some ponderous substructures. Here in antiquity stood what French archæologists term the *Consigne*. It was a fortified post where a small detachment of troops was stationed. This fortress was so situated as to be able

to command the entrance to the harbour, and thus to inflict damage upon any inimical craft that might attempt to enter.

We have now reached the base of the harbour, which is formed by the eastern front of the Butte Saint-Antoine. This side of the western citadel is in a remarkable state of preservation. It is 120 metres in length. Immediately facing us, as we arrive at the termination of the pathway or quay, is an arched entrance bordered on either side by massively constructed walls and surmounted by the ruins of a lofty tower, the part of which boasting the greater degree of preservation raises its dilapidated head in the form of a blunted point. This tower was the lighthouse of Forum Julii.

Owing to the demolition of one-half of the western citadel, all traces of the ancient rampart are lost until we approach the neighbourhood of the Porte d'Orée. Facing this monument, eighty metres of the wall survive. At the further extremity another wide gap, caused by the opening of the Rue Grisolle, occurs. Crossing this space, we thread a narrow alley, observing on our left the well-preserved traces of the walls forming the foundation of the houses composing one side of the Rue Castelli. Emerging from this lane, we debouch upon a hardly less exiguous street, which brings us back to the Place du Cours, whence our wandering gaze, with the accuracy of actual footsteps, has led us, in order to contemplate and enjoy a *coup d'œil* of great rarity. It is a view worth dwelling upon, for we are now beholding what was once the scene of the most triumphant episode in the history of Forum Julii. It was to this port that the three hundred galleys were conducted that had been captured by Agrippa and Octavius after the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra at the battle of Actium. This is the most ancient fact mentioned by history in connection with Forum Julii. From that



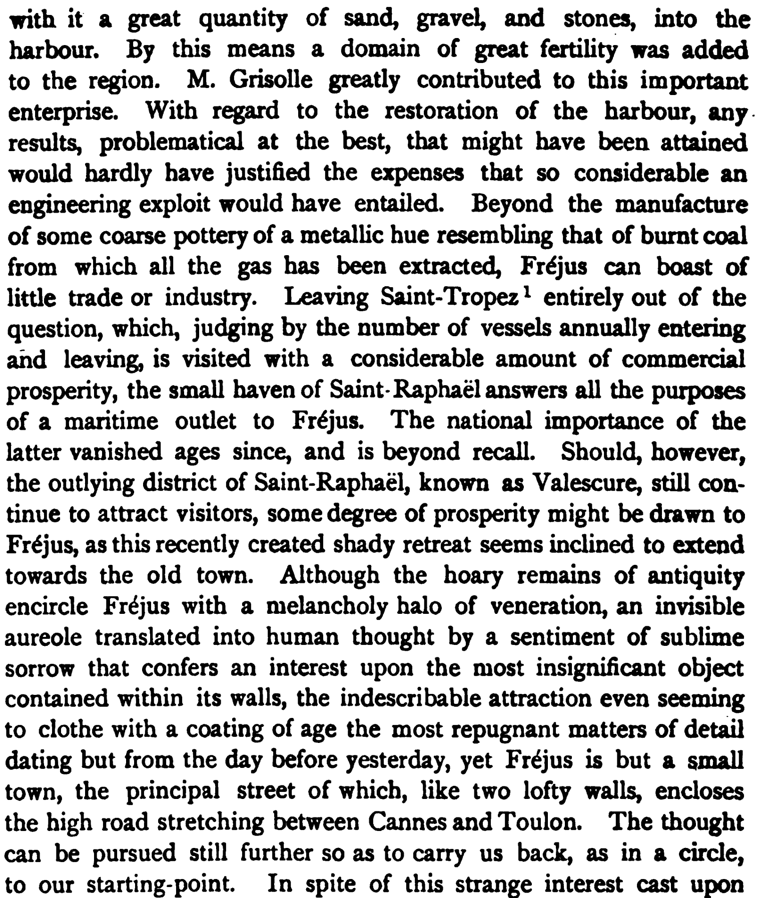
to Forum Julii with picked sailors."[1] By a curious omission, Suetonius does not mention the name of Forum Julii in connection with this memorable victory, the author of the "History of the Twelve Cæsars" merely remarking that "he (Augustus) still had a fleet at Misenum and another at Ravenna, to protect the two seas."

The beginning of the decline of the port of Forum Julii was almost coincident with the commencement of the decadence of the Roman power. In these latter days, communication had only been maintained with the open sea by constant dredging. Owing to the sand cast up by the sea at the entrance to the channel, the waterway became gradually choked.[2] Simultaneously, as some authorities consider, the deposits thrown up by the Reyran and the Argens became irresistible; and as, under pressure of formidable attacks from without, the Roman Empire itself began to sink, the attention of the central government was gradually withdrawn from this distant colony. In course of time what had once been not only the principal port of Cisalpine Gaul, but also one of the most considerable of the Empire, lost all claim to any such distinction. In the Middle Ages nought remained but a pestiferous swamp. The malaria emanating therefrom conduced to the town earning a reputation for insalubrity which clung to it for many generations. At length, in 1784, health was restored to the fever-stricken district. Although competent engineers had demonstrated many years previously that the restoration of the harbour was entirely within the bounds of possibility, sufficient funds could never be raised for that object. It was therefore determined to fill up the port. This result was brought about by deviating the Reyran torrent, which carries

[1] *Annales*, Lib. iv. 4, 5.

[2] An idea of the action of the sea—which was to a great extent the cause of what may be termed the "stifling" of the harbour of Forum Julii—can be formed at the present moment. At a distance of two or three kilometres from Saint-Raphaël, and towards the centre of the curve forming the Gulf of Fréjus, a slender arm of the Argens flows into the Mediterranean. Some stakes driven into the ground bordering the streamlet are now almost buried by the sand cast up by the sea. Only the tops are visible just protruding above the surface. A little farther, some massive brick gate-posts that once flanked the principal entrance to a large and very modern house, but which have been separated from the grounds facing the mansion by the exigencies of a road that skirts the circuit of the bay as far as the point where the Argens flows into the sea, are also almost covered by the sand. The Argens, at its mouth, was until of late spanned by a bridge. This structure has been mysteriously destroyed, with the result that all communication has been cut off at this part with Saint-Aygulf and Sainte-Maxime. It would be well if this bridge were rebuilt, if only to confirm the statement in the Saint-Raphaël "Guide" to the effect that it is still traversible.

with it a great quantity of sand, gravel, and stones, into the harbour. By this means a domain of great fertility was added to the region. M. Grisolle greatly contributed to this important enterprise. With regard to the restoration of the harbour, any results, problematical at the best, that might have been attained would hardly have justified the expenses that so considerable an engineering exploit would have entailed. Beyond the manufacture of some coarse pottery of a metallic hue resembling that of burnt coal from which all the gas has been extracted, Fréjus can boast of little trade or industry. Leaving Saint-Tropez[1] entirely out of the question, which, judging by the number of vessels annually entering and leaving, is visited with a considerable amount of commercial prosperity, the small haven of Saint-Raphaël answers all the purposes of a maritime outlet to Fréjus. The national importance of the latter vanished ages since, and is beyond recall. Should, however, the outlying district of Saint-Raphaël, known as Valescure, still continue to attract visitors, some degree of prosperity might be drawn to Fréjus, as this recently created shady retreat seems inclined to extend towards the old town. Although the hoary remains of antiquity encircle Fréjus with a melancholy halo of veneration, an invisible aureole translated into human thought by a sentiment of sublime sorrow that confers an interest upon the most insignificant object contained within its walls, the indescribable attraction even seeming to clothe with a coating of age the most repugnant matters of detail dating but from the day before yesterday, yet Fréjus is but a small town, the principal street of which, like two lofty walls, encloses the high road stretching between Cannes and Toulon. The thought can be pursued still further so as to carry us back, as in a circle, to our starting-point. In spite of this strange interest cast upon

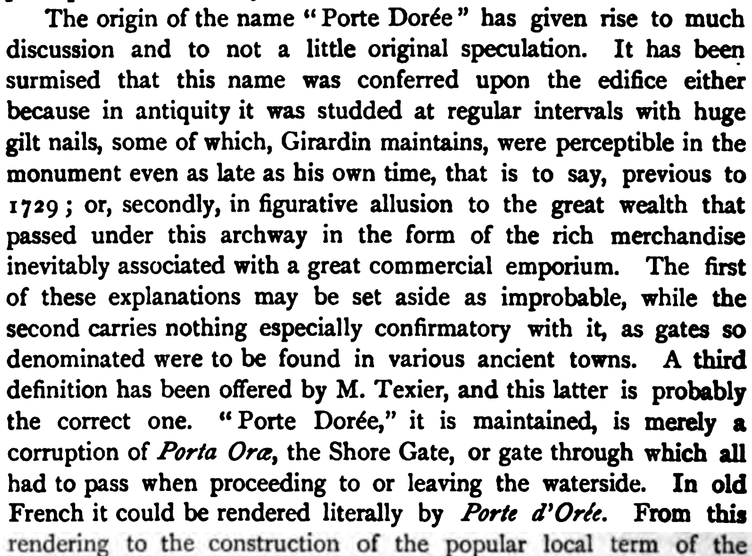


Paule, in comparison with the overwhelming enthralment shed by the majestic ruins.

A monument that does not fail to impress the curious—even those who approach such relics with the least professional eye—is a lofty arch, upon which has been conferred, somewhat negligently, the name of the "Porte Dorée." The materials entering into its construction are red grit-stone, porphyry, and bricks. The sun of Provence has caused the edifice to assume so rich a hue of mingled brown and red that one writer, M. Lenthéric, has thought it worth denying that this ardent coloration is the origin of its name (*Porte d'Or*, *Porta Aurea*). It has been very liberally restored, especially upon the side facing what was once the harbour, and it is this side which, strange to say, has attracted the photographer and post-card reproducer, although the more rugged surface, turned towards the town, affords a view of the original form of construction in its most striking characteristics. Before alluding to the various discussions that have arisen among competent authorities concerning the origin or correctness of this appellation, "Porte Dorée," it may be as well to state that any reference to this isolated fragment can be most opportunely made in combination with the remarks accompanying our description of the port, as the spot whereupon this archway has been erected furnishes a fairly accurate idea of the limits attained by the waters in the *bassin* in ancient times. This archway is the sole survivor of five others of similar dimensions, the six having formed in their entirety the arched entrances to a colonnade or *stoa*, which gave access to the port, and from the latter to the town. The ornamentation of the edifice was originally in white marble and of the Ionic order. These arches, which supported a massive roof of unusual height, were flanked, according to Girardin and M. de Bargemont, by extensive buildings, intended presumably for the accommodation of the custom-house employés and other port officials. In 1829 M. Texier, in the course of his excavations at this spot, discovered various apartments that had evidently been originally built upon a scale of great luxury, and with an elegance and magnificence denoting much taste. He unearthed flights of steps as well as rooms ornamented with deep blue and white marbles, and adorned with carved stucco, mural paintings, and statuary. The archæologist's examination terminated, the priceless remains were simply covered up once more by the local authorities, with the earth that had originally concealed them. Certain traces in the form of the summits of a few almost entirely obliterated niches are stated to have been discernible about a quarter of a century ago upon the vestiges of the Roman rampart flanking the opposite side

of the steep rough roadway, along which a cart horse can hardly stumble, that passes by the "Porte Dorée." We, however, have utterly failed to discover any such signs, so encumbered is the ground with colossal heaps of rubbish and débris. Beneath this roadway these valuable relics are buried at a considerable depth, the superficies having become much raised. They are likely to remain for ever lost to human gaze, for this declivity, which in antiquity was the site of a magnificent flight of marble steps, but which is now merely an accumulation of indescribable refuse and sweepings hardened into the solidity of stone, constitutes at the present moment one of the principal entries to Fréjus.

The origin of the name "Porte Dorée" has given rise to much discussion and to not a little original speculation. It has been surmised that this name was conferred upon the edifice either because in antiquity it was studded at regular intervals with huge gilt nails, some of which, Girardin maintains, were perceptible in the monument even as late as his own time, that is to say, previous to 1729; or, secondly, in figurative allusion to the great wealth that passed under this archway in the form of the rich merchandise inevitably associated with a great commercial emporium. The first of these explanations may be set aside as improbable, while the second carries nothing especially confirmatory with it, as gates so denominated were to be found in various ancient towns. A third definition has been offered by M. Texier, and this latter is probably the correct one. "Porte Dorée," it is maintained, is merely a corruption of *Porta Oræ*, the Shore Gate, or gate through which all had to pass when proceeding to or leaving the waterside. In old French it could be rendered literally by *Porte d'Orée*. From this rendering to the construction of the popular local term of the



of the fact that the Forum Julii amphitheatre principally owes its state of dilapidation to the destructive hand of man.

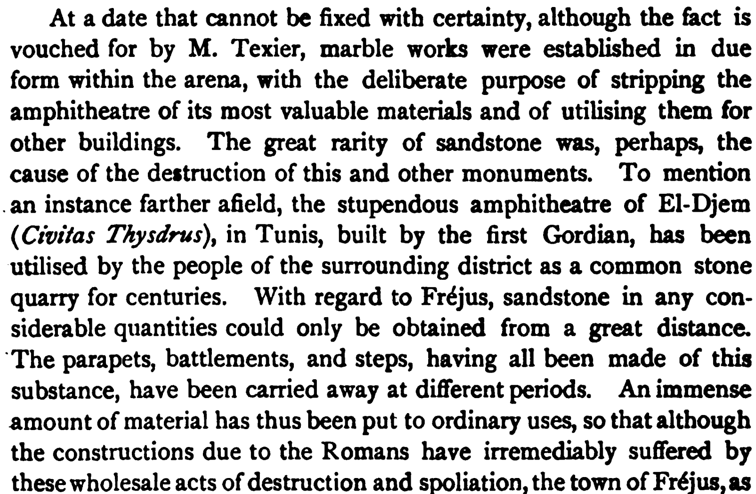
The Romans erected their chief place of amusement just outside the ramparts, the fortifications continuing their circuit without even grazing the amphitheatre, although the distance separating them was so slight that the north-eastern side of the edifice rested upon a foundation of volcanic rock that formed part of the high bank sustained on the other side by the wall of circumvallation. When built it was a magnificent structure; and, presuming that the interior circular colonnade crowning the edifice in the times of the Romans was occupied during representations, the circus contained accommodation for twelve thousand spectators, for whom space was provided on seventeen tiers of seats divided into three precinctions.[1] The *vomitoria* leading to the tiers of seats composing the first precinction were built, as can still be seen, upon a plan of great ingenuity, so as to avoid draughts. Marble entered considerably into the construction of this edifice, even barriers being made of this material. Doric pilasters contributed to its adornment, while, among metals, bronze was plentifully and artistically used.

Of all former magnificence nought now remains above ground, speaking generally, but a shell-shaped base; of the profuse yet tasteful ornamentation nothing but a fragment of the entablature that once belonged to the upper colonnade. The surface of the smaller axis, or actual amphitheatre wherein the wild beast fights and gladiatorial and other combats took place, is, by an accumulation and solidification of earth and *débris*, raised at least three or four metres above its original level, so that full justice cannot even be done to what actually remains. At the height of about one foot above the ground on the south-western side (the orientation of the ellipse being, in the sense of its length, north-east and south-west), the vaults of arches are seen protruding. Within these constructions, that have become subterranean, and which were termed *caveæ* or *carceres*, the wild beasts intended for the "games" were confined. On the north-eastern side, as the result of an excavation, the wall, in a perfect state of preservation, forming the barrier to the *podium* has been laid bare for a length of thirty metres. It is probable that the entire periphery of the *podium* would be found to be still surrounded by the marble socles, fastened by bronze gudgeons in a *massif* of hard grit-stone, were it possible to continue the excavations; but

[1] Judging by the dimensions of the amphitheatre and the perimeter of the *enceinte*, the population of Forum Julii amounted to between thirty thousand and thirty-five thousand people.

such an undertaking is impracticable. The north-eastern side of the amphitheatre, which rested on the volcanic rock, has almost entirely disappeared. The principal portion of the little that remains has been restored with great care and skill. There are still some remnants of the consular entrance. On the north-western side two precinctions, five *vomitoria*, and the lower gallery are still preserved. Of the magnificent exterior façade there remains not a trace; while the massive, rugged, irregular blocks of masonry, or fragments of walls, which, when in their perfect state, primarily served to enclose the corridor-shaped openings of the different tiers and to support the flights of steps conducting to the three precinctions and to the colonnade, now protrude outwardly from the ruin like so many buttresses.

At a date that cannot be fixed with certainty, although the fact is vouched for by M. Texier, marble works were established in due form within the arena, with the deliberate purpose of stripping the amphitheatre of its most valuable materials and of utilising them for other buildings. The great rarity of sandstone was, perhaps, the cause of the destruction of this and other monuments. To mention an instance farther afield, the stupendous amphitheatre of El-Djem (*Civitas Thysdrus*), in Tunis, built by the first Gordian, has been utilised by the people of the surrounding district as a common stone quarry for centuries. With regard to Fréjus, sandstone in any considerable quantities could only be obtained from a great distance. The parapets, battlements, and steps, having all been made of this substance, have been carried away at different periods. An immense amount of material has thus been put to ordinary uses, so that although the constructions due to the Romans have irremediably suffered by these wholesale acts of destruction and spoliation, the town of Fréjus, as



of circumvallation situated at the rear of the site formerly occupied by the ancient Roman theatre—of which, in sad contrast to the stately edifice in its wonderful state of preservation at Orange, only the ruins of four of the gradients that upheld the tiers of seats still survive—is preserved to its full height. At certain points which, on account of their strategic importance or more exposed outlying situation, necessitated still greater protection, more formidable defences were devised. Such extra defences are to be observed in the two citadels. The *Plate-Forme*, or eastern citadel, is flanked by colossal buttresses on the southern side. Of such huge strength and dimensions are these counterforts that it is difficult to realise, when approaching their vicinity from the summit of the citadel, that these protruding blocks of masonry are not supplementary walls. A still more remarkable method of fortifying is to be observed on the further side of the western citadel, or Butte Saint-Antoine, as it is more frequently termed, on account of a chapel (now disused), dedicated to that saint, which crowns its summit. Resting upon a solid foundation, semicircular substructures or arches have been built into the side of the *butte* or redan. These niche-like cavities, of which the interior diameter averaged about 3 metres, were filled by the Roman engineers with marine sand ground to a fine powder. The openings were then masked by a strong wall. Admitting the possibility that these defensive recesses would be insufficient to protect the citadel from the rams, ballistas, and other war machines, an additional wall was built upon this exterior, to which it closely adhered like a curtain of masonry. Six metres from the extremity of the redan, and parallel to it, another wall has been sunk, so to speak, in the *massif* of the earthwork, so that if the powerful exterior protection had been battered down, the citadel might still have held good.[1] Join to this the rocky foundation upon which this flank of the citadel rests—an idea can be formed of the extreme care and consummate skill that the Romans brought to bear upon their protective works. M. Victor Petit[2] states that modern engineers have not been able to invent any more effectual method than here described when banking up the mobile sides of railway cuttings. It would be difficult to invoke a stronger argument in support of the practical knowledge to be derived from a study of ancient Roman engineering works.

This religious instrument, unique of its kind, excited the admiration of the *savant* world for two centuries. Both have been "lost."

[1] Of these substructures, which may also be described as small buttresses, with the addition of the earth being sustained at the back by brickwork in a semicircular form, fourteen are visible in a greater or less degree of preservation.

[2] *Note Descriptive*, 1865.

Bearing in mind the extent of the walls, means of ingress and egress seem to have been sparse at Forum Julii. The remains of the very few city gates are but slight, and here again to human indifference and destructiveness is to be attributed the almost total disappearance of the ancient portals. The principal entrance seems to have been the "Roman Gate."[1] It was erected at a spot separating the Forum and the Campus Martius from the theatre precincts. It did not constitute the absolute entrance to the town on this side, for the rampart passed about thirty metres in front of it. The real gate, of which not a vestige remains, was constructed in a line with the wall.

What has been denominated the "Roman Gate" by the old Fréjusian historians was an ornamental structure, a kind of triumphal arch rather than a town entrance in the strict sense of the term. Girardin described it as being "the most magnificent town gate in France." It spanned the road built two centuries and a half before our era by Consul Aurelius Cotta, the Via Aurelia. In Girardin's time the arch facing the west still existed, but its key-stone seemed loose. It is stated by M. de Bargemont that, during the war of 1744, a French general who was passing through Fréjus, impressed with the idea that the heavy block might fall upon the heads of his men as they marched under it, ordered the demolition of the monument. When the work of destruction had proceeded to an irremediable extent, it was discovered that any catastrophe of the kind dreaded by the general had been guarded against by the skilful Roman engineers, whose scientific attainments would inspire confidence in all who might be cognizant of them. The enormous key-stone, in fact, was in not the slightest danger of falling, it being traversed, as were all the adjacent blocks, by very thick iron bars, which

At a spot about a hundred metres to the west of the Butte Saint-Antoine the Romans had pierced the walls with another gate, which, at a late period of its existence, was known locally by the curious denomination of the Porte Paticière. All that remains of this ancient entrance is a triangular-shaped fragment measuring about one metre at the base and one and a half in height. This remnant contributes to the formation of a slope of moderate height ostensibly keeping up a small private garden separated from the station premises by a railing. The reason why so insignificant a vestige has alone survived is very easily explained. The gate, which was a perfect copy of the famous Porte des Gaules, although on a smaller scale, was simply pulled down to make room for an extension of the railway station platform. M. Aubenas stigmatises the line traced by the company at this point as being "too inflexible," and he further regretfully alludes to the fact that no sketch was drawn of the ancient monument by the railway constructors at the time of its demolition.[1] This instance of want of veneration for antiquity is the less difficult to comprehend when an additional example is cited. M. Aubenas states that in the course of the removal of a portion of the western citadel in 1861, for the purpose of continuing the line of railway connecting Toulon with Nice, four most valuable inscriptions were discovered.[2] A dispute arose between the local authorities and the railway "administration" with regard to the possession of these ancient monuments. The question was submitted to the competent authorities. While the matter was still pending, a master-builder, impatient at the delay thus caused, settled the affair then and there by the summary process of breaking the litigious stones in pieces and utilising them for the works. Fortunately, the evil results that formed a sequel to this novel way of solving an archæological problem were not so pronounced as they might have been, as M. Alexandre, a distinguished member of the Institut, had previously copied the inscriptions. "An old inhabitant of the quarter," living in M. Petit's time, furnished that archæologist with a plan of the gate.

What at a first superficial glance appears to be a semicircular structure seems, to all intents and purposes, to prop up the western side of the Place Agricola. At the central point of this demi-lune, which is fifty metres in diameter, is to be seen all that remains of the

[1] *Histoire de Fréjus*, p. 382.

[2] It would appear that two of the four ancient inscriptions deliberately destroyed by the master-builder have given rise to more discussion among the learned than any of the thirty-six epigraphical documents discovered at Fréjus.

"Gallic Gate." This gate was defended by two lofty, ponderous towers,[1] ten metres in diameter, placed at the two horns of the demilune. This great entrance appears as if it had been divided into three parts, a central and two lateral openings, the middle one (and by far the broader) for chariots and horse traffic generally, the two side ones for foot passengers only. Vestiges of the two pairs of pillars forming the lateral openings are clearly perceptible, their bases being formed of solid blocks of freestone. One side is blocked up by masonry, evidently anciently placed, to a height of a few feet. This would encourage the belief that the side doors were approached from without by flights of steps.

It is the use to be ascribed to the central part that has given rise to the most discussion. M. Texier favours the belief that it formed the main entrance, flanked by two smaller ones; but Aubenas declines to accept this theory. As the Gallic Gate was constructed at the side of an elevated plateau, ingress could only have been practicable by means of a steep ascent. M. Aubenas, however, avers that it was impossible for this central issue to have been utilised by vehicles, as a foundation of volcanic rock extended underground from the north-east angle of the *place* to within twenty metres of the gate, thus rendering access an impossibility for wheeled traffic. The question in this case is whether Aubenas is correct in his measurement. From personal examination we consider that it is possible that the mass of volcanic rock did not extend to a distance that would have brought its prolongation in front of the Porte des Gaules (but separated therefrom by the twenty metres ascribed). This obstacle, consequently, might have been avoided. But Aubenas emits a second objection. He implies that approach to the central entrance by chariots was rendered impracticable by the fact of a wall having been built in Roman times exactly

gate entrance in the centre. Again, while the two towers originally placed at the extremities of the demi-lune would tend to prove that the hemicycle was esteemed by its defenders to be a position of exceptional strategical value, it may also have been considered unsafe to render this part too exposed by the piercing of any aperture, beyond the adaptation of the lateral entrances to the use of foot passengers. The close proximity of the Porte Paticière, which was intended for every species of traffic, confirms this theory. It was separated from the Porte des Gaules by a distance of only 200 metres.

Forum Julii depended for its water supply upon the Siagnole. The Siagnole (in Provençal, *Neissoun*, meaning "the source") is a plural term denoting two springs. The latter were of considerable volume, and, together with other less abundant streamlets, took their rise at the foot of the hill crowned by the village of Mons. The Siagnole flowed into the bed of a larger torrent called the Fil, which is dry during the greater part of the year. From its rise this double spring was placed in direct communication with the Gallo-Roman fortress by means of an aqueduct 44 kilometres in length. This artificial channel is incontestably the most considerable of all the works undertaken by the Romans on the Gallic coast.

It is not until Roquetaillade is reached, a locality situated at a distance of two kilometres from the *prise d'eau* of the Roman aqueduct, that the latter presents any marked features of engineering skill. It is worthy of note that the greater part of the aqueduct connecting Roquetaillade with Hautes-Côtes, a distance of seven kilometres, was in a sufficient state of preservation to be utilised when the new *canal de dérivation* was constructed in 1872. As far as Hautes-Côtes the great work can be traced uninterruptedly, either continuing its course subterraneously or following the sinuosities of the ground; but between the latter-named place and the Ouros district it only makes itself apparent at long intervals.

No monumental structure meets the eye until we reach the Arcs Bonhomme, a curious edifice constructed in accordance with some hydraulic law, the nature of which is not explained. We are now within sixteen kilometres of Fréjus, and it is necessary to push our way through the centre of the Estérel. On attaining the huge eruptive *massif* we are enabled to gain an idea of the great natural obstacles that the Roman engineers had to overcome. Lofty and rugged hills with almost perpendicular sides had to be tunnelled, either at their base or towards their summit, or when such an operation was not possible, it was necessary for the "canal" to make the circuit of the elevated parts. Torrents, valleys, gorges, and ravines had to be bridged; subterranean ways ranging from twenty to fifty metres in

length, according to the necessities of the situation, constructed, while breast walls had to be built as the colossal structure forced its way to its destination, overcoming every conceivable impediment in the form of forest lands, to the intricacies of which were superadded an almost inextricable medley of rocks, huge boulders, stunted trees, and every conceivable form of undergrowth. The greatest curiosity of this stupendous example of standardisation work is the double aqueduct known as the Arcs Sénéquier. The Arcs du Gargalon, situated at a distance of nearly five kilometres from Fréjus, originally consisted of a series of fourteen arches. Six only survive. This structure was built of materials found on the spot, a reddish-hued porphyry. The same may be said of the Arcs Bouteillière. After passing on our route a five-arched bridge known as the Arcs Bonnet, we approach the land appertaining to the Château Aurélien. Within the grounds of this beautifully situated mansion a fine group also composed of five arches is in an excellent state of preservation.

The part of the aqueduct upon which we are now about to fix our attention is especially deserving of the most rigorous examination, insomuch as it affords an instance of a method of building unique in its character, as applied to works of this nature. In boldness and originality of design, as well as in execution, the plan here carried out by the Roman engineers is unparalleled. Each side of the real Porta Romana was flanked by a tower. On attaining this point in the construction of the aqueduct it was found that, in order to convey the water to the part where the town reservoirs were situated, it would be necessary to join the *cuvette* to the summit of the rampart, and so cause the stream to flow along the top of the walls to the desired terminus, distant one kilometre. It being no longer possible to prosecute the works in a straight line, a sharp turn to the

construction. Elegant and slender, it rears its lofty head. It measures twelve metres from the ground to the vault. Judging by the part that is not covered with ivy, it seems to have but little deteriorated since the days when it was transversely established within the rotundity of the tower. It was designed slightly at a slant, in order to render the angle less acute that was to contribute to the passage of the water. Still clinging to the graceful arch is a large mass of the rampart, preserved at its full height.

Of the various parts of the *thermæ* that have been preserved, mention may first be made of the "great hall" or swimming bath. This, according to Bernard de Montfaucon,[1] was the bath open to the general public. M. de Peiresc[2] has designated it the *balneum*. M. Texier terms it the *labrum*. Finally, Aubenas confers upon this principal hall the title of the *frigidarium*, comprising, as it did, within its limits the *piscina natalis*. The dimensions between the four walls in length and breadth were twenty-three metres seventy-five centimetres, and nine metres twenty-five centimetres, respectively. Two flights of steps placed at the two extremities of the parallelogram led down to the bath itself from the *promenoir*.[3] A lofty and deep recess, termed by all our authorities the "great niche," was formed in the centre of the side facing the principal entrance. This was the *schola*. It was intended for the accommodation of those who attended the bath as mere spectators. Situated immediately at the back of this large bathing hall are the striking remains of an edifice which, in the strangeness of the peculiarities characterising what is preserved of it, and in the richness of the deep brown hues that lapse of time and the sun of Provence have conferred upon it, presents to the eye what may be termed a "wealth of ruin." Two sides only of this roofless building still exist. On the left is a niche-shaped cavity. On this same side are two smaller niches, and on the wall facing us four more. As late as 1803 even local savants had been mystified with regard to the original purpose of this edifice. Abbé Girardin had pronounced this rotunda to be the remnant of a temple, grounding his belief chiefly on the niches, which he considered to have been intended for the reception of the effigies of the local pagan divinities. This idea had become generally accepted. M. de Villeneuve-Bargemont, in the course of his excavations, discovered

[1] 1757.—Supplement, vol. iii.

[2] 1630.—Peiresc's portfolios are preserved in the Cabinet des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

[3] The bath itself has been filled up with earth to the level of the *promenoir*, of which the two greater sides can still be distinguished, while three enormous pillars have been built upon the raised surface for the purpose of supporting the modern roof.

the true nature of the structure.[1] It had been a combination of hot, tepid, cold, and vapour baths. After penetrating to a depth of about one metre, a circular cavity was laid bare, the bottom of which was still coated with a layer of beton. Three circular steps led down to the interior. This central bath communicated with three smaller receptacles. The niches were intended to hold the ointments and other necessities that were applied at the completion of the ablutions, as well as the utensils used for burning perfumes or other purposes. The rotunda was crowned with a conical roof perforated at the summit. Both M. Texier and M. Aubenas draw an erroneous comparison between this rotunda and what they both term the "spheristerium" discovered in the public baths at Pompeii. This inaccuracy but serves to confer a still more unique character upon the Fréjus edifice. In fact, with regard to the number of sections into which the ancient *thermæ* of Forum Julii are still divided by the state of preservation of their walls, as well as by the uses ascribed to each subdivision, the Ferme de Villeneuve may be said to be amalgamated with the most perfect specimen of an ancient Roman establishment of this kind surviving in the whole of what was once Gaul.

Allusion has been briefly made to the most salient parts still extant of the *thermæ*. Suffice it to say in conclusion that, amongst other interesting remnants, six more halls still remain in a greater or less degree of preservation. With regard to their original destination, authorities agree to differ. One, according to Peiresc, was the *tessellatum*. In the opinion of Montfaucon, it was the *frigidarium*. M. Aubenas considers that it was the *spoliatorium*. M. Texier believed that this room and the two adjoining it were "private baths." The opinion of M. Aubenas is probably the correct one. In this case, the following room would have been the

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LADY AND HER IMPRESSIONS.

THE letters which will be found below are printed for the sake of the sidelight which they throw on some of the doings of our forefathers in the eighteenth century. The lady who wrote them was a sister of Henry Hulton, the chief British Commissioner of Customs during the years that immediately preceded the American War of Independence. A selection from a graphic correspondence which she carried on with the same relative to whom these letters are addressed, while residing with her brother at Boston during that eventful period, has been accepted by the "North American Review," and will shortly appear in the pages of that journal. The letters which form the matter of the present article start from an earlier period in Miss Hulton's life, and conclude with a description of her brother's arrival in America, where she soon afterwards joined him. Her account of her brother's connection with the special Commission appointed to settle the contractors' accounts towards the end of the Seven Years' War seems specially interesting, as suggesting a curious parallel in several points to the proceedings that were investigated by the recent Commission of Inquiry into the war lately ended. The writer's description of English society at Boston and London will also, we hope, seem worth the printing. The picture with which the correspondence closes is a singularly quaint one, presenting as it does the twofold spectacle of Great Britain's representatives attempting to *dance* themselves into the favour of the aggrieved American Colonies, and of America as the last place to go to in search of a rich wife.

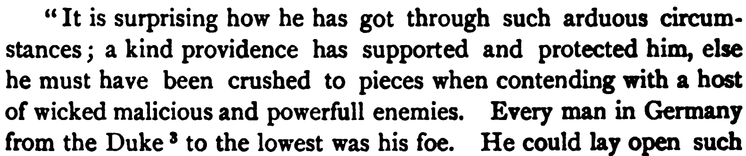
It has been thought best to leave the letters to speak for themselves, with the aid of a few notes to explain such points as seem to need explanation.

"Westminster, Dec. 10, 1763.

". . . I intended writing to you as soon as I knew where our situation in London would be; but we are not yet fixed; my

Brother has been looking out some time for more convenient lodgings. We are here 3 miles from the Custom House, his employment is a new establishment[1] by Mr. Grenville, and the business is to examine and give instructions to the officers of His Majesty's Customs in the plantations, and no one can be appointed without a certificate from my Brother; there are numbers now waiting to receive instructions from him, and he has first to learn by consulting Acts of Parliament, and then he is to form a plan for conducting the Business, which has not before been under any regulations. It is very extensive, being not only appointing new officers, but an inspection over all the officers abroad, in order that they do their duty, and the prevention of frauds. Mr. Grenville appears to have it much at heart, and hopes thereby to find a great increase in the Revenue. My Brother is dependent on none but Him and the Commissioner of ye Customs, both whom he has immediate communication with. The salary fixed is £500 p^r^ ann. and ye fees supposed will be above £200. The task they have set him seems to be, after combating with ye knaves in G.,[2] to find em out in America and ye West Indies. I am concerned it is a place that requires so much attention and care, for the constant application and perplexing difficulties he has been subject to above two years past has I fear injured his health, and relaxation and exercise would be best for him. He intends going to Bath about Xtmas as he's advised.

"It is surprising how he has got through such arduous circumstances; a kind providence has supported and protected him, else he must have been crushed to pieces when contending with a host of wicked malicious and powerfull enemies. Every man in Germany from the Duke[3] to the lowest was his foe. He could lay open such



Treasury, and their Lordships immediately appointed the Commission of Inquiry, investing the Commissioners with a power greater than the Secretary of State has here. This struck terror and gave a check to the iniquitous practices which, if carried on, and the war continued a few years longer, must have exhausted the Treasure of Britain, and proved its ruin, even though we had still been successful in arms. It is strange there was not a man in Germany that would make a stand against the general corruption. There was some few of honest hearts, but intimidated by power and carried by the stream, not one man to be found in whom skill, honesty, spirit, and ability were united. Nor were there, they say, any men that would have undertaken and gone thro what Mr. Cuthbert and my Brother did, nor would they again, I believe, upon any consideration whatever. Mr. Cuthbert is a fine old gentleman, but I doubt his heart is broke by these German affairs. My Brother could have got £50,000 in six months' time after he went over, with much less trouble than it cost him not to do it, tho it must have been on terms too hard for him to submit to.

". . . Methinks 'tis a strange world I am got into. I can't stir out but I must either be jolted in a hackney coach, or have a German valet attending me that can scarce speak a word of English. Indeed, I walk in the park sometimes, when the weather is good, and I've company, and yesterday I presumed to venture out by myself to call upon a young lady whom I had been to see oftener than once with my Brother; but it's a shame to say I lost myself, and could neither find the way there nor home again, tho at length I arrived safe back to my great joy.

"It is expected the Court will be very gay soon when the Hereditary Prince[1] arrives. They say the Princess Augusta is in very poor spirits on the prospect of her change of circumstances, and that the Hereditary Prince has not a great deal of zeal, having, its said, another attachment. This alliance can be no great advantage to England, which, however, is very generous in its Dowry[2] to the Princess.

"Yesterday Mr. Wilkes' trial with the Secretary of State,[3] at the Court of Common Pleas, was decided in favour of Wilkes, and £1,000 damages allowed him. Lord Halifax and Mr. Wilkes both live in the next street to us, that is Georges Street. Wilkes' house was illuminated last night, and the mob went with musick and played before his Door, shouting for Wilkes; then they went to Lord

[1] Of Brunswick; married Princess Augusta, eldest sister of George III.

[2] Parliament voted £80,000.

[3] The Earl of Halifax.

H.'s doing the same and cursing Lord H. To-morrow Wilkes is to be brought before the House of Lords to answer to y[e] accusation of writing a libel, and its expected he must stand in the Pillory. I hope he will recover of the wound he received in the duel for Mr. Martin's sake, a gentleman my Brother is more obliged to than any man in the world." [1]

"Bath, Jan. 4th, 1764.

". . . I wish you and Mr. L.[2] would take a journey to Bath now, I think drinking the waters would do you both good; however, I submit my judgment to those of better skill, and own my advice is not quite free from selfish motives, tho I don't expect a fee for it.

". . . I think this a more agreeable place than London to dissipate time and money in, when in a short space of time you see all the world, and every genteel amusement in a small compass, tho I think the continued sameness & repetition must render it insipid after a while, even to those who have the highest relish for it. Bath, they say, never was fuller of company than at this time, and among the thousands of faces I have seen here, I've not met one that I knew before I came, except Lady Cunliffe. My Brother meets acquaintance everywhere; one half of the strangers, I believe, are West Indians. I have been at every Ball since I came except one; last night the company was very genteelly dressed, the richest silks are wore. I heard before I came that there was no appearing in the Rooms without a hoop, so forsooth I must have a negligee hoop, and a new negligee [3] of figured satten to wear with it, but I have not worn my hoops yet, for most ladies are without, excepting those who wear long hoops and dance minuets, they wear small Fly caps [4] and white or black lace Ruffs and necklaces. Its very well to have one's

guinea Loo. Its shocking to see children not above 12 years of age initiated in the art of Gaming, a fine school this indeed.

"It is remarkable they say when the affair happened between Mr. Martin and Wilkes, a sister to each of them being at Bath, they communicated to each other the advices they had on that affair, an acquaintance commencing upon it, and they became afterwards the best friends in the world and inseparable companions.

"The week before I left London I spent an Evening at Mrs. Rogers[1] and was much pleased with my visit. Mrs. R. was exceeding obliging and friendly. She enquired after you and your family.

". . . When I wrote you last I was not determined on the journey here, and it was uncertain where I should be, as we intended leaving our Lodgings, which was a reason for mentioning Letters being sent under cover to my Brother at the C. H. [Custom House] as well as to let you know a frank in that case would be unnecessary, not indeed that I should think paying postage anything.

". . . Wishing you ye Compliments of the Season.

"Y^r affect. Fr^l,

"A. H."

"London, Jan. 24, 1764.

". . . We have now changed the scene from the gay to the busy world again. The Princess Amelia[2] came to Bath to be out of the way at the time of the P. of Brunswick's wedding and to avoid the ceremonies of the Court on that occasion. She is, or is supposed to be, out of health, was quite retired, and never appeared in the publick Rooms whilst we were at Bath. . . . Everybody here is full of the disasters and sufferings they or others have undergone in going to Court, the Play, or opera, since the P. of B. came to England. A lady related to my brother the scene of distress she passed through in going to the opera last Saturday night. It was impossible for chairs to be carried through the mob; this lady was soon separated from her companions and servants, and being squeezed and knocked about in the mob for a considerable time would have given ever so much to have got back, but knew not whereabout she was. At length she got into the House and found most of the Ladies there in the same shattered condition as herself, some with their Caps, Handkerchiefs, and Ruffles torn off, a lady with a diamond Earing [*sic*] in one ear and none in the other. A gentleman took up several Capuchin cloaks, and the lady I mentioned found a bracelet. At the

[1] A cousin of Miss Hulton, and mother of Samuel Rogers, the poet.

[2] Second daughter of George II.

Play a gentleman had both his arms broke, and another lost his wooden leg. It was with great difficulty the King and Queen got through the Rooms to chapel last Sunday, and many ladies, they say, came crying to Court, meeting the same treatment as those at the opera. . . .

"Yrs.,

"A. H."

"London, Feb. 22, 1764.

". . . Yesterday morning we were at Mr. Rogers' in C. H. Square,[1] when a good deal of company met by appointment to see the famous conjuror Jonas,[2] a German Jew, who performs surprizing things by dexterity of hand. He had been several times with the King, which perhaps has brought it so much in fashion to see him. He is the general topick of conversation. Besides the many wonderful tricks he does, he will play a game at Whist 20 guineas to a shilling and give the opposite parties 9 of the game and [?] honours. He can conjure with cards he pleases into his own hand, tho another person deals em, and will change hands with any of the party. He will carry off a great deal of money. He gets, they say, 10 guineas a day and must be engaged a fortnight before, being so much called for.

"Yrs. etc.,

"ANN HULTON."

"Willaston, Sept. 4, 1767.

". . . I have many things to tell you, and some very interesting events I must communicate to my friend.

"I received a letter from my brother,[3] date Aug. 29th; that morning about 5 o'clock my sister [*i.e.* sister-in-law] was happily delivered of a fine boy. . . . A few hours after this stranger arrived in this world my brother received a summons from the Treasury to prepare for

Grace the D. of G.[1] to be the first in the Commission was a mark of great confidence; had he declined accepting this offer he must have remained at home on his bare salary, and should never have been taken notice of again by the Treasury. But he must go immediately as soon as the Commission has passed the Great Seal; it will be a great embarrassment to him. He cannot possibly remove his family and effects. Therefore he will endeavour to get leave to stay till spring, though the Treasury are bent on a speedy establishment of the Commission.

"Now you must know that my brother and sister, it seems, are desirous for me to accompany them. He says I may be sure it would make them very happy, and that he shall be in such a situation as to give me every advantage that the place and society can yeild [*sic*], and for my comfort we shall not be exposed to such a corruption of manners, as in London, for the Presbyterians have the majority at Boston.

"Yrs.,

"A. H."

'London, Dec. 17.

". . . To-day we have the pleasure to receive two letters from my brother of the 5th and 15th Nov., giving an account of his voyage and safe arrival at Boston, a pretty good voyage of six weeks. He was sick half the time; as for J. Hincks he never was ill, but eat and drank all the way. Our next attention is to what reception the Commissioners met with . . . Many people think they will meet with difficulties, having turbulent folks to deal with. My brother is pretty well known there and in the West Indies by his late employment, and we hope from what we have heard that they are rather prejudiced in his favor, though his present commission will not help to recommend. He says they happened unluckily to arrive on the most riotous day in the year, the 5th Nov. He believes the mob carried twenty Devils, Popes, and Pretenders through the streets, with labels on their breasts, Liberty and Property and no Commissioners. He laughed at 'em with the rest.

"Yr. aff. friend,

"A. H."

"London, Feb. 15, 1768.

". . . My sister [sister-in-law] and I are as happy as we can be in our absence from my brother, and as busy as we can be in preparing to go to him. We shall embark, I believe, sooner than we thought of, for there is but one vessel appointed fit for us to sail in; its

[1] Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury.

called the Boscawen, Captain Jácobson. The Merchants are so obliging as to give my sister the choice of her company in the cabbin, there being many persons desirous to go in the same ship. The company fixed on are the Collector of Bahama and his lady and young child, who have made the voyage before and will know how to bear the squalling of brats. . . . My little nephew was inoculated in the height of the fashion in the cool way.[1] My sister, I believe, would never inoculate one so young again. . . . It was indeed very providential J. H. [J. Hincks] not going to Florida. . . . The Commissioners have appointed him Clerk of the Minnets [*sic*], which they say is the best place in the disposal of the Board. The Commissioners began an Assembly at Boston in order to wear off the prejudice of the people and to cultivate their acquaintance. There were about 100 at the first opening of it, and my brother had the honour of dancing the first minnuet. J. H. made no small figure at it, and is very easy and happy with them all, but the misfortune is there are no fortunes there."

E. RHYS JONES.

[1] A new method of inoculation from small-pox before the days of vaccination. It prescribed exercise in the cold air and the drinking of cold water, instead of the older plan of confining the patient to his bed when the eruptive fever of the inoculated small-pox had developed.

THE EXILE.

I AM an exile in a foreign land,
  Alone, with the memory of the past.
In the still evening I lie upon the edge of the cliff
And look out over the sea,
That mysterious, incomprehensible expanse,
  To which there seems no end.
This barren rock is my outermost prison wall.
The sea is my jailor, an inscrutable and stern guardian
  That keeps ceaseless vigil.
My fetters, which are stronger than iron, can never be cast off;
They are bound about my soul.
The first man was not more lonely than am I.
In this deep solitude there is nothing to disturb the current of my thoughts.
My imagination has free play:
My thoughts are away over the sea.
I leave the hateful land far behind
And speed swiftly away over leagues and leagues of sea
Over a desolate waste of water,
Where no living thing is to be seen.
  I pass by the ships.
Some of them are buffeted by fierce winds
  And in danger of being lost.
Some of them go merrily, under full sail,
  Towards the far-off haven.
Some of them plough resistlessly through the water,
  Impatient of all delays.
These ships are full of human beings,
Amongst whom are, perchance, my friends.
  All are glad, and talk gaily with each other.
They pass the time with music, and singing, and laughter
Friend sits beside friend,
Talking of home and of those who will presently greet them

They are happy,
Looking forward to the day when their ship
Will safely bring them into port.
And my heart is as heavy as lead.
  The sea is appalling.
It is well nigh impossible to comprehend the extent of it;
I am as nothing in comparison with it.
This vast sepulchre will soon receive my body
Into its silent depths.
How easily will it contain me!
How soon will the little ripples that I shall make in it;
  Die away!
    Now I enter the world's great highway,
Where ships of every nationality come and go.
  There are monstrous shapes of iron
That plough deep furrows and leave long trails of smoke behind them.
There are narrow hulls
That cleave the waters with race-horse speed.
Stately ships of merchandise pass on their way,
With bellying sail.
  At last the land!
That little cloud low down on the horizon is my native land.
In fancy I approach my dear native land from the sea.
More quickly than the swiftest ship
  I reach the land of my birth.
And now I gaze upon familiar scenes.
  Here is a great harbour full of ships,
Some swinging with the tide, at anchor,

Everywhere is movement and confusion;
Ceaseless noises re-echo on all sides.
The tramp of many feet mingles with the rumbling of wheels,
The hoarse cries of men and the hiss of escaping steam.
Friends take leave of friends,
Standing at the closed doors and wishing them God speed.
Friends greet friends but newly come from a distance.
I travel more quickly than the swiftest train over the land of my birth.
I see peaceful fields where cattle graze,
The dividing hedge, the copse, the white road winding round the hill.
I see fields where the golden harvest lies waiting to be gathered in.
Here is a village nestling in the hollow,
In the midst of which rises the church tower, ivy-covered.
Now the rolling wind-swept downs bid me welcome as I pass by.
They too are old friends, I know
Each chalk basin hollowed in their sides.
The soft winds of my native land
Whisper their secrets to me as they come o'er the hills.
They caress me, and pass by.
Nothing is changed; it seems but yesterday
I passed this way. Yet I know
The varying seasons have endured.
I hasten on, for the goal is already in sight.
In the distance the smoke of a great city drifts slowly away,
And a hundred sudden spires pierce the sky.
The broad highways greet me as I approach.
At first are pleasant houses with trim gardens, standing alone;
Afterwards many houses in rows;
Blocks of tall unsightly houses with mean courts and yards;
Bridges; a network of lines; tall posts; distant lights;
Swiftly moving shapes; towers; chimneys and housetops,
And a golden cross shining high over all.
The city welcomes me with the sound of its hurrying feet,
The roar of its wheels and the murmur of its strife.
I feel the beating of its mighty heart.
It was my home.
All these things were mine to share and to enjoy, by inheritance and right;
But they are mine no longer.
On swift wings my fancy bears me to the goal.

Once more I pass through the familiar streets;
Once more I pause upon the well-remembered threshold.
Often, in days gone by, my steps have led me hither, but now
This way I shall never pass again,
These portals I may never more enter.
There is a window in the house that looks out over waving treetops
  Towards the setting sun.
I know that at this hour, by this window, someone is seated
  Alone.
I am sure that she is thinking of me.

R. M. LUCEY.

TABLE TALK.

"Herne the Hunter."

THE revival, at His Majesty's, of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with Mr. Tree as Falstaff and Miss Ellen Terry as Mistress Page, though for a week only, inspired so much interest that I feel disposed to communicate a little information concerning the play, or a matter connected with it, which is not generally possessed or accessible. Everyone knows, of course, the crowning punishment reserved by the merry but offended matrons for the fat and libertine knight who has wooed them both to dishonour at the same time and in the same terms—that of luring him beneath "Herne's oak" in order to fright him, and let the mock fairies

> mutually
> Pinch him for his villainy.

The legend concerning Herne the hunter, as told by Mistress Page, is as follows :—

> There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
> Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
> Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
> Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
> And there he blasts the tree, and takes[1] the cattle;
> And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
> In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
> You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
> The superstitious idle-headed eld[2]
> Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
> This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
>
> *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

This seems sufficiently explicit. Curiously, however, no such legend of Herne the hunter seems to exist, and it is open to doubt whether before the time of Shakespeare any mention of such a character had been made.

No Legend of Herne the Hunter existing.

I AM, of course, aware that until August 31, 1863, when it was blown down—having attained the reputed age of 650 years—a tree known as Herne's oak existed in Windsor forest, and was supposed by some, though the point was fiercely contested, to be that to which Mistress Page refers. (See C. Knight's *Local Illustrations to 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,'* Gilpin's "Remarks on Forest Scenery,"

[1] Bewitches. [2] Olden time.

Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1841, and January to April, 1868; Jesse's "Gleanings," second series, and Perry's *Treatise on the Identity of Herne's Oak*, 1867.) Queen Victoria on September 12, 1863, planted another oak to replace that which had fallen; and this, I believe, perpetuates to this day the name of Herne. None the less, there seems some reason to regard the name of "Herne the hunter" as mythical. In the quarto of 1602 (*An excellent, pleasant, and conceited Comedy of Sir John Ffaulstof and the Merry Wives of Windesor*), whether it be a first sketch of Shakespeare's comedy or a work taken from the prompter's copy and spuriously issued, the name is different. The character is therein called "Horne the hunter." In this—which must, I think, have been known to Shakespeare—Mistress Page says:

Hear my deuice.
Oft haue you heard, since Horne the hunter dyed,
That women, to affright their little children,
Sey that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that Falstaffe hath bene so deceiued
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like Horne,[1] with huge horns[1] on his head.

. . . .

Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With little boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.

Herne the Hunter.

IN favour of the view that the name should be "Horne the hunter" not "Herne the hunter" there is just one curious and very interesting piece of evidence. In an unprinted MS. of the time of Henry VIII. in the British Museum (MS. Bib. Reg. 17 C. xvi.) the name of Richard Horne, yeoman, appears among those of the "hunters" who, having been examined, have confessed to hunting in his Majesty's forests. This incident may well have put Shakespeare or his predecessor on the track of the name. At any rate, the coincidence seem remarkable. If my reader thinks this trifling, I am

THE

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FANNY THE REBEL.

A PHASE OF JEWISH LIFE.

BY KATHARINE SYLVESTER.

GRANDMAMA ETTINGHAUSEN was in the big chair by the window overlooking the sunny strip of garden, her basket of sewing by her side. Opposite her sat Fanny, her granddaughter, occupied in shredding beans into a blue china bowl. Grandmama chatted away as she sewed, in the cheery fashion that was her wont, bursting every now and again into snatches of old-fashioned song—this last perhaps to cover the silences, for Fanny was unresponsive to-day. Indeed, an acute observer might have detected a forcing of the note in the old lady's cheerfulness; and the same observer, peeping over her granddaughter's shoulder, would have seen something resembling teardrops fall among the shredded beans into the bowl on her knees. At length there came a pause in the flow of grandmama's prattle, and into it broke suddenly a sound like a checked sob. The old lady dropped her work, and gazed over her spectacles at the drooping figure opposite. "Come here, Fanny," she said, tenderly imperative. The girl rose and knelt beside her grandmother, hiding her face in the folds of the latter's gown. For a few moments pattings and smoothings supplied the place of verbal consolation. Then the old lady spoke, very quietly, continuing the stroking.

"This is what must be. Fanny has a loving heart, and parting is sorrow. But it is well for you to go, my child. I have done what I can through the years, that my dear daughter's little girl should not feel too heavily the loss of father and mother. But there are things

I have left undone—the observances of our sacred religion; I have grown sadly lax since your grandfather's time, God rest his dear soul! It was his pious spirit that breathed into them the breath of life, and when he died they seemed to die too. What did I want with the forms that were dead to me? But it is proper you should learn to be a good little Jewess. The other grandmama will tell you all I should have remembered." Here tearful murmurings expressed Fanny's want of desire for further spiritual equipment. Unheeding the interruption, the old lady proceeded, but with something of hesitancy. "And there are other reasons. Here in this old-world country corner who comes to see us, and whom do we go to see? The doctor and his wife, the curate who asks you to write your name in Hebrew for his sister's birthday book; none of our own people. And you have grown to an age when the future must be thought of. Now in London, at Grandmama Langenbach's, there will be opportunities, and she is one who will know how to use them. Who knows? in a year or two they may be sending for me to come and see my little Fanny stand beneath the canopy, a fair young bride, beside a bridegroom who adores her, and who can give her many things?" Fanny had before this abandoned the recumbent attitude. Now she sprang from her seat, and stood facing her grandmother, indignant, reproachful. "Is it for that you are sending me away from you? To be sent about on approval for the inspection of possible husbands—to fall in love to order? Granny, I thought you had known me better!"

Grandmama gazed tenderly at the little quivering image of insulted maidenhood. She put out an arm, and drew her down again to her former posture.

"I spoke like a silly, indiscreet old woman who belongs to a

"And was that the last you heard of the gentleman?" asked Fanny, in a tone suggestive of pity for the eluded one.

Grandmama looked down, and trifled with the sewing in her lap. She had meant that her recital should be considered at an end. But Fanny's eyes with the question in them were fastened on her face.

"Well, no." She hesitated, with an embarrassed laugh. "I don't know exactly how it came about afterwards; but you see—well—it was your grandfather, Fanny." The girl gave a start, her face flushed.

"Grandmama," she murmured, "I always understood that it was a love affair between you and grandpapa."

"And so it was, my Fanny, so it was. Love from the beginning until death." And this time there was that in the old lady's look and tone that checked further discussion.

. . . .

Grandmama Langenbach lived in a square in Bloomsbury, in a great house with a back staircase and a Georgian savour for anyone endowed with a fine historic *flair*. It would need perhaps to have been an exceptionally fine one; for the mistress of the house, whose mode of thought in most directions suggested her connection with a remote period of history, the Babylonian captivity for example, was only too much up-to-date in the matter of the fashions, and had refurnished late in life, with expensive ugliness, from a house in Tottenham Court Road. Lying back among the cushions of her stately barouche, she further exemplified in her own person these opposing conditions, for, under the Paris bonnet which crowned her large brown, impassive face, was the smooth wig she had assumed since the time when, an eighteen-years-old bride, her head had been shaved in accordance with a custom of her race. Her father had been a sort of rabbi in a remote Continental town, and she had been bred in a system of complicated religious observance, which she imposed relentlessly on her own household. To the unwary it was full of pitfalls, and Fanny, the new arrival, found it all the more trying when she discovered that for her grandmother it held no grain of spiritual leaven. The latter adhered to it for the same reason that a snail adheres to its shell. Her attitude towards Christian society illustrated another aspect of snaildom. To her they were as Hittites and Jebuzites. They concerned her not; she was shy of them, while at the same time she despised them, grudging almost a cup of tea when chance brought a stray one as visitor to her drawing-room. Fanny was introduced to her grandmother's state of mind in this matter about a week after her arrival, when she showed the latter an invitation she had received from some country friends now living in London.

Mrs. Langenbach shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose you can go if you want to; but understand, I do not approve of Christian visiting. What do we want with them? They come among us to pry and sneer and get out of us what they can And then, for young girls, it is playing with edged tools—at best a waste of time."

"A waste of time?" repeated Fanny, wondering. The other grandmother had rather kotowed to the Gentile than otherwise. Recognising her race's limitations, her unconscious leaning was towards amalgamation. Here was an echo of Shylock, an answering cry to the *Hep, hep* of the persecutor.

"Yes, a waste of time," snapped Mrs. Langenbach. "Pure waste; you can't *marry* one of them. Anyhow, if you do go to these people—as I dare say you will, for all I say—do not put on your new dress. The one you brought with you from the country will do very well. I cannot conceive what Mrs. Ettinghausen can have been thinking of," she muttered, rising to go upstairs and dress for her drive. Fanny remained a few moments standing where she was, vexed and flushing. She had already realised that it was not to satisfy yearnings of grandmotherly affection that she had been withdrawn from the care of the loving arms that had held her since infancy. She was regarded, she knew, in the light of a task whose fulfilment would occur when a suitable match had been found for her. Her disgust notwithstanding, she could not but admire the sense of duty that expressed itself so energetically in her behalf. Mrs. Langenbach accompanied her granddaughter to milliners and dressmakers, and superintended all the fittings, pulling, tugging, and trying effects of drapery with the passion of a virtuoso, but with as little reference to the taste of the chief person concerned as though she had been a lay figure. Then, that there might be no disparity between the inside and outside of the cup and platter, there were so-called finishing lessons, at which grandmama also assisted in person, bobbing her head out of time when they made music, and generally taking the savour out of things for both teacher and taught. Fanny took it all very patiently, the frocking and the finishing, the restraints of the religious code that denied her the opening of her letters or the pleasure of a personal poke at the fire on the Sabbath. She was frightened of Mrs. Langenbach, and that was the truth—of her half-shut eyes, her inscrutable, sphinx-like smile, her slow, guttural, stinging speech. The other grandmother would have opened her eyes and chuckled a little perhaps, to have seen her mutinous Fanny transformed into such submissiveness. She would have wondered

less could she also have been aware that, in spite of outward seeming, Fanny was gathering together all her forces for resistance on the one point where Mrs. Langenbach most desired submission.

The campaign opened in this wise.

Fanny, coming suddenly one day into the drawing-room, found her grandmother and her grandmother's cousin, Mrs. Drucker, a widow with a fine house in Bayswater, with their heads close together, holding animated talk. They stopped short at sight of her, eyeing her in such a manner as to leave no doubt that she herself was the subject under discussion. She would have withdrawn at once, but Mrs. Langenbach beckoned her forward with an unusually benign expression. "Yes, it's about you we're talking. You are to dine at cousin Drucker's to-night, and you are to wear your new gown." She nodded with a significance that set Fanny's face on fire. "Go now, and tell Hermine to set out your things," she added quickly, her expression changing as she watched her granddaughter. Then, in an audible whisper, as the latter turned to cross the length of the room, "She's been so badly brought up. Heaven knows if it will be settled before he goes to stay with cousin Maria in Birmingham; and then when he sees Maria's Rosalie——"

Fanny vanished out of hearing, a laugh bubbling up in the midst of her wrath. She had grown to hate the name of Rosalie, a paragon of all virtues and accomplishments constantly held up to herself for admiration and imitation. Would it not be presumptuous to consent to be matrimonially served before such an one? Then, again overwhelmed by the tide of her wrath: "It has come at last, then! I am to be arrayed in all my finery and sent out on approval. And if I do not suit—— It's too horrible! I should like to lace my bodice awry, and do my hair upside down." But this possible manœuvre was denied her by the entrance, at a critical stage of the toilet, of grandmama, to whose loud-voiced satisfaction with the finished result, a sidelong glance at the looking-glass induced Fanny to give inward corroboration.

. . . .

The type was a foregone conclusion. She had picked him out at once from the group of dress-coats standing round Mrs. Drucker's drawing-room fire. A quarter of an hour later, during the short transit on his arm between drawing-room and dining-room, she was occupied in telling over to herself some of the points that made him a characteristic specimen. Like most of the eligibles of her grandmother's set, he was "made in Germany," with a fair beard, fresh-complexioned, a pince-nez, and, what struck her (incorrectly, as it chanced)

with an unmistakable air of widowerhood. She found herself wondering, as she took her soup, whether girls or boys preponderated in his establishment. Then for the first time he turned to her with a remark, and the quality of unexpectedness in his voice and manner gave her quite a little thrill.

They had reached a point low down in the menu when Fanny awoke with a shock to a sense of incongruity between her present behaviour and the attitude she had meant to adopt. She and her new acquaintance, Paul Rosenthal (the name also was typical), had been floating down an agreeable stream of talk, oblivious, as far as she was concerned, of anything but the pleasure of the trip. She had difficulty later in recalling exactly the topics on which they had engaged, but she had a general impression of sympathy and common points of view, and for the first time for many weeks freedom of speech had seemed hers. Her countenance assumed a colour and a sparkle which, reflecting themselves in the face of her companion, had caused Mrs. Drucker to nod significantly to her *vis-à-vis* who was in the secret. It was that nod which had brought Fanny to a sudden standstill. With a burning blush, she turned abruptly to her left-hand neighbour, a youthful son of the house, and began plying him with questions about his work and his amusements. Paul Rosenthal looked puzzled. After a short pause he also turned to his neighbour on the other side, a lively lady, in whose conversational sallies he appeared for the rest of dinner to find an amount of amusement that inspired Fanny with a most inconsistent sense of injury.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, a young matron seated herself on an ottoman beside Fanny, into whose unsympathetic ears she began pouring a stream of servant troubles. But on the appearance in the doorway of the first black-coated stragglers, she rose with some ostentation, casting an arch look at Fanny. Paul Rosenthal was crossing the room in her direction, and Fanny, with quickened pulse, caught herself hoping he would avail himself of the vacated seat. Even if his attentions were unwelcome, she explained to herself, their withdrawal at this stage would be matter for humiliation. Before he had reached her corner, his hostess waylaid him and led him across to the piano. He seemed a willing victim, searching eagerly among some songs produced. Fanny, on her solitary island of ottoman, felt a little revulsion of coldness. She hated to hear men sing, her experiences having been hitherto drawn solely from performances at local penny-readings, where heat, redness about the gills, and physical exertion quite out of proportion to the vocal result, were characteristic features.

O Medjé, qui d'un sourire
Enchaîna ma liberté!

For the second time that evening Fanny thrilled with a little shock of surprise. It wasn't a bit like the singing of the curate at home. She sat bolt upright, and clenched her hands in involuntary defiance of the charm of the voice. But to no purpose. She felt herself turn hot and cold, and the tears sprang to her eyes. The music seemed charged with a special appeal to herself. She glanced at the singer. He directly faced her, and she saw that his features were almost at rest, that he sang as easily as he breathed. Then the charm completely overcame her, and she was conscious of nothing further till the song had ceased.

An hour or so later, Fanny came tiptoeing up the staircase of her grandmother's house, candle in hand. As she passed the first-floor landing a door opened, and Mrs. Langenbach, in night-cap and dressing-gown, appeared on the threshold.

"Well," she questioned sharply, "was it a nice party?"

Fanny yielded to a mischievous impulse. She feigned to suppress a yawn.

"It was like most dinner-parties, I suppose. The flowers were beautiful—orchids—and the waiting perfect. The man who took me in to dinner?—Some German, I forget the name; but Arnold Drucker was on the other side and explained the two kinds of football to me. He's a delightful boy!"

The door closed with an expressive slam, and Fanny, with a wicked little laugh, went on her way to her room. But the laugh wasn't all on her side; her grandmother would have rejoiced, doubtless, had she known for how many hours that night her aggravating granddaughter lay tossing on her bed while reviewing the incidents of the festival she had affected to despise. The enemy had begun the attack. He was more formidable than she had anticipated. She felt there must be a grand muster of all her forces, a putting forth of all her strategic power, if the end were not to be capitulation. And capitulation meant the triumph of Grandmama Langenbach. All through the night he haunted her, that outwardly commonplace German-Jewish man, with the nameless charm of manner and the voice that thrilled her—"O Medjé, qui d'un sourire. . . ." The fortnight that followed was the strangest in her experience. Almost every day there were lunch parties and dinner parties, either at her grandmother's or at one of her grandmother's numerous cousins'. Paul Rosenthal was always among the guests, and more often than not her allotted partner at table. The business was quite obvious to the

most short-sighted observer, even without the nods and becks of grandmama and the others. As for the leading gentleman in the little drama, Fanny could almost have flattered herself into believing that his part was an unprompted one. His attentions, though marked, had all the appearance of spontaneity, his manner never such as to warrant her assumption of the defensive. She allowed herself to drift on, aware of pleasant intercourse, not daring to ask herself where it would finally land her. Grandmama, on the other hand, was growing manifestly impatient. She wanted the match to be a *fait accompli*, so that she might get to work quickly on the trousseau and betrothal festivities. She didn't understand this beating about the bush. It all went much faster in her young days, she reflected. The late Mr. Langenbach and herself had only required three interviews to be convinced of their mutual desirableness. But she hadn't really long to wait. A day or two before his prearranged visit to the mother of the dreaded Rosalie, in Birmingham, he told Fanny, in her grandmother's hearing, with a significance that had on the former the effect of a call to arms, that he intended paying his farewell respects to her early the next morning. The grandmother beamed all over. His own manner held no doubt or tremors. Glancing from one to the other, Fanny realised herself to be on the brink of a situation from the mere thought of which she had once recoiled in horror. Had she been wilfully blind? she asked herself with an inward blush. At any rate, her eyes were open now, and she was free to look about or a method of escape.

. . . .

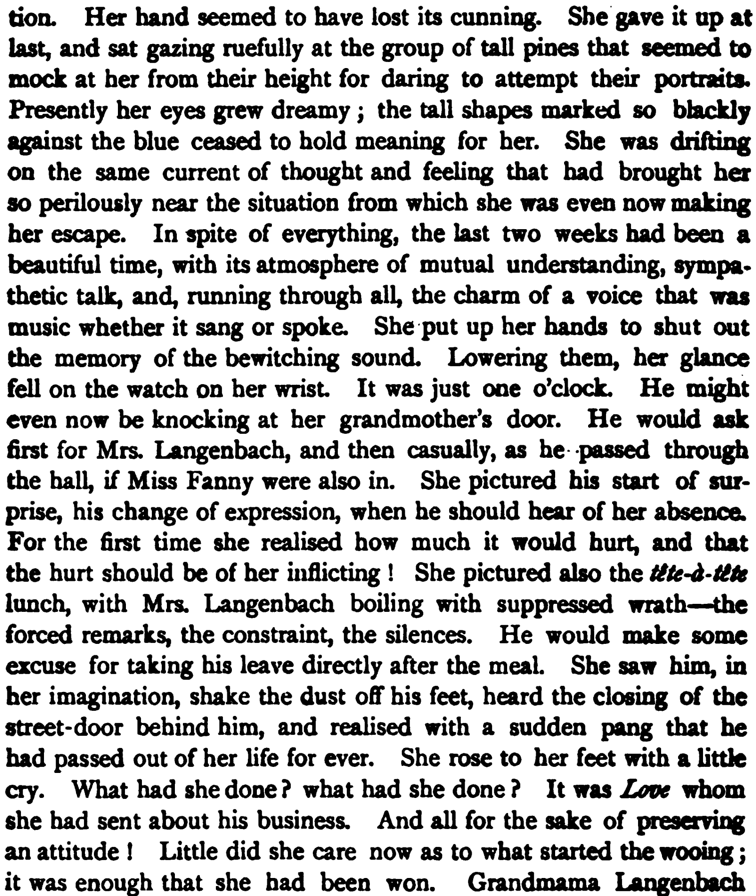
"Rachel is a fair cook, but she could never manage such a big dinner. Remind me to write to Mrs. Moses to-morrow, Fanny, to see what days she can give me." Going home that night in her

fortnight, and to face the facts of the case in all their native baldness. Here was she, an English-born, English-bred damsel, about to be drawn into an engagement with a man who, two weeks ago, was a stranger to her, who had been brought into her society with deliberate purpose of matrimony. Her own inclination in the matter had apparently never occupied the consideration of the other parties concerned: all that was expected of her was that she should, metaphorically speaking, open her mouth and shut her eyes, and thank Heaven for what followed. Never would she be mated under such conditions, whatever the opposition might cost her.

With the light of morning it came to her as an inspiration that her best policy lay in flight. There must be no interview with Paul Rosenthal, no parleying with the enemy. He would realise the significance of her manœuvre, and would respect it. Thus the matter would be put an end to, and difficult explanations avoided. What Grandmama Langenbach's views on the situation might be she did not dare picture to herself. On pulling up her window-blind, she found that Providence was likely to prove an aider and abettor of her scheme. It was a mild morning in October, with a sky that held a promise of fair weather. In the country the autumn tints would be at their richest. She had resolved to make her newly acquired skill at water-colour sketching an excuse for spending the day on Hampstead Heath. She hurried over her solitary breakfast (it was a merciful custom of Mrs. Langenbach's to have her own breakfast served in her bedroom), and then rang up the parlour-maid, to whom she entrusted a message to her grandmother in explanation of her absence. The servant received it with manifest surprise. "There is company to luncheon, Miss Fanny!" Her manner was distinctly expostulatory; she also was in the secret. Fanny blushed hotly. She murmured something by way of reply, and, catching up her sketching things, she hurried out of the house, the street-door closing behind her with a slam that reminded her uncomfortably of Ibsen's Nora.

An hour later she was on the Heath, at a point where, with an effect like a child's dream, London seems abruptly to come to an end, and a wide landscape spreads itself at the feet of the spectator. She stood still for a few moments, inhaling the air of the Heath, whose sweetness added to the sense of exhilaration born of the morning and a consciousness of successful strategy. Then she ran lightly down the hillside, in among the blackberry bushes and orange-tinted bracken, till she found a suitable place of encampment, a green glade among oaks and birches. She set to work at once with feverish energy, but, try as she would, she could do nothing to her satisfac-

tion. Her hand seemed to have lost its cunning. She gave it up at last, and sat gazing ruefully at the group of tall pines that seemed to mock at her from their height for daring to attempt their portraits. Presently her eyes grew dreamy; the tall shapes marked so blackly against the blue ceased to hold meaning for her. She was drifting on the same current of thought and feeling that had brought her so perilously near the situation from which she was even now making her escape. In spite of everything, the last two weeks had been a beautiful time, with its atmosphere of mutual understanding, sympathetic talk, and, running through all, the charm of a voice that was music whether it sang or spoke. She put up her hands to shut out the memory of the bewitching sound. Lowering them, her glance fell on the watch on her wrist. It was just one o'clock. He might even now be knocking at her grandmother's door. He would ask first for Mrs. Langenbach, and then casually, as he passed through the hall, if Miss Fanny were also in. She pictured his start of surprise, his change of expression, when he should hear of her absence. For the first time she realised how much it would hurt, and that the hurt should be of her inflicting! She pictured also the *tête-à-tête* lunch, with Mrs. Langenbach boiling with suppressed wrath—the forced remarks, the constraint, the silences. He would make some excuse for taking his leave directly after the meal. She saw him, in her imagination, shake the dust off his feet, heard the closing of the street-door behind him, and realised with a sudden pang that he had passed out of her life for ever. She rose to her feet with a little cry. What had she done? what had she done? It was *Love* whom she had sent about his business. And all for the sake of preserving an attitude! Little did she care now as to what started the wooing; it was enough that she had been won. Grandmama Langenbach



The question came faltering from pale lips. There was a singing in her ears, and the dreaded negative reached her through a fog of sound. Mrs. Langenbach was alone now, she was told. Mr. Rosenthal had stayed on until after four. He had waited for her then; she had not long missed him. A sickening sense of disappointment overwhelmed her. She stumbled along the hall, catching sight, as she passed the dining-room door, of grandmama, book in hand, beside her Sabbath lights, muttering her Hebrew prayers. She lifted her head, and, her lips still moving, shot at Fanny as she passed a look that sent the latter flying up the staircase to her own room. The shelter reached, she threw off her outdoor clothes, and then sat down to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with her own folly. It wasn't a pleasant interview. Her recent action, she reflected, might be summed up as the process known as cutting off your nose to spite your face. She would probably never see Paul Rosenthal again. He would think badly of her, strive to put her out of his memory, and to do this he would soon have the help of the golden-haired Rosalie, with her smiles and her guitar. Fanny's pain grew and grew, and she had never been good at bearing pain. She must struggle her utmost to get rid of it now, even at the cost of maiden dignity and self-respect. There was no time to be lost. She believed him to be leaving London the following night. She sought out writing materials, and hastily scribbled a few lines to his address:

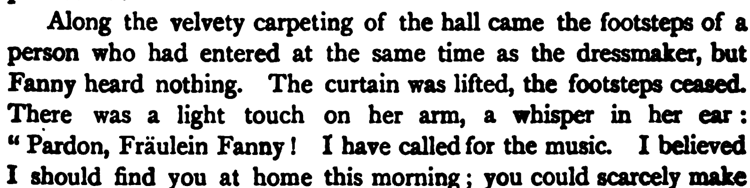
"You have left here a volume of Gounod's songs. I think you may want it to take to Birmingham with you. Shall I forward it? Or will you come here to-morrow morning to fetch it? Perhaps the latter course would be preferable."

Allowing herself no time for further reflection or repentance, she crept downstairs and fled with her letter to the nearest pillar-box, then again, breathless, back to her room. Her next proceeding was to ring up the maid and to excuse herself, on the score of a headache, from appearing at the Sabbath evening meal. That settled, she was free to abandon herself to an inevitable mood of shame and regret. How many times, during the hours that followed, would she, had it been possible, have recalled that letter? She pictured his receiving it, his scorn of her as he read, his exclamation of thankfulness that he had not asked such an one to be his wife. Then, to add variety to her emotion, came the tingling thought of a completely different issue. The morning brought no relief to her suspense. Fortunately, after her solitary, untasted breakfast, it settled down to rain, which, according to her grandmother's code, framed with an eye to best clothes, was a reason for her absenting herself from service at the

synagogue. She was free to retire to her room for the morning, there to sit quivering and straining at every sound from below. A knock at the door sent her heart into her mouth. It proved to be a maid with a message to the effect that her grandmother wished to speak to her in the boudoir before luncheon-time. She scarcely heeded the announcement. Other emotions had borne her beyond fear of the rod that lay in pickle for her. Then as the morning sped, all too quickly, all too slowly, without sound or sign, despair came over her. She paced up and down, twisting her hands and tingling with her shame. It was nearing one o'clock. If he had meant to come he would certainly have come earlier. She must throw Hope overboard, and set her face like a flint to meet the grandmotherly ordeal. Slowly she opened the door of her room, and came down the staircase, a poor little, heavy-eyed, drooping figure, whose pathos would have wrung the heart of the other far-away grandmother.

As she reached the hall, a loud knock at the street door sent her flying for shelter behind the curtain of an inner hall, where she stood awaiting the result with shaking knees and a heart that beat double-quick time. It was only a milliner's girl with a belated costume. From where she stood Fanny could interpret apologies, explanations. With a sicker feeling of disappointment than she had yet experienced, she turned her face to the wall and broke into suppressed sobs.

Along the velvety carpeting of the hall came the footsteps of a person who had entered at the same time as the dressmaker, but Fanny heard nothing. The curtain was lifted, the footsteps ceased. There was a light touch on her arm, a whisper in her ear: "Pardon, Fräulein Fanny! I have called for the music. I believed I should find you at home this morning; you could scarcely make



very April of smiles and tears. She held in her hand a letter from her granddaughter, in the course of which the writer, with some incoherence and many transports, announced the fact of her engagement, giving some attendant circumstances. When she reached the Hampstead Heath episode, the old lady leaned back in her chair and laughed till she cried. "A chip of the old block," she murmured, wiping her eyes. "To think of the child treating her bridegroom just as I did her poor grandfather—may his dear soul rest in peace! And, ach! how I long for a sight of my little Fanny!"

IMPERIAL TOKYO.

MEDIÆVAL Yedo, "The Estuary Gate," has developed into imperial Tokyo, the hybrid capital of Western Japan. In the fifteenth century Yedo was a mere fishing village on the sandy shore of a shallow lagoon, and a fortress built by a warrior prince in 1456 became the nucleus of the future metropolis. The usurping Shoguns, recognising the military advantages of Yedo, made it the seat of government, while the Mikado, retaining divine honours, but only the shadow of sovereign power, remained in seclusion at Kyoto, the Eastern capital, until the fall of the Shogunate in 1868 restored him to authority on his ancestral throne.

Tokyo covers the vast area of 100 square miles, a dark and dismal city, only brightened by the rich foliage of park and grove, the avenues of flowering cherry trees, and the florists' gardens which ruralise the environs. Miles of black wooden houses, curiously thatched and gabled, flank a network of canals surrounding the triple moats of the Imperial Palace, on the site of the Shogun's ancient fortress. Massive walls and gabled watchtowers defended this impregnable castle, where inward-sloping glacis and mossy escarpments, black-roofed gateways, and stone embankments bristling with gnarled pines, still individualise this feudal monument of

and the calendar of this poetic land is marked by the unfolding blossoms of Nature's pageant, from the springtide beauty of plum and cherry bloom, to the autumn "blush of the scarlet maple." The Japanese knows no sweeter pleasure than to meditate among the flowers cultivated to unexampled perfection, sipping tea under the purple wistaria tresses, enjoying the regulation three whiffs from a tiny pipe, and writing verses on strips of mulberry paper to hang on pink cherry bough or crimson tree-peony. Life under the blossoming branches resembles an idyl of the Golden Age, and transports our thoughts to an earlier world. Love of Nature produces a simplicity and refinement unique in an age of stress and strain, the traditional tastes which surprise us to-day underlying even the military ardour and strenuous deeds of the blood-stained past. In the year of grace 1903, though Japan hovers on the verge of inevitable war, the festival of the Chrysanthemum takes place with unabated enthusiasm. Excited crowds throng the lanes of Dango-Zaka, the suburb of Tokyo given up to the cultivation of the imperial flower—the sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum being the Government crest. Many-coloured lanterns, long banners bearing the scarlet disc of the Rising Sun (most prophetic of symbols !) gilt dragons, and graceful devices of the ever-decorative rice-straw, adorn the narrow streets, thronged with crowds in gala attire. Flower-decked heads, butterfly bows of silken *obis*, and gay *kimonos*, make a dazzling show. Here and there a damsel of the higher classes shows glimpses of three or four differently coloured *kimonos* of painted crape, worn one above another, her family crest embroidered in white on her back. Friends salute each other with three profound bows, and frequent use of the honorific titles customary in polite Japan. Brown children gather round bamboo booths filled with fragile toys made of straw, wood, or paper, of infinitesimal size, and marvellous cheapness, but showing conscientious workmanship and elaborate mechanism. A straw house with three sets of sliding screens is a perfect model of a Japanese dwelling. A *riksha*, apparently constructed from a shaving, possesses running wheels with a movable hood ; and a wooden sampan, oars and rowlocks complete, has every tiny peg in place. In matted sheds wooden stages are filled with waxen-faced figures in garb of Court or camp, made of living chrysanthemums trained over hidden frames. A Daimio in chrysanthemum robes of crimson and white stands amid attendant *samurai* in chrysanthemum armour of yellow and brown. A lady in floral train of shaded pink leans over a cascade of white blossom, falling from a flower-covered cliff. A cavalcade crosses a chrysanthemum bridge

of terra-cotta tint, the horses caparisoned in purple and gold. Tableau after tableau is wound up, the climax consisting of the national epic known as "The Forty-seven Ronins," a loyal band who died for their feudal lord. Shaka and his Arhats smile upon us in chrysanthemum robes of the sacred yellow, varying from orange to primrose, while giants and heroes, dragons, storks, and mythological animals, loom in the shadows of green bower and mossy cave. A junk with sails of red and amber blossom suffers realistic shipwreck in a chrysanthemum sea, where grey leaves and snowy flowers form an island of refuge encircled by white breakers. Showmen chant the story of the revolving scenes, more grotesque than pleasing, and in spite of the depth and brilliancy of colour, the chrysanthemum in its original home disappoints the eye accustomed to the soft hues and graceful contours of the English flower. Japanese exactness pricks every petal to uniform length, even adding an exquisitely fashioned paper flower to heighten the symmetry of a lop-sided bush, spreading the blossoms to gigantic size, dwarfing them to doll's house proportions, and growing them on stems eight feet high.

In the sombre avenues of Shiba and Ueno, diverted from monastic uses into public parks, stand those glorious mortuary temples of the mighty Shoguns, inferior in splendour only to the shrines of Nikko, and displaying like them the magnificent possibilities of lacquer as a medium of decorative art. The tomb of the second Shogun is the largest specimen of golden lacquer in the world, and the lustre obtained by grinding and polishing surface after surface of the varnish produces the effect of looking through a transparent lake into a sparkling bed of golden sand. Endless toil and care are required to bring lacquer to the perfection which renders it so indestructible that no connoisseur can decide the age

war. The blaze of gold and scarlet, emphasised by a background as of brilliant jet, on which the gilded statues cast golden shadows; the delicate floral sprays thrown with fairy-like lightness into the gleaming lacquer, but rendering it costly as jewels, fill these noble burial halls with pomp and colour. Dazzled eyes turn with relief to the darkness of the pine-groves, the shadowy tanks sown thickly with the sacred lotus, and the stone lanterns green with moss, as we follow a yellow-robed priest down a mouldering stair, and thankfully exchange the glories of Art for the restful calm of Nature. An ancient cherry tree growing over a Shogun's grave outside the historic monuments testifies to his love of flowers, and floral legends twine round numerous temples. The shrine of Umewaka, thronged by worshippers, commemorates a sorrowing mother, whose child, stolen as a slave, perished on the spot, and revealed himself through the sighing branches of a weeping willow. An anniversary service is still held beneath the sacred tree, and raindrops falling from the tremulous leaves are reverenced as "Umewaka's tears."

The great Asakusa temple is the sanctuary of the populace, crowding the long lanes of toy-shops, stalls of images, incense-sticks, and candles, leading to the gateway guarded by the red statues of the divine kings Indra and Brahma, who scare away demons from the hallowed spot. Crowds throw pellets of paper at these grotesque *Ni-o*, those which rest on the images signifying that the petitions symbolised will be answered. Yizo, "nourisher of little children," has a prayer-wheel in his shrine, and a crest of *three nets* commemorates the fishing-hut where the first altar to Kwannon was raised by an exiled prince who gained a precarious livelihood on this desolate spot by casting his nets at the mouth of the river Sumida, where, in A.D. 593, he fished up a miraculous image of the goddess, two inches high, the *raison d'être* of the present colossal temple.

Pigeons coo and flutter in the dusky courts, family parties sit round teapot and brazier, fortune-tellers retail their amulets, and children play round an altar where Shaka (the Japanese title of Buddha) smiles benignly across a shining galaxy of gold and silver lotus flowers. The great Asakusa bell booms at intervals, and a pilgrim procession enters the vast court with *ex voto* lanterns and pictures to add to the thousand offerings which already disfigure walls and roofs. To the shrine of Yizo weeping mothers bring the toys of their dead children, imploring his care for the little spirits set free from *Maya*, the world of illusion, for the passionate yearnings of the human heart break through the fetters of ironbound creed, and demand that unconditional immortality which Buddhism denies,

and Shinto ignores. The museum contains Christian mementoes of a Japanese embassy to Rome in A.D. 1614, sent by the Daimio of Sendai, and the gifts bestowed by the Pope remained until lately in the family of this religious inquirer. Pictures, rosaries, crucifixes, and a Japanese book of Catholic devotions, tell the story of the expedition, the photographed letters to the Pontiff in Japanese and Latin indicating the culture of the native prince. An ancient notice-board forbidding the adoption of Christianity belongs to a subsequent era of persecution, together with specimens of "trampling boards," oval blocks of metal stamped with figures in high relief of our Lord, the Cross, and the Blessed Virgin, which those suspected of embracing the Faith of Christ were ordered to tread under foot as a proof of orthodoxy. The great Shintomiza Theatre at Tokyo is the home of the traditional drama developed from the lyric *No*, which originated from the sacred dance of Shinto temples, commemorating the "woven paces and waving hands" of the heavenly hierarchy as they danced in mazy evolutions before the cavern of the great sun-goddess, Ama-terasu, "the Heaven Shiner." Men only are employed in dramatic performances, and the aristocratic prejudices of old-world Japan regarded actors as only one degree higher than the outcast *Eta*, butchers, leather-sellers, and curriers, whose contravention of Buddhist commands was held in abhorrence. The Tokugawa Shoguns were the first of the ruling class to recognise the valuable possibilities contained in the elementary germ of dramatic art. Puppets moved by wires supplemented the *No* dance, the custom surviving in the life-sized figures adorning Japanese fairs. Realistic scenes performed by human actors succeeded, as the inevitable reaction from dumb show, but until the Restoration brought about the overthrow of feudalism, the interpreters of dramatic art possessed no civic rights, and were held in general contempt. Theatres have changed their scope, and improved their methods, but social prejudice is too deeply ingrained to be eradicated in one generation, and the steps to be climbed by the actor who would rehabilitate himself in social esteem are steep and painful as those stairs which Dante trod with bleeding feet. The story of every historic play or pantomimic dance is familiar to the Japanese populace through oral tradition, but the written language of the drama is often unintelligible except to scholars. The *No*, with its ramifications and additions, was only performed in monasteries, and in the "spread-out houses" of the Daimios belonging to the Shogun's court, where alone the elaborate ceremonial and stilted expressions could be understood. Waving fans and tinkling bells possessed mysterious meanings

incomprehensible to the multitude, time was of no account, and the *No* generally occupied the greater part of three days. The first act expressed the religious idea of propitiation and sacrifice, the second concerned the punishment of the sinner through the agency of devils, and the third exalted the good and beautiful, who in fairy-tale fashion "lived happy ever after!"

Legend and myth, war and chivalry, contribute largely to Japanese drama. The stage is almost bare, the elementary scenery recalling descriptions of a playhouse in Elizabethan days, but armour and costumes are magnificent, the graven metal, rich brocades and gold-embroidered silks, vividly impressing the spectator with the feudal splendour of the great Daimios, whose exploits form the favourite theme of the actor. The audience sits on the floor partitioned off into low pens by planks enclosing six-foot squares occupied by numerous parties, drinking tea, smoking tiny pipes, and tapping them against the little *tabako bon* with its glowing cone of charcoal.

Tragedy, torture, miracle, and the hundred extravagances of an exaggerated chivalry, alternate with emotional sentiment, satire, and comic interludes, amazingly funny to the native mind, but appearing to the European dreary as the feeble jokes of a Greek play, and equally destitute of point. An English-speaking Japanese kindly interprets the dramatic mysteries, which certainly do not tell their own story to us by action. Settled authorship is unknown, the manager evolving a plot from his own inner consciousness, weaving into the fabric incidents of fact or fiction, from historic past or journalistic present, with the help of a literary assistant, who lops and prunes into shape the raw material submitted to him. A chorus in Greek fashion explains or declaims when the story gets entangled, but individual fancy has full play, and the spectator dreams himself back into the days of chivalry with uncritical delight. The long day at the theatre, from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M., requires perpetual tea-drinking between the lunch, dinner, and supper, carried in red lacquer *chow* boxes by swift-footed attendants. Some quaint little *mousmés*, with almond eyes and oblique eyebrows, throw down their painted fans to peck daintily at baked prawns, tiny fish, and salted bonbons, but the sight is less pleasing when they attack huge bowls of snowy rice, shovelling it down their long yellow throats as though pouring grain into a sack, and sending chopsticks after it to an alarming depth, in preparation for the next capacious mouthful. Children run about the house, lifting the flimsy curtain to peep at the preparations for the next act, and flitting away

only just in time to escape knocks from a revolving stage, covered with pine and bamboo to represent a forest-glade. A narrow platform extends from greenroom to curtain, and the actors strut along it in grotesque style, their slow and pompous walk affording opportunities of admiring the splendid robes. A company of demons and goblins dances behind them, the blood-curdling imagery of this haunted land unequalled in realistic terror. Japan, with her supernatural origin and sanguinary history, has supped full of horrors, reproducing and relishing them with eager zest. Green-eyed monsters glare through the gloom, and hideous gods descend in blue fire from the roof to seize their victims, who die with appalling shrieks, while liberal streams of red paint flood the stage. Adelphi melodrama is not more orthodox in rewarding the hero and punishing the villain than remote Japan, and a paternal Government forbids political plays, or allusions to modern developments of Court and Parliament, restricting theatrical performances to historical subjects and every-day romances.

As the crowd streams out of the theatre into the starlight, the paper lanterns of the Ginza flare on smoking eatables in trays of metal-work or porcelain set on the bare pavement. Tokyo loses her hybrid character under the dusky veil of night, the screens of wooden and paper houses are still undrawn, and afford glimpses of sleeping children on piled-up *futons* beneath gilded Shakas. Red lamps burn before ancestral altars inscribed with the family names woven into Shinto worship, and we forget for a moment the ever-rising wave of Europeanism which threatens to submerge ancient Japan. The review on the Emperor's birthday, though arousing patriotic enthusiasm, is less convincing to the spectator accustomed to the external brilliancy of European armies, though subse-

creed. On this auspicious day the chrysanthemum decks every house, and wreathes blackened eaves with rainbow garlands. The *mousmé* wears it in her satin black hair, ever uncovered, but alas *never undone*, save by the hairdresser, who periodically builds up the loops and coils of the elaborate coiffure, the wooden pillows in Japanese use keeping the oiled tresses in perfect order. Mothers with babies tied on their backs shuffle along in wooden clogs and digitated *tabi* of spotless white, the shaven crowns and gaudy little *kimonos* of red, orange, and violet drawing attention to the tiny children, apparently happy in their cramped position, and waving paper chrysanthemums or miniature flags. Japan is the paradise of childhood, steeped in an atmosphere of gentleness, for Buddhism, though corrupted by Chinese influence, and overlaid with worthless accretions, ever inculcates reverence to the aged and tenderness to children, lovingly designated in Japan as "the treasure flowers of life." No mention of the points of interest in the environs of Tokyo would be complete without allusion to the historic Tokaido, the great post-road of the Empire from Kyoto to Yedo, traversed by the tributary Daimios with their splendid retinues, as they went to and from the Shogun's court. The noble avenue of pines which shades the pebbled highway still remains, but the road itself is almost deserted. It is said that the traffic in the Middle Ages, and even down to the present century, equalled that of the most crowded London streets, and the Tokaido presented a kaleidoscopic scene of gaily clad pedestrians, palanquins, and pack-horses. The sunlight gleamed through the green roof of foliage on the armour of myriad retainers, and many a free fight occurred when the gorgeous trains of two princes met—though the etiquette of the rencontre was rigidly defined, the inferior in rank dismounting from his palanquin and waiting with his followers while the superior passed, the question of precedence being an oft-disputed point. Inns, tea-houses, and resting sheds were innumerable, catering for all classes of customers, the two-sworded *samurai* were everywhere *en évidence*, and the light-hearted populace with their holiday robes tucked up for facility of movement, sped gaily along the stony way, twanging lute and *samisen*, singing national ballads in chorus, and refreshing themselves with weak tea and merry chat. The love of travel so noticeable in the modern race is inherited from those days of constant pilgrimage, for a Daimio's train included a fringe of followers, who availed themselves of the protection given by the armed escort to the poor and feeble. In thatched villages among the ripening rice-fields, beds of lilies grow on the ridge-poles, the

custom dating from a time when a tyrannous Shogun had the plants uprooted to prevent his female vassals from powdering their faces with crushed lily-bulbs. The decree was evaded by transferring the plants to the roof, and though the floral cosmetic is abandoned, and the lily-bulb is now used as an article of food, the green spears and white blossoms still surmount the brown thatch, further adorned with luxuriant mosses and ferns sown by Nature's hand in this humid climate. In poetic Japan, where palm and pine-tree meet, the typical trees of north and south often grow together, the music of the sighing boughs mingling with the rustle of broad green fronds. Pictured scenes on fan and tea-tray are suggested by landscapes of formal and finished grace, where even untrammelled Nature possesses an element of fantastic caprice, as though conical hill, and winding vale, pine-clad rock, and thicket of bamboo, grouped themselves with a studied effect bordering on artificiality. The glowing green of young rice alternates with the yellow of ripening crops, and the scarlet lily of autumn flames on dyke and bank. Junks in the shallow bay show square sails of russet hue, and the snow-crowned vision of ethereal Fujiyama rises in purple majesty to the turquoise sky. Yokohama, the Europeanised port of Tokyo, contains little of distinctive character, but a visit to Kamakura and Enoshima combines the wonders of art with the beauties of Nature in the vicinity of the imperial city. The curtained shrines of Shinto temples may suggest to the worshipper the unseen presence of divinity, but the symbolism of Buddhist creed proves more appealing to western thought, and the colossal bronze statue known as *Daibutsu* (the lord Buddha) in the pine groves of Kamakura is an ideal representation of the great teacher who moulded Eastern faith before the light of a truer gospel dawned on the waiting world. A gentle warning at the gate of the shadowy garden solemnises the careless gazer. *Welcome, stranger, whoever thou art, and whatever thy creed may be, only remember that thou treadest on ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha, and the gateway of the Eternal, therefore draw near with reverence.*

The majestic countenance of the Light of Asia expresses a profound and supernatural peace. So impressive is the solemn beauty of the noble face that troubled hearts find solace in coming hither, metaphorically laying their burden of care at Buddha's feet, and experiencing the soothing effect of his supernal calm. Equally beautiful is the mighty golden figure of Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy, in a neighbouring temple. Buddhism contains reminiscences

as well as foreshadowings of a purer creed, and tradition suggests that theory and practice became coloured by Christian influences. The two systems re-acted on each other, the philosophy of Origen retaining ideas of transmigration probably derived from Buddhism. Kwannon, the Thousand-handed, indicates reflections of the Virgin Mother, and of intercessory prayer, the association of ideas giving the glorious figure a higher interest and a deeper meaning than those recognised by the Buddhist worshipper. Beauty of expression and purity of outline mark a type unfamiliar in the Far East, and the pitiful face of the divine Kwannon expresses a lofty ideal of spiritual motherhood. Kamakura, the capital of Eastern Japan from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, was repeatedly sacked and burnt to ashes by rival factions. Tidal wave, typhoon, and earthquake added to the ravages of civil war, but though ruined temples and mouldering shrines retain traces of the devastating past, the bronze Buddha and the gilded Kwannon remain unchanged by time and conflict. Beyond the yellow sands of the present seaside village lies fantastic Enoshima, sacred to Benten, Goddess of Luck. At low water a sandy ridge connects isle and mainland, the rocky stair of the fishing hamlet climbing a chestnut-shaded gorge. A massive stone *torii* bears the inscription "The sanctuary of the Goddess of Enoshima," and shrines of Benten nestle amid the foliage. Mossy paths encircle the hill and lead to time-worn altars, but the *sanctum sanctorum* of the goddess is a vast cave reached by steps and galleries cut in the cliffs. Religion and pleasure join hands; gay groups throng stalls of coral and shells, twang *samisens* under the trees, plying chopsticks at *al fresco* meals, or imbibing green tea and *saké*. Rocks and tea-houses command noble views of the blue Pacific and the gold-rimmed arc of Odawara Bay, but the hurricanes which rage round Enoshima originate wild legends of sea-monsters and demons subjugated by the guardian goddess. The turmoil of wave and tempest, the air thick with flying foam tossed to the crest of wind-swept pines, and hanging in ghostly wreaths from writhing boughs, foster the growth of gloomy myths which on this day of laughing light seem incongruous with the enchanting spot, an ideal sirens' isle in the azure Eastern seas. Japan has been called "the child of the world's old age," and her people possess something of childhood's unconscious charm. The passion for Nature which was the source and inspiration of Japanese art is an ineradicable instinct of the race on which artificial pleasures have never exercised that searing influence whereby simplicity of taste and freshness of feeling are continually

destroyed. The European ideas rampant in Imperial Tokyo score new characters on the receptive surface of the national mind, but amid social revolutions and political upheavals, the soul of the populace retains those unchanging forms of fancy which outlast the varying forms of thought, and still rest near and dear to the inmost heart of old Japan.

EMILY A. RICHINGS.

THE CLIFFORDS IN SHAKESPEARE AND WORDSWORTH.

I.

FOUR members of this family are, in all, mentioned by Shakespeare and Wordsworth. In the second part of "King Henry VI." we find Thomas, the sixth Baron, referred to as "Old Clifford," and his son John as "Young Clifford"; in the third part of the play the latter alone appears, under the name of Lord Clifford. In Wordsworth, the romantic early history of Henry, the "Shepherd Lord," is the subject of his poem called "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," and is also referred to in the first canto of "The White Doe of Rylstone"; and in his "Countess' Pillar" we have mention of Lady Anne Clifford, who through her two marriages became Countess of Dorset, and of Pembroke and Montgomery.

The Cliffords, in the days of their greatest power, held possession of an almost uninterrupted tract of territory extending from Skipton-in-Craven to Penrith in Cumberland; their past greatness is recalled by the Castles of Skipton and Appleby, which still exist in their entirety, by the ruins of Barden Tower, of the Castles of Pendragon, Brough, and Brougham, and by the tombs of the family in Skipton and Appleby churches. Those who have lived in or who have visited this part of the country will be familiar with many of these memorials, which are connected with the names of individuals who have played a prominent part in some of the most stirring scenes of our earlier history. But the fact that certain members of this family are referred to at some length by two of our greatest poets is perhaps more likely to save the name of Clifford from oblivion than even those massive buildings and remains which are associated with it, and will carry an echo of their achievements far beyond the limits of the country where they were performed.

How wonderful is this capacity of a great writer, which invests with interest and romance things and events which the uninitiated eye, left to itself, would pass over carelessly and neglect! And the

things and persons so described become for us types and symbols of the interest which attaches itself, did we but realise it, to the actions and character of every human being. Nor need we altogether lament, as we strive to understand the meaning of what the past has bequeathed to us, that so much time and space have been given by chroniclers and historians to a narrative of events which concerns chiefly the doings of sovereigns and those of noble birth, while the life of the people has been almost entirely ignored. A certain amount, it is true, of the interest which we feel in such men is due to the fact that they were the heads and leaders of growing nationalities, and that important issues were involved in the line of conduct adopted by them at any particular juncture; but on reflection it will be found that the real value which a study of the lives of these men can have for us is to be obtained by regarding such persons primarily as men and women, with constitutions and capacities similar to our own, and who, in the course of their existence, were called upon to solve problems, on a different scale perhaps, but in their essence not different from those which we are daily called upon to face. In the last analysis of all transactions, whether it be those which concern ourselves or those which form the subject of recorded history, it is the personal character of individuals which determines the course of events. The older and more thoughtful we become, the more keenly do we realise the vast and transcendent importance of this personal equation in all human affairs. And while the philosophic student of history is absorbed in and fascinated by the magnitude of the ethical problems which present themselves to him at every turn, he will not forget to temper his judgments with charity when he remembers how deeply hidden in the past lie the causes of all personal conduct and action, in

only a commendable maxim, but one most necessary for us to accept, if we wish to appreciate in their full significance the events which have moulded the destinies of peoples. As the scientist, searching for causes, becomes more and more conscious that, underlying all the infinity of forms of matter, there is one material and indestructible energy, so, in our researches into human history, we realise more and more that behind all this apparent confusion and multiplicity of external detail is to be found the soul of man, which, impelled by some extraordinary and innate instincts, is seeking ever for clearer apprehension of the truth, and so is observed undergoing a course of education which never is, and perhaps never will be, completed. And in every period and phase of its development we see humanity, actuated by the same mighty and progressive impulse, looking forward into the future always with the same eager hope and the same infinite faith in the seriousness and reality of its mission. And so it is that, whatever part of human history we examine, we shall find, however unfamiliar the form of it may be, that it is yet inspired and moved by the same restless and insatiable spirit as that which now is ever urging us on to new quests and adventures.

II.

The first member of the family of whom we shall speak is John, ninth Lord Clifford, who under the name of "Young Clifford" makes a short appearance at the end of the second part of "King Henry VI.," and who, as Lord Clifford, is a leading personage in the third part of the play, and, according to Shakespeare, meets his end at the battle of Towton.[1]

It is unnecessary for us here to consider to what extent Shakespeare was the author of these two plays; they are always included in every complete edition of his works, and contain many fine passages which could scarcely have come from any other than his master hand. His connection, whatever it may be, with the three plays that deal with this reign gives to them an enduring and universal interest, constituting them part of that select portion of the world's literature, which we would never willingly allow to be forgotten, and the characters who there appear, to "strut their little hour," are entitled to be studied with the respect and attention which are the recognised due of everything which forms part of an accepted classic.

His aged father had just been killed in that first battle of St.

[1] He was actually killed on the eve of Towton, at Ferry Bridge.

Albans, with which the Wars of the Roses opens, while fighting bravely with Richard, Duke of York, in a manner to excite the admiration of his foe. His son, who is not yet twenty years of age, comes upon the scene, and vows that from henceforward his heart shall be turned to stone; he will wreak vengeance on the House of York, and if he meets an infant of that family he will, he declares, cut it in as many pieces

> As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.

In the next act of the play we witness, in the "Parliament-House" at London, a declaration made by Henry VI. of his claim to the Crown, a claim hotly disputed by the Duke of York and his followers who are present. Much passion is displayed by the partisans of either side, and Clifford, who, true to his recent vow, shows himself as fierce as any of them, cries:

> King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
> Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.
> May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
> Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father.

Henry, in his anxiety to heal the strife, agrees to a compromise by which he is to be recognised as King during his lifetime, and after his death the Crown is confirmed as the possession of York and his heirs. The three northern Lancastrian barons, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland and Lord Clifford, openly express their indignation at the wrong which Henry is here doing to the rights of his son Edward, and, in disgust, leave the royal presence, to inform the Queen of the King's decision.

In the second scene Clifford is in the country near Sandal Castle, in the neighbourhood of Wakefield, where he meets Edmund, the Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, and at that time a lad of

In the next scene the Duke of York, captured at the battle of Wakefield, is confronted with Margaret of Anjou and Clifford, his bitterest enemies. Margaret shows him a napkin, stained in young Rutland's blood, and, placing a paper crown upon his head, mocks him for his presumption in claiming the Crown of England. The Duke, in a passionate outburst of grief, which even now can move the hearts of those who read it, protests against Margaret's inhuman cruelty.

> Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;
> And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
> Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
> And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed.

And then he resigns himself to the death which he meets

> By the ireful arm
> Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen.

The second act opens with the reception by the Yorkist leaders, Edward and Richard, of the news of the defeat at Wakefield and the death of their father. Then the Earl of Warwick arrives to announce that his own soldiers, disheartened either by the report of Margaret's recent victory, or by a

> More than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
> Who thunders to his captives blood and death,

had fled before the royal troops at the second battle of St. Albans. And now once more the rival armies meet, in that fierce and stubborn fight on Towton Field. The Yorkists at first break their ranks and flee, but are rallied and at last led to victory, chiefly through the valour and resolution of Warwick, the famous "setter up and plucker down of kings." For a moment, in the heat of the battle, we catch a glimpse of Clifford, crossing swords with Richard, Duke of York, who seeks to avenge himself on the murderer of his father and brother. Even Clifford quails before his grim and murderous attack, and seeks safety in flight. But the time of retribution has arrived, and in the last scene of this act we see him entering, mortally wounded. With his own death he recognises that all hope of the success of the Lancastrian arms disappears :

> Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,
> Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.

The latter owes his downfall to his lack of firmness. If only, he thinks, Henry had ruled with the vigour of his father and grandfather, then

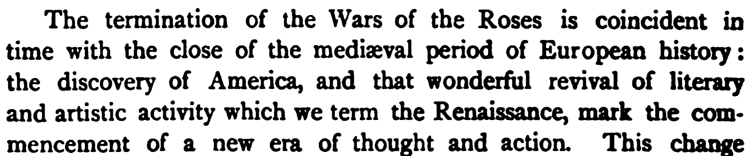
> I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
> Had left no mourning widows for our death,
> And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

But now complaints are useless ; he can expect no pity from his foes, and the blood which is flowing from his wounds tells him that death has come : and he actually expires in the presence of the Yorkist leaders before he is noticed by them. Each of them, in turn, insults the body of their fallen enemy, and the last that we hear of him is that his head is to be struck off and set on the gates of York, in the place where but a short time before had stood the head of Edward's father.

And so perished, at the age of twenty-five, this redoubtable baron whose unhappy familiarity with deeds of blood procured for him from his enemies the title of "Butcher." He died, as did the three heads of his family immediately preceding him, on the field of battle; and the scenes from Shakespeare, which have just been described, give us some idea of the wild and barbaric character of the times in which the Cliffords founded their fortunes and won their way to celebrity, and they may serve as a sort of prologue to the more pleasing episodes of their family history, which we are now called upon to consider.

III.

The termination of the Wars of the Roses is coincident in time with the close of the mediæval period of European history: the discovery of America, and that wonderful revival of literary and artistic activity which we term the Renaissance, mark the commencement of a new era of thought and action. This change



pictures the joy with which the new lord is welcomed by his vassals and retainers :

> Loud voice the land has uttered forth,
> We loudest in the faithful north :
> Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
> Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;
> Our strong abodes and castles see
> The glory of their loyalty.

The thoughts of the minstrel go back to the early years of his master's life ; he sees his mother with her child, fleeing in speechless terror from before her enemies. And now the boy is tending his sheep in the neighbourhood of Blencathra,[1] where lay his step-father's estate ; and in his mood of fond affection and high-wrought poetic fancy he imagines he sees the very wild animals coming to do him homage.

> To his side the fallow deer
> Came and rested without fear ;
> The eagle, lord of land and sea,
> Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
> And both the undying fish that swim
> Though Bowscale tarn did wait on him ;
> The pair were servants of his eye
> In their immortality ;
> And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
> Moved to and fro, for his delight.

Amid the caves and rocks he had entertained angel and fairy visitors, and mysterious voices revealed to him the story of the past, while in his midnight musings, as he gazed on the starlit sky, he had learnt the secrets of the future.

But now the time has come, cries the bard, for other and nobler employments. The blood of the Cliffords, which flows in the young man's veins, bids him to take his share in perpetuating the glorious records of his house.

> Happy day, and mighty hour,
> When our Shepherd, in his power,
> Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
> To his ancestors restored,
> Like a re-appearing star,
> Like a glory from afar,
> First shall head the flock of war.

But the minstrel, as he sung his warlike and impassioned strain, knew nothing of the transformation of feeling that had taken place

[1] Better known as Saddleback.

in this member of the Clifford family. During the long years when he was being screened from the vindictive hatred of his enemies he had lived a life far removed from the din of arms and from the thoughts and passions of war. His best friends had been humble cottagers; and in his intercourse with them he had acquired their simple, kindly virtues; while, in his solitary vigils among his sheep, his heart had become responsive to the sweet, pure influences of Nature.

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
>
> In him the savage virtue of the race,
> Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
> Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
> The wisdom which adversity had bred.

There was, in truth, a better cause for rejoicing among the followers of the house of Clifford than the minstrel could have conceived. Henry, the tenth Lord Clifford, had indeed come into the possession of his own—into that heritage which is the birthright of all of us, which is obtained through self-knowledge, self-control, and self-respect, those three mighty forces which, ensuring peace and recognition of the sovereign rule of reason within, lead without to such an infallible realisation of dignity and esteem as that which keeps for ever fresh and beneficent the memory of all just men.

> Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;
> The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more;
> And, ages after he was laid in earth,
> "The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

Montgomery, whom Wordsworth made the subject of an interesting and suggestive little poem. It is called the "Countess' Pillar," and refers to a monument standing on the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, with the following inscription :

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on April 2, 1616 ; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo ! "

The Countess had been twice married ; her first husband was the Earl of Dorset, by whom she had three sons and two daughters, but all her sons had died in childhood. Her second husband was Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and there were no children born of this marriage. During the lifetime of the latter, owing to the death of the male heirs of the House of Clifford, she came into possession of all the family property ; and when her second husband died, in 1650, she returned to the north, and spent the rest of her life among the scenes and people she loved the best.

In the Civil War of the reign of Charles I. the old strongholds of the family had suffered severely, and she has left behind a great reputation for the care and zeal with which they and the churches in their vicinity were restored by her. Besides the pillar above mentioned, there are other inscriptions still existing which bear her name, and which are connected with certain incidents in her life. This love of old associations and attachment to particular spots hallowed by personal and sacred memories was a characteristic which appealed with peculiar force to Wordsworth, who shows everywhere in his poems, and particularly in the beautiful series called "On the Naming of Places," how warmly his affections went out and entwined themselves around places in the neighbourhood of Rydal and Grasmere, which were associated with events in his own life and that of other members of his family.

And of all the memorials and inscriptions which still recall to us the name of the Lady Anne, none can more deeply affect us, or is more suggestive of the light it throws on the circumstances of her inner life, than this roadside pillar which arrested the attention of the poet, and which, through his reference to it, is effectively preserved from the danger of being forgotten.

During the space of 175 years, which had elapsed from the time of its erection to the date when Wordsworth wrote his poem, how

many people had passed by that way, and how few of those who stopped to read that inscription had tried to realise the meaning of what they read! It may be that some had felt the same thrill of human emotion as that which, as he read, stirred within Wordsworth's breast; but, until he came, none had had both the will and the power to make their feelings articulate and express them to the world. And, as we, imitating his example, stop to read and try to understand, what memories of disappointed hopes and ambitions, of blighted affections and domestic sorrows, crowd in upon the mind! Of all the troubles which vex and torment poor, frail humanity, which had she not known? In her girlhood she had seen the unity of their family life broken, and the happiness of her mother spoilt, by the wildness and irregularities of her father's conduct. In neither of her two matrimonial experiences had she found congenial partners; in their early childhood she had lost her three sons; and her own good looks had been marred by the cruel scourge of small-pox. On the death of her father, her mother's anxiety that her only child should inherit the Clifford estates had involved her for many years in tedious lawsuits with her nearest relatives; and when at last, by their death, she secured the sole right of possession, the Civil War broke out, causing her great loss and destruction of property. Nevertheless, she survived and triumphed over all these calamities, and lived to the ripe age of eighty-five, respected for her uprightness and strength of character, and loved by all who had the opportunity of knowing what a generous and affectionate nature lay hidden under that somewhat autocratic and masterful exterior. But how lonely must she often have felt, even in the full exercise of the activities of that vigorous brain and of those benevolent instincts, when she realised that,

was changed by her into an opportunity of enabling, year by year, many poor and humble people to turn their thoughts in gratitude towards God.

The poem of Wordsworth, which we append, and with which we conclude, is not indeed remarkable for its poetic excellences; but, like much that he has written, it has a far higher importance than any mere external merit of form could give. It is a tribute to the piety and generosity of the countess, and to her unfailing thoughtfulness for those around her who were in suffering or in want; and it is a recognition by him of the sanctity of human affection, and of the sweetness of those ties of home and kinship which seem ever revealing to us, in their beauty, glimpses of a yet higher life and of a more perfect love.

While the poor gather round, till the end of time
May this bright flower of charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime.
Charity never faileth: on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
"Laus Deo." Many a stranger passing by
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavour:
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no clerk, with "God be praised."

MAURICE G. HERING.

MERCURY—THE SPARKLER.

THE smallest of the major planets and the nearest to the sun, Mercury is almost always too deeply immersed in the solar rays for the amateur observer to get a well-defined view of the Sparkler. For it is only visible to the naked eye in the spring during about an hour and a half before sunset, and in the autumn about the same length of time before sunrise, shining on the fringe of the sky with a pale, rosy hue.

The old Greeks, whose rich imagination found in the lustre and movements of the planets a fertile source of myth and marvel, called this denizen of the heavens Stilbon, the Sparkler. But, strangely enough, they conceived the curious idea respecting it that it must surely be a thief—its movements, hovering about the edge of the sky in twilight, were so very suspicious. How came it that it never ascended the celestial vault as did the planets Venus and Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn? It was a puzzle, and to account for its apparently stealthy ways called forth their keenest powers of observation. It was noticed that the evening Sparkler never paid his visits at the same period of the year as did the morning one; still closer watchfulness led to the identification of the two apparitions. It was now recognised that they were merely different visits of the same body. Arago, commenting on the peculiar notion the planet's

This bad character stuck to the planet all through the Middle Ages, when it was the proud boast of the astrologer that he had inherited the wisdom of the ancients if he knew the significance they attached to the stars in their courses. With profound look and moody brow he would stigmatise Mercury as a malignant agency—a *sidus dolosum*.

The story of the Sparkling One, indeed, carries the thoughts back to the dim far-off past of Assyrian civilisation, and opens to the mind's eye a vista leading to the Babylonian temple of Belus, upon whose lofty summit the Chaldean astronomer, casting his eagle glance across the azure vault, takes note of the position and aspect of the planets; for on the morrow he will lay before the monarch a report of their significance. But recently the ruins of Nineveh have yielded to the explorer tablets whereon are inscribed the Chief Astronomer's readings of the stars, for the information of King Ashurbânipal, and on which mention is made of the planet Mercury. How long the Chaldeans had known of its existence is uncertain, but Claudius Ptolemy, in the "Almagest," speaks of an observation made upon it by the Assyrian astronomers on the 19th of the Egyptian month of Toth, or according to our chronology, November 15, 265 B.C. The record, moreover, defines the position which the planet occupied in relation to the constellation Scorpio. It is interesting to find that the ancient observation was correctly given, analytical investigation having shown that Mercury would be situated exactly in the place indicated in the Assyrian tablet

Coming to the early days of modern astronomy, we find Copernicus in his old age regretting that he had never seen Mercury. Sir Robert Ball suggests that the vapours of the Vistula, on whose banks the originator of the true theory of the solar system dwelt, may have been so dense as to render the planet invisible, for in the most favourable circumstances it could only be seen low down in the sky. The first trustworthy observation of Mercury was made in 1677 by our celebrated countryman Dr. Edmund Halley, who with a telescope witnessed its transit over the sun's disc from the island of St. Helena.

Many allusions to Mercury are to be found scattered through the pages of astronomical literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but they have little value, saving that they indicate a general desire to know more of its physical constitution—to lift the veil of mystery in which its features are enshrouded. The animating thought seems to have been—Can this planet, so like our

own in outer form, be the abode of life? Is it possible that, bathed in the Sun's refulgent rays, so near the source of all light and heat, it can be another world full of living activities, resembling life on Earth?

In order to satisfy this craving for enlightenment the eminent German astronomer, Johann Hieronymus Schröter, of Lilienthal, devoted a great part of his memorable life to a minute inspection of Mercury. A contemporary, and in some respects a rival, of the elder Herschel, he employed for his painstaking observations a seven-foot telescope made by Sir William, which Lalande pronounced to be the best in Europe. The first noteworthy observation Schröter made on Mercury was in April 1792, when his new instrument enabled him to follow the planet through all its varying phases—like those of the waxing and waning Moon. Viewed on the side of the sun near its apparent greatest angular distance it appeared like a half-moon, and when nearly between the Sun and the Earth it exhibited a slender crescent, day by day presenting all the pleasing forms with which our satellite has made us familiar in her stately progress over the evening sky. His powerful glass brought into view a halo or glory resting upon the near side of the planet, suggestive of a luminous atmosphere. A few years later (1799) when Mercury was making a transit over the sun's disc he beheld a ring of softened light enveloping the whole body of the planet, which was so distinctly visible that he was able to estimate its height; this he put at one-fourth the planet's diameter. It seemed to shroud Mercury's features with a delicate gossamer-like veil, on the outer edge of which was a well-marked greyish fringe. He noticed also some dark streaks or spots, and that there was a decrease of light towards the terminator or hollow edge of the planet when in crescent form.

a-half miles—*i.e.* about twice the height of the earth's loftiest range. Keenly alive to the importance of these revelations he sought for evidence of a diurnal rotation, and was not long in determining a periodic revolution about its axis completed in every twenty-four hours, five minutes. This he deduced from the regular recurrence, as he believed, of certain dark spots on Mercury's surface—appearing and reappearing at intervals of about twenty-four hours. Here, indeed, was encouragement for the skilful observer in an unknown realm; now was opening to the inward eye, if not to the telescope, a glimpse of a new habitable world. For, admitting the existence of an atmosphere, there follow all the conditions needful for a flourishing abode of vegetable and animal life. Duly considered, then, the presence of moisture-laden air implies the existence of surface waters, sun-drawn vapour-clouds, rain, and, it may be, verdure. To these harmonious conditions add revolving periods of day and night, seasons of summer and winter, and imagination may revel at will in a world teeming with new forms of life, suited to the environment. And in size this new world was found to have a diameter of about 3,000 miles only—little more than a third the size of the earth. In density, however, it comes very near to that of our world, standing in the ratio of 85 to 100.

Highly gratifying as would seem to be the progress made towards unravelling the mystic web which for ages had hung about the Sparkler, yet it may be well to bear in mind that the intervals for observation were brief; that occasionally the vapours of the horizon almost obscured the planet, rendering it difficult to get a clear view of its features; that astronomy, indeed, was in Schröter's day but on the threshold of a new era of discovery; and in the infancy of inquiry expectation often points the way to the desired end, though time may prove it to be delusive. And as to Mercury being a habitable world, many things had yet to be found out which might cast a shadow over the fair prospect.

In 1874, Zöllner, who had long been practising with a photometer on the light reflected from the Moon, found that the shades of light at the varying phases were dependent on the nature of the surface of the Moon the light was reflected from; that rugged mountainous tracts gave off alternate dusky and brilliant reflections, while the smooth, homogeneous plain gave off a continuous steady reflection. Testing Mercury in the same way he found his phases corresponded to the former—to the light reflected by high hills and deep valleys. Winnecke, too, applying the same methods, had obtained like results; and their measurements also agreed in show-

ing that the planet absorbed all but 13 per cent. of the fierce light which incessantly beats upon it. They found no evidence of an atmosphere—nothing, at any rate, capable of reflecting the solar light. In this respect they consider that Mercury is in the same condition as the Moon. The delicate rosy halo in which the planet is swathed, what else can it be than the unabsorbed solar rays seen through the medium of our dust-laden atmosphere?

It is wonderful what a world of exalted sentiment has been called into being by dust! But for the countless tons of dust (and moisture) floating in the air we should have no magnificent auroral displays tipping the hills with gold; no afterglow imperceptibly melting into the blue canopy of heaven. Glittering orbs and black space there would be, but no cerulean vault emerging out of rainbow tints to carry the thoughts upwards in calm, joyous contemplation. And without dust we should possibly be free from the omnipresent microbe, for on its particles these living organisms feed, and thrive and multiply; indeed, wherever dust most abounds there the invisible foe is in his strength. And yet, putting the two conditions into the balance, let us gladly accept the dust with its living freight, and rejoice in the glorious wealth of colour the heavens display to our admiring eyes.

Astronomers of to-day, notably Mr. R. A. Proctor, in "Old and New Astronomy," discuss the question as to whether Mercury possesses an atmosphere; and, generally speaking, they come to the conclusion that the weight of evidence is decidedly against the existence of an atmosphere. Mr. Proctor argues that it can have no atmosphere in any way comparable to that of the Earth. He remarks that the average degree of whiteness noticeable on Mercury's surface would be greater than that of the Moon were the planet surrounded

as an evening star give no evidence which can fairly be referred to the presence of an atmosphere. All the particulars which have been so interpreted can be more satisfactorily explained by taking into account the effects of our own atmosphere, through the denser part of which (until recent years) Mercury was generally observed. But the time had arrived when the difficulties in the way of continuous observation were to be overcome. Mr. W. F. Denning, in 1882, found Mercury just as easy to observe as Venus. With a good telescope equatorially mounted he could follow Mercury in the *day-time*, and with higher magnifying powers very much more of its surface could be seen than formerly, when the planet was viewed for about ninety minutes near the horizon. In the same year (1882) Signor Schiaparelli, favoured with the purer skies of Italy, gave a close and continuous study to the planet's peculiar characteristics in daylight, and with remarkable results. His first discovery came as a shock to those of us whose archetype of the planets is our own best of all possible worlds. A diurnal rotation was shown to be a delusion. He found the markings on its surface which had led previous observers to infer a daily revolution on its axis remained sensibly fixed: there was no movement giving to the planet alternate periods of day and night. Fully realising the startling effect his discovery, if made known, would produce in the astronomical world, Schiaparelli put off its announcement until he had had time to go over the whole ground again, and so assure himself of the accuracy of his observations or be enabled to correct any error he might have fallen into. By 1890 his renewed investigations were completed; they left no doubt on his mind of the accuracy of his first observations, and he thereupon ventured to give publicity to his discovery—namely, that Mercury always presents the same side to the Sun, thus turning on its axis in the same time needed to complete its circuit round the Sun. This being so, it follows that one hemisphere of the planet is exposed eternally to the fierce light of the Sun, which beats down upon its surface with an intensity, when at its greatest distance from him, four times greater than that which we experience. And this intensity of light gradually increases as Mercury approaches its perihelion, and ultimately becomes nine times greater than that which pours down upon the Earth in the torrid zone. The opposite hemisphere must therefore be one of perpetual night. But the two regions are separated by a space measuring about one-fourth of the planet's surface, where the Sun rises and sets once in 88 days. And yet there can be no change, no variation in the continuous fierce glare of the Sun upon one side, and the darkness of one ever-

lasting night on the other. According to this discovery Mercury revolves round the sun in the same manner as the moon does round her primary, the Earth, in her briefer period of 27⅓ days. No mortal eye has ever seen but one side of the Moon, and the visible side is crowded with sterile, crater-capped mountains, and deep valleys into which the shadows of the mountains fall with the blackness of the darkest night. In some respects, then—in her presenting always the same face to the Earth; in her rugged, mountainous surface, and the absence of atmosphere—we have near us in the Moon a parallel to Mercury's case. It is amazing to think of the wealth of romance the imagination has woven around the Queen of Night, as she sails forth—

> Crown'd with the sparkle of a Star
> And throned an orb of ashen white.

Schiaparelli's close scrutiny of Mercury's surface during the daytime brought prominently into view dark and light shadows, like brownish stripes and streaks, visible on a rose-tinted disc. Being permanent features he was enabled to construct a chart of the face of the planet showing their relative positions and outline. They were not, however, always equally well seen; at times they were veiled, even when centrally situated, as if thinly flecked by currents of dust-laden air—the simoom of a sandy desert. Schiaparelli thought that these and other like appearances indicated the presence of an atmosphere of extreme tenuity. The thought naturally arises that if Mercury have an atmosphere at all, may it not be of a consistency such as will resist or greatly mitigate the severity of the fierce solar glare to an extent which would make life on the planet possible. It must be owned, however, after taking account of all the physical conditions known to us, that it is in the last degree improbable that either vegetable or animal life such as we have any knowledge of can exist on the surface of Mercury.

And yet what a world of wonders may there not be in store for the astronomer of the future armed with instruments perfected for every requirement man's longing for enlightenment on things astral may suggest—when the borderland lying between the two hemispheres of darkness and light may be explored with a curiosity far transcending that experienced by Bruce or Baker in search of the mysterious sources of the Nile? And who shall say that (beside these regions of twilight) there may not be another realm in the interior of the Sparkling orb, peopled by a race of highly organised beings rejoicing in their existence amid rippling streams, crystal

fountains laving perennial verdure, and illumined with prismatic beams of light piercing through clefts and slanting shafts? Among fairy dells and grotto-like palaces adorned with gems of purest rays, sentient beings akin to ourselves may possibly play their part in the Mercurian drama, and pass away their lives in blissful dreams, heedless of the existence of any other world than their own.

E. VINCENT HEWARD.

BAPTISTA MANTUAN: CATHOLIC PURITAN.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. "ALTER MARO."

WHAT knowledge is of most worth? Whatever we may think of Mr. Herbert Spencer's suggestion that the inevitable answer is—Science, it is scarcely likely that the most intrepid of educationists would answer, In one word, Vergil. Yet such, we may recollect, is the actual verdict of Dante. "Ed io mi volsi al mar di tutto il senno" [1] ("And I turned to the sea of all wisdom"). Vergil is *duca, signore, maestro.*[2] It is true that Dante is taking a journey, and therefore requires a personal guide. The conception of life as a journey, though old almost as man himself, is a point of view of no little significance for education. The idea of personality as the basis of teachership is as fruitful for education as for poetry. The supposed advantage of science, as supplying the vantage ground of objectivity of knowledge, can easily be stretched too far. The educand to-day is taking the journey of life and as ever needs a guide. He is a person; but does he require the personality

"Exercise the soldiership of the fourth class" has, I venture to suggest, the true ring of educational process about it. Professor Comparetti has shown that there are three sides to the mediæval reputation of Vergil—in other words, that there are three Vergils. I. The historical Vergil—the Vergil who stands as the supreme representative poet of the Augustan Age. II. The religious and philosophical Vergil, of "unfathomable store of universal wisdom." III. The Virgil of the schools of grammar and rhetoric.

With regard to the philosophical Vergil, it is sufficient to cite the attitude of Dante, *quel savio gentil, che tutto seppe* ("that gentle sage who knew everything"). From the point of view of religion great allowances were made for Vergil. Exceptional toleration was extended to him by many religious people, and indeed Vergil received the distinction of being considered as a prophet of the coming of Christ through his fourth eclogue. "The expectation," says Comparetti, "of an immediate regeneration of the world, in an era of happiness, justice, love, and peace, which inspires the whole of this eclogue, the connection of this expectation with the birth of a child, and the ancient authority of the sibyl on which the whole prophecy is based, could not fail to induce a Christian when reading it to think of the birth ot Christ and the regeneration of the world, which his pure and gentle teaching promised."[1] It was even urged that the mention of heathen deities by Vergil was only a device, so as not to "affront pagans and provoke the anger of the authorities."[2] To many Christians, therefore, in the early Middle Ages Vergil was the prophet of Christ. And even by those who could not go so far an attempt was made to present a christianised Vergil, by means of the curious medley called a cento,[3] or again, authors wrote with a Christian bias on a Christian subject, and imitated the style, form, and matter of Vergil's "Æneid" and eclogues.

With the two facts before us of the recognition of Vergil by scholars as the prince of poets and the sea of wisdom, together with the reservation of the Christian mystics that Vergil was born before the Christian dispensation, and that by no ingenuity could he be brought within it, we can understand the background of thought

[1] Comparetti, p. 99. [2] *Ibid.* p. 100.

[3] Probably the most interesting of the later centos is that of Alexander Ross, *Virgilii evangelisantis Christiados Libri XIII.* with the description on the title page:

> "Arma virumque Maro cecinit, nos acta Deumque;
> Cedant arma viri, dum loquor acta Dei."

Ross's *Christiad* was published in 1634.

of John Colet when he draws up the following statute for St. Paul's School:—

"WHAT SHALBE TAUGHT.

"As towchyng in this scole what shalbe taught of the Maisters & learnyd of the scolers it passith my wit to devyse and determyn in particuler, but in generall to speke and sum what to saye my mynde, I wolde they were taught all way in good litterature, with laten and greke, and good auctors suych as haue the veray Romayne eliquence joyned with wisdome, specially Cristyn auctours that wrote theyre wysdome with clene & chast laten other in verse or in prose, for my entent is by thys scole specially to incresse knowlege and worshipping of god & oure lorde Crist Jesus & good Cristen lyff and maners in the children."

The books for this end which he names are the Catechism, his own "Accidence" or any better to the purpose, the "Institutum Christiani Hominis," and Erasmus's "Copia." "And then," he goes on, "other auctours, as Lactantius, Prudentius, Proba, Sedulius, Juvencus, and Baptista Mantuanus." [1]

It is necessary now to enquire into the contents of the books written by these authors, if we wish to enter into the point of view of educationists with Colet. Lactantius flourished at the beginning of the fourth century A.D. He wrote, as is pointed out by Taylor,[2] when Constantine was coming to the throne (305 A.D.) and Christianity was coming to its triumph, and is thus "the earliest Christian author who had any mediæval vogue." Before becoming a Christian he was a teacher of rhetoric, and the title of his "Divinæ Institutiones" is thus framed on the model of legal treatises. It is an elaborate plea for and justification of the Christian view. Lactantius "sets forth

superiority in reason, and the warrants of its truth afforded by the miracles of Christ and the predictions of the prophets. He discourses upon justice, finally upon the purpose of the world's creation and the course of the *sæcula* until the conflict with the Antichrist; whereupon follow Christ's thousand years of reign, and then the final conflict with the unchained devil and his hosts; the wicked are overthrown and cast into hell, and the righteous rise from their graves to enjoy for ever the *vita beata*."[1] Lactantius may thus be regarded as an author to be read in schools as a substitute for the Latin rhetorical and oratorical authors. "His style," says Taylor, "is classical and expresses little Christian feeling. Nor does his work represent a deep understanding of Christianity."[2] But for Colet the classical style and the Christian subject in others was precisely a combination which made Lactantius a desirable school reading-book.[3]

The next chronologically on Colet's list is Juvencus. Juvencus was a Spanish priest who wrote his "Historia Evangelica" about 330 A.D. "Juvencus tells the Gospel story with smooth mediocrity, quite unconscious of how his measures fail to reflect the spirit and feeling of the Gospel. To turn that story into hexameters means a continual change of stress, with loss of point and emphasis. The story of Christ stilling the tempest closes thus:

> Inde procellis
> Imperat et placidam sternit super æquora pacem.[4]

The last is a good line, but the feeling and reminiscence are Vergilian."[5]

So, in Juvencus, Colet finds classical style based on Vergil, and Christian subject-matter. Prudentius is regarded as a Christian poet of a higher order. He lived from 348 to *c.* 410 A.D. Probably Colet wishes the "Psychomachia" of Prudentius to be introduced to the schoolboy. "That was a didactic allegory. The preface of iambic trimeters tells of Abraham with his three hundred and eighteen followers conquering the heathen kings, which means, allegorically interpreted, Faith, aided by Christ, conquering the representative sins of paganism. In the main poem, written in hexameters, the Christ-given virtues of the soul fight against the vices which threaten from out the soul itself and its proneness to

[1] *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*, p. 217. [2] *Ibid.* p. 216 *n.*

[3] Lactantius has been called the "Cicero of the Fathers" (J. H. Lupton's Preface to Colet's *Lectures on I. Corinthians*). [4] Cf. *Æneid*, i. 249.

[5] *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*, i. pp. 280–1.

temptation. The conflict is set forth allegorically as a succession of combats between champions. First Fides conquers Idololatria; then Pudicitia conquers Libido, and Patientia conquers Ira. Then Mens Humilis together with Spes, and aided by Justitia, Honestas, Sobrietas, Jejunia, and Pudor, conquer the arch-enemy Superbia. After this Sobrietas overcomes Luxuria, among whose followers is Fugitivus Amor; and Operatio (Charity) overthrows Avaritia. Concordia is now treacherously wounded by Discordia, surnamed Hæresis, whereupon Fides transfixes the latter. The victory won, Fides urges that a temple be built to Christ, in describing which the poet follows the twenty-first chapter of Revelation.[1] Mr. H. O. Taylor describes Prudentius's "Psychomachia" as the "first Western example of a purely allegorical poem." But besides the "Psychomachia" Prudentius wrote Christian hymns, embodying legends of martyrs under the title "Peristephanon." In one of these hymns to St. Vincent Mr. Taylor finds a precursor of the ballad.

Sedulius (*c.* 440 A.D.) attempted a Christian epic poem entitled "Paschale Carmen." It comprised somewhat less than two thousand hexameters, and was divided into five books. The name would indicate some underlying thought on the part of the poet giving a unity to his work. It was a poem of Christ, our Passover, offered for men. The first book sings the miraculous deliverances in the Old Testament. The second book tells of the birth and childhood of Christ, and the three remaining books sing the story of the saving *miracula Christi*, until the final Paschal sacrifice and redemption, consisting of Christ's death, resurrection, manifestation of Himself, and His ascension.[2]

Of the writers named by Colet, Juvencus and Sedulius are essentially epic poets. These two are, as Mr. Taylor remarks, "Vergilian

phrases of Vergil were utilised to convey the subject matter of Christian story.

We have now seen that the idea of the founder of the great classical school of St. Paul's was anxious to combine the advantages of classical style, if possible, with Christian subject-matter. Cicero was not suggested, for he was a heathen; but the Ciceronian style should be induced through reading Lactantius. Vergil should not be studied directly, for he too was not a Christian, but the Vergilian style should be inculcated through Prudentius, Sedulius, and Proba.

Nor must it be supposed that Colet was peculiar in these views. Mr. J. H. Lupton[1] cites a passage (in Latin) from the important educational writer Jacob Wimpheling, of which I here introduce a translation, as it shows the contemporary Christian feeling as to the classics, and mentions the opinion held by a competent scholar as to some of the very writers whom Colet recommends for school use.

"There are Christian writers extant by no means unequal to the pagans. We advise these writers to be read first by boys. Prudentius is the best, the most elegant, the one who has command of various kinds of metres. And there is Sedulius, who has related in most ornate song both affairs and sacred story . . . And there is Baptista Mantuanus, from whom the boy can be taught in truth whatsoever hitherto he could get from Vergil. Would that the same diligence had been expended over Prudentius which has been spent so often on Martial, on Tibullus and the other most impure writers, so that they might be explained. I know not by what fate it is that certain most learned Italians take more gently to the fables or to the histories of Gentiles, than to Christian matters and ceremonies, to the names and deeds of gods and goddesses than to Christ and divine Mary; to uncleanness and lustful love than to holiness and charity."[2]

Such men as John Colet and Jacob Wimpheling may be termed Catholic Puritans. Their position in the matter of classical education is similar to that of the Protestant Puritans, such as John Dury,

[1] Preface to Colet's *I. Corinthians*, p. liv.

[2] In the statutes of St. Bees Grammar School, drawn up in 1583, amongst the authors named are Mantuan, Sedulius, and Prudentius; but the founder, Archbishop Grindall, enjoins that Cicero, Sallust, Cæsar, Terence, Vergil, Horace, Ovid shall be read. He also includes Pallurgenius (*i.e.* Marcellus Palingenius who wrote the famous Zodiacus Vitae, translated into English by Barnabe Googe, 1560–65) and the writings of George Buchanan. And again, in 1660, Charles Hoole in his *New Discovery of the Old Art of Teaching School* suggests Mantuan for the third form and Sedulius for the fourth; but in his list of authors the list has become almost entirely classical, and all other authors are subsidiary or preparative to knowledge of the old Roman writers.

and to a great extent to that of John Amos Comenius. But they are nearer to the mediæval Vergilian tradition, the strength of which we recognise in Dante, and the extent and depth of which we have had laid before us with incomparable illustration and lucidity by Professor Comparetti.[1]

Unless we recognise the fact that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the schoolmasters by no means welcomed the classical Latin writers with unanimity, or even with widespread goodwill, it will be difficult to understand the high popularity of Baptista Mantuan. But, given the fact that Vergil was in such renown, though his works were not read, that there was a strong ambition to obtain a classical style whilst there was an equally strong disinclination to acknowledge, and to parley with, the pagan deities of classicism, given these facts, and we can at once see that there was a place for an *alter Maro* to arise. Though by the year 1500 Lactantius, Prudentius, Sedulius, Juvencus, and Proba had attained an attractive antiquity, yet they did not belong to the genuine classical pagan authors of the Augustan Age. There was room for a writer who should arise with more freshness of subject-matter, more alive to the change of thought and form which had taken place in the intervening thousand years, and who should at the same time not have passed outside of the Vergilian atmosphere.

It is true there was an alternative, viz. a frank return to the writers of antiquity, such as the Italian Renascence favoured and finally established. But Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and Wiclif, and for that matter many of the more orthodox clergy had insisted on religious education, especially in the northern countries of Europe. The pagan element in the Renascence, roughly speaking, found acquiescence only with the Italians, and here again only with a certain section of them. In Ascham's "Scholemaster" published in

doctrine our Englishmen fetch out of Italy. For finding no other there, they can bring no other hither." It is true Ascham admits that he has known some noble Englishmen whom all the siren songs of Italy could never untwine from the mast of God's word. But such instances, he hints, were more than counterbalanced by those caught by Circe's wiles.

If then, even in 1570, and from a man so favourable to classicism as Ascham, the Renascence tendencies to an undervaluing of the supreme importance of religion, as seen in the country where classicism was most flourishing, were duly condemned we may well doubt whether the Renascence (as recognised by us in the light of later developments) was of wide-reaching influence in the school-room between 1500 and 1570, either in England or elsewhere. The great Renascence scholars, with the single exception, in Italy, of Vittorino da Feltre, who was of the noblest and purest of classical scholars, and at the same time a pious and sincere Christian, were not interested in the practical work of school-teaching. The torch of classical culture was lit by the teachers of such schools as those of Melanchthon in Germany, Sturm at Strassburg, and others whose names are writ large in histories of education; but the culture ideals of any period take at least a generation or two to filter into the schools, and in those intervening generations the schoolrooms accepted gladly the work of Baptista Mantuanus, for the simple reason that his genius, such as it was, was not in advance of his age in style, subject-matter, or intellectual treatment. Mantuan was more intelligible to the ordinary mind than Lactantius, Prudentius, Sedulius, Juvencus, and Proba; and although Colet put all these names along with that of Baptista Mantuan there is no doubt that, in the first half of the sixteenth century, there was no writer whose works were so popular as those of Baptista. School education did not receive the full Renascence current till the latter part of the sixteenth century. Indeed, it is debatable whether schools, in any great degree, can be said to have been classical until well on in the seventeenth.

The sixteenth-century schoolmasters, as a whole, always excepting a few brilliant pioneers of reform, were not men of a high intellectual type. They were ordinary minds, set to a very ordinary kind of work, the teaching of youth. They had read and could understand Baptista Mantuan. If he was good enough for them, surely he was satisfactory for the schools.

In truth, he satisfied much more critical minds than those of the ordinary schoolmasters. The testimony of Erasmus may be adduced to the effect that there would come a time, in his opinion,

when Baptista would be put not much below his ancient compatriot of Mantua.[1] Erasmus was severe enough as a critic at times, so that if he was satisfied with Baptista as a Latin writer no wonder that his contemporaries of lower standing took the same view.

The best account of Baptista appears in the "Jugemens des Savans sur les Principaux Ouvrages des Auteurs."[2] This carefully collected biography I take as basis of the following account. Johannes Baptista Spagnuolo, called Mantuanus, from the city of his birth, was born in 1448, and died in 1516. Trithemius says of him that our Mantuan equalled Vergil for verse and Cicero for prose, and he doubts even if he has not surpassed the latter. His compatriots have claimed to raise him to a degree of glory as high as that of Vergil in erecting a statue of marble crowned with the poet's laurel, near to and on an equality with that of the ancient prince of poets.

If the compatriots of Mantuan congratulated themselves on having formed so fine a parallel his co-religionists could not be displeased, as they received reflected glory from their head. However, they have not all appeared equally satisfied, and Peter Lucius amongst others has not been able to restrain himself from giving vent to public moans of anger and indignation at witnessing the temerity of those profane people who had the hardihood to compare the pagan poet to the Italian poet, and, what is more, to a religious poet such as Spagnuolo, who for this reason alone deserved to have his statue much higher than that of Vergil.[3]

To say the truth, Lucius would have had great reason to complain of the *plaisante injure* done to the Mantuan if the statues and crowns of the poetic laurel were recompenses established for Christians, and if the inhabitants of Mantua had had the intention

youth are tolerable enough, but that the heat of his imagination being abated afterwards his vivacity was dissipated with the first fires of that blossoming age. We find in him no longer either force or vigour, nor even genius. His vein is quite cooled; it is sluggish, it is languishing, and when it makes efforts you will say it is a stream quite muddy which overflows and expands by caprice and wanders from its bed, not being able to contain itself in its limits. In fact it is not possible to read for long the verses that Mantuan has written when he was a little advanced in age without falling into disgust and impatience; and as in the flower of his age he was already deprived of a good part of that sense which we call common, as he had from that time more complaisance for his own predictions than readiness to learn, experienced persons have not appeared surprised to find him without solidity of judgment and without any taste for good things, since his fire was extinguished, and he had become destitute of that brilliance which hid the faults of his youth or which at least kept them from the view of those who were dazzled by them.

With this notion of Mantuan we ought to be sufficiently prepared, it seems to me, to understand Scaliger[1] when he says that he has only an effeminate softness which is a veritable languor, that he has neither rule nor measure, nor consistency, nor pleasantness, and that he is not at all distinguished from the populace of versifiers. He avows nevertheless that he does not lack genius, but that art and judgment are wanting in him. This brought him to spread out on paper everything which the abundance of his brain made him push forth without choice, without discernment, without method. But although the Mantuan had no delicacy of manners, which being joined to polish of expression forms that rare quality which is called *urbanity*, his verses do not escape having their value and use, and, according to the same critic, he will pass at least for a village poet and will be able to please and even be of some utility to rustic minds and to simple persons whose sense of poetry is less exacting.

I don't know if it is in the persons of those last that Erasmus wrote to Wimpheling when he bore evidence of strong esteem for the verses of Mantuan. I prefer to persuade myself that he was only then thinking of lowering Marullus, or to make it appear that the Mantuan is not entirely the worst of poets, since he believed that one alone of his hemistichs was preferable to all the Latin verses which Marullus had composed.[2] Paul Jovius[3] claims that what

[1] Jul. Cæsar Scaliger, *Hypercrit.* seu lib. 6 Poëtices, ch. 4, p. 788.

[2] *Desid. Erasm. Epist. ad Jacob Wimpheling et ex eo G. M. Konigius, Biblioth. Vet. et Nov.* p. 504.

[3] Paul Jov. *Elog.* No. 61, pp. 141-2.

damaged the talent of the Mantuan for poetry was nothing else than an insatiable passion for learning Hebrew joined to an ambition of appearing wise in all other subjects of knowledge; so that thinking of acquiring or maintaining this reputation he was not able to give to poetry all the application which this art demands. He had the misfortune to appear in a century and country where they did not any longer pay much honour to mediocre poets. But having found so bad a versifier as he, which was not a great consideration with the great captain Gonsalvo, Viceroy of Naples, he profited by the advantage which it gave him and the disgrace which came to connoisseurs in "La Gonsalvie" [1]—that is to say to the four books of the poem which that author called "Baptiste de Cantalice" had made in honour of Gonsalvo. In fact Paul Jovius remarks that the ill-success of that work caused eyes to be turned on the Mantuan, and that he advanced himself in credit at the expense of Cantalicio.

Paul Jovius says, nevertheless, that Gonsalvo was very pleased with Cantalice and recompensed him magnificently. He only gives it to be understood that Mantuan, who undertook to treat the same subject, had not much difficulty in carrying off the advantage in such a competition.

This good fortune only remained for Mantuan till the two competitors were stopped and beaten by a third, who was Peter Gravina, and who in the judgment of Jovianus Pontanus and Sannazar effaced the glory which these two poets *prétendus* had acquired with so little cost.

But if there is no poetic art to praise in the Mantuan we can at least esteem the piety and zeal which he has shown in some of his pieces for *la discipline ecclésiastique*, the service and the glory of God. Nevertheless, M. de Clavigny de Sainte-Honorine [2] writes

or in that of Sotomayor; and the Kings of Spain "Index" contents itself with saying that it is necessary to efface in the third book of the "Alphonse" of our poet, where he describes the infernal regions, all that there is from "Hic pendebat adhuc" to "Pontificalis."

The reticence which Baillet shows in giving the beginning and the end only of this quotation is not observed in an English author named Simon Birkbeck, "Bachelor in Divinitie, sometime Fellow of Queen's College in Oxford, and now Minister of God's Word at Gilling, in Richmondshire," who in 1635 published the "Protestant's Evidence, taken out of Good Records; showing that for fifteen hundred years next after Christ divers Worthy Guides of God's Church have in sundry weighty points of Religion taught as the Church of England now doth." [1]

Besides the passage quoted below Birkbeck gives others from Mantuan to show that he is "very sharp against the Romanists." He writes a passage in which Baptista protests against the venality of the Church.[2] He gives a passage which describes Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, an ecclesiastic who was married.[3] Further, he remarks:

[1] This book is divided into sixteen sections, each section covering a century, and contains testimony from writers in each century against doctrines and practices of the Roman Church. It is the result of great industry of collection. It has, indeed, passed into oblivion. For my copy I gave, I believe, twopence. No wonder the Spanish "Index" condemned Mantuan's lines quoted by Birkbeck. They were these:

> "Hic pendebat adhuc, sexum mentita virilem,
> Fœmina, cui triplici Phrygiam diademate mitram
> extollebat apex, et Pontificalis adulter."
>
> Lib. iii. In Alfonso, p. 26.

I quote them because it would appear that there could hardly be a stronger argument as to the high reputation that Mantuan enjoyed than the fact that he could write such words, and not be brought to task, and to ruin, by the power of Rome, for dealing with such rumours, founded or unfounded. I may add that Edward Leigh in his *Religion and Learning*, published in 1663, says of Mantuan: "He often grievously accuseth the Church of Rome."

[2] "Tyrii vestes; venalia nobis,
> Templa, Sacerdotes, Altaria, Sacra, Coronæ,
> Ignis, Thura, Preces; Cœlum est venale, Deusque."

As to the last phrase, Birkbeck naïvely says, "whereby he (haply) meant their breaden God in the Mass." But Birkbeck forgets that Baptista was a conforming Catholic.

[3] "Non nocuit tibi progenies, non obstitit uxor,
> Legitimo conjuncta thoro, non horruit illa
> Tempestate Deus thalamos, connubia, tædas."

Of course the passage is descriptive, but Birkbeck does not realise that it cannot be quoted as expressive of Mantuan's view as to the marriage of the clergy.

"The same Mantuan glanceth at their manner of such pregnant repetitions, as they used in their prayers, as if God were served by reckoning up their muttering upon a pair of beads." [1]

The fact emerges that Mantuan was on the side of reform from within the Church. He is to be classed with Colet, with Lupset, with Sir Thomas More, with Erasmus. He is, as I have said, a Catholic Puritan. By 1635, however, we see that he was regarded as "very sharp against the Romanists," and so implicitly identified with Protestantism.

Though such a view shows bad history on the part of Simon Birkbeck it is instructive in explaining the popularity of Baptista Mantuan. He provokes the sympathy of those who, like Colet and Erasmus, wished for a purified and rationalised Church of Rome, nor have the Protestant revolutionists any hesitation in accepting him as one with themselves in protesting against the abuses of the old Church. The religious controversies of his age and the succeeding age fought in their courses in favour of Mantuan. He was, indeed, born under a fortunate star. Such appears to me to be the real basis of Mantuan's general popularity. As to the actual merits of his works, there is much difference of opinion. Two of the most important criticisms on Mantuan are those of Lilius Gregorius Giraldus, written about 1548–50, in the "De Poetis Nostrorum Temporum," [2] and in the preface to Thomas Farnaby's edition of Martial's epigrams, 1615. Giraldus says: "I praise his arrangement and purpose, but he was rather an extemporary than a mature poet. There are almost innumerable verses of this author, from which he has received such high praise amongst the people and some barbarians that he is held by one as near to and by another as quite a second Vergil. But, good God! what a difference of genius! For as everywhere Vergil was perfect this man was everywhere immoderate

favourable to Mantuan. Perhaps it might be argued that the very serious tone of his criticism shows in itself how deep a hold Mantuan had on Farnaby's contemporaries. After discussing [1] the various attitudes of the learned towards poets Farnaby continues: "Others, again, to come down to my own arena and to the little men of my own order (schoolmasters), due respect always being paid to the learned and the men of merit amongst us, whom no man venerates more than I, do not agree with the opinion of Petronius Arbiter, who says that the mind of the nobler class of poet does not love sanity. For the mind can neither conceive nor bring forth its offspring unless a great flood of learning (*literarum*) overwhelms it. Nor can they be induced to study the poets of the higher order, though there is the authority of Seneca for maintaining that mortal lips cannot pour forth magnificent song, unless they despise the vulgar and common, and rise by a holy instinct to the greater heights. To use the words of the same Arbiter, as soon as each has got his lines into meter and interwoven the sense with a rhetorical period of softer words [2] they straightway think they have reached Helicon. Why, indeed, have they not reached it? For to these petty pedagogues 'Fauste precor gelida' [3] sounds loftier than 'Arma virumque cano,' and all elegiacs are dumb if confronted with 'Qui mihi discipulus.'" Farnaby maintains that it is no answer to say that the great poets are obscure; for probably the fault is in oneself, and they may become familiar and clear by study, especially with the help of commentators. Not even the strong protesting outburst of Mantuan against corruption in the Church of Rome can save him from the castigation of Giraldus and Farnaby. For these were pure classicists. But classical scholarship never was, and could not be even in the sixteenth or the seventeenth century, a spirit which penetrated deeply into the popular consciousness. The people and the schoolmasters preferred Mantuan to Giraldus and to Farnaby. Whether it was in good taste or bad taste, he appealed to them more closely than did the spirit of pure classicism itself.

FOSTER WATSON.

[1] In the Latin preface to Martial's *Epigrammata*, 1644.
[2] "Teneriore ambitu verborum."
[3] *i.e.* the first line of Mantuan's first eclogue.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FARM BOOK

THE average town-bred Englishman knows very little of the country life of to-day, much less is he acquainted with the rural conditions of existence two or three centuries ago. Indeed at best the authorities we possess which throw real light upon the life of the farmer in olden times are but scanty. There is Thomas Tusser, and his 'Five Hundred Points of good Husbandrie' written in doggerel verse in the time of Queen Bess, but he and his work stand for that period almost alone. In the seventeenth century we have a literary production with a similar interest, in prose, not verse, by no means so well known. We call it a literary production, but we have no reason to believe that it was ever compiled with the view of publication, and it has only been printed in recent years. We refer to the "Farm Book" of Henry Best of Elmswell.

Elmswell is a little village about two miles from Driffield, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, where the Best family held an estate for nearly a couple of centuries. The author of the "Farm Book" or "Rural Economy," who died in 1645, appears to have been a successful agriculturist. Contrary to Tusser, he was able to make [illegible]. But we are not so much concerned with the details of

employed with the plough. We are accustomed to associate their use in this manner with mediæval England; the ploughing ox stands as the symbol for January on the old Anglo-Saxon calendar. Thus yoked, they are a sight familiar enough yet on the Continent, just as figured in the lovely sculptures of Giotto's campanile at Florence, or on the façade of the cathedral at Lucca. According to one authority, practically all the hard work of the farm was done by them in East Yorkshire until nearly the close of the eighteenth century; and they did not fall into total disuse until about 1840. A few years ago, there were old men living in out-of-the-way parts of the country who could remember having used the goad in their youth to urge on the oxen at their work. In the days of the Stuarts, the farmer boy who went with the ox-plough, we learn from Henry Best, received from twenty shillings to four nobles per year wages, with sixpence for God's-penny, and sometimes a pair of old breeches thrown in.

It appears to have been quite the recognised custom that the cast off clothing of the household should be shared among the servants. Hence we are told that "servants at beginning condition to have an olde suit, a payre of breeches, an old hatte, or a payre of shoes; and mayde servants to have an apron or smocke, or both." Certainly wages were not extravagant. Amongst those who "lived in," the foreman, the best paid man, only received the remuneration of five marks per annum, with two shillings to two shillings and sixpence for God's-penny. At the time of writing the wages of female servants had advanced in recent days very considerably. "We were wont," our author says, "that we could hire them for eighteen shillings per annum, but now of late we cannot hire a lusty mayde under twenty-four shillings wages, and sometimes twenty-eight shillings." The additional bonus of the "God's penny" almost invariably figures in the remuneration received. In the case of the maids it was one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per year.

As is still the rule in East Yorkshire, the servants, male and female, were hired at Martinmas. The constables of the different villages a short time previously to the "hirings" made up lists of those who would be at liberty, and of the masters who had need of fresh hands, so that none could leave or be hired afresh unless they were actually free from their last engagements. We have many quaint and curious entries on this subject, and much of worldly wisdom. "In hiring of mayde servants," we are told, "you are to make choice of such as are good milkers, and have care of such as are of a sluggish and sleepie disposition, for danger of fire; and never to hire such as are too near their friends, for *occasion* is said to

make a thief, and being hired you are not to commit over much to their trust, but to see into all things yourselfe, and to keep as much as you can under locke and key."

The male servant was expected to be a "handy man." Best says, "I heard a servant asked what he could do, who made answer:

> I can sowe,
> I can mowe,
> And I can stacke;
> And I can doe
> My master too,
> When my master turns his backe.

Nowadays the farm servant generally takes his full week holiday at Martinmas, but then, apparently, he was content with two or three days spent with his friends, usually leaving his place the "fourth day after Martinmas." The custom was to go on a Tuesday, or on a Thursday when possible, seldom on Sunday; and as for Monday, it was regarded as a day of ill omen, our author quoting the old couplet,

> Monday flitte
> Never sitte.

Of course many of the hands employed were not regular workers on the farm, the thatcher being amongst them. The picturesque cottage roofed with thatch, dotted over with house-leek and golden moss, and with walls and windows embowered in roses and honeysuckle, has not yet totally disappeared in East Yorkshire, but we fear the time is not so very remote when it will have been improved away, and the thatcher's art forgotten. In Best's days the thatcher was still a worker of importance in the rural economy. His nickname amongst his fellows was "Hangstrawe," and the folk, in jesting

manner, as we learn from our author. Their wages were fourpence per diem and their meat. Lately, however, the cobbler had been receiving sixpence per day, on account of the advance in the price of "capping leather," which together with thread he had to find. The wright or carpenter was paid tenpence per day, if he found himself, otherwise sixpence *per diem* and his meat. Mowers at hay and harvest time were similarly paid. Gardeners had sevenpence per day.

Seeing that Best's "Farm Book" is a practical business man's compilation we do not look for much information to be obtained therein with regard to the more festive side of life, and the amusements of the times. But even here the writer affords us certain side-lights. On the neighbouring estate of Watton they had a great sheep-shearing day, and amongst other items, we are told it was customary to allow sixpence for a piper to play to the clippers all the day. Everybody is familiar with Shakespeare's

Drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe,

but this is a very late notice of the bagpipe in East Yorkshire. We presume he would pipe them "merry" tunes, and so they would work away in like manner.

From a social point of view one of the most interesting entries in the volume is the short chapter on "Fashions at our Country Weddings." There is a delightful old-world flavour about it, and it is worthy of being quoted at length. Curiously it comes in the book between a chapter on "Hiring and Lodging of Moor Folk" and another "Concerning Beasts." Evidently our author did not trouble himself much about the order of his entries.

"Usually," says he, "the young man's father or he himself writes to the mayd to knowe if he shall be welcome to the house. If the notion be thought well of, then the young man goeth perhaps twice to see how the mayd standeth affected. Then if he see she be tractable and that her inclination is towards him, then the third time that he visiteth, he perhaps giveth her a ten shilling piece of gold, or a ring of that price, or perhaps a twenty shilling piece or a ring of that price. Then the next time, or next after that, a payre of gloves of 6*s*. 8*d*. or 10*s*. a payre, and after that each time some conceited toy or novelty of less value. They visit usually every three weeks or a month, and are usually halfe a year or very neare from the first going to the conclusion."

"Soe soone as the young folks are agreed and contracted, then the father of the mayd carrieth her over to the young mannes home to see how they like, and there doth the young mannes father treat

of a dower, and likewise of a jointure, and alsoe appointe and set down the day of marriage, which may perhaps be aboute a fortnighte or three weeks after. In that time do they get made the wedding clothes, and make provision against the wedding dinner, which is usually att the mayd's father's. Their use is to buy gloves to give to each of the friends a payre on that day; the manne should be att the cost of them, but some times the manne gives gloves to the menne, and the woman to the women. They give them that morning when they are almost ready to goe to church to be marryed."

"Then soe soone as the bride is tyred, and that they are ready to goe forth the bridegroom comes and takes her by the hande, and sayth, *Mistress, I hope you are willing*, or else he kisseth her before them, and then followeth her father out of the door. Then one of the bridegroom's men ushereth the bride and goeth foremost, and the rest of the young men usher each of them a young mayd to church. The bridegroom, and the bride's brothers or friends tende att dinner. He perhaps fetcheth her home to his house about a month after, and the portion is paid that time she goeth away." These were evidently pre-honeymoon days, or at any rate it was spent at home.

With wheat as high as 35*s.* per quarter, as we learn from our author, and even skilled workmen receiving only a few pence per day wages, it is needless to say that the labouring classes had, at that period, to rest content with coarse fare. The servants of the Elmswell household used brown bread made from meal, which was a mixture one-third each of rye, pease, and barley. The members of the family themselves had their pies made from flour of the best wheat, but the men had to be satisfied with puddings of barley meal. White bread was in those days reserved for special festive occasions.

for the dinner of the farmer and his family The Manor house sent their own corn to the mill to be ground; evidently, however, the miller, in Best's opinion, was a person who required to be well watched. As in the days of Chaucer, he does not appear to have been above suspicion, if we may judge by the methods adopted by our author to prevent malfeasance.

The affairs of the farm and household were conducted on careful and economical lines. Its items of expenditure would appear ridiculously small when compared with modern times, if we did not remember the relative value of money two and a half centuries ago. When the servants went to the Beverley market on Wednesday, they paid a half-penny each for putting up their horses, that is, for hay and stable room; but on Saturday, when they usually dined at the inn, they got their stable room for nothing. Fourpence each was allowed the men for their dinners. In addition to this, sometimes those who bought corn from them made them spend a penny or twopence, for "beneficial to the house," wherein they lodged.

The Best papers afford a number of old time cures for various ills to which the flesh is heir. For pimples on the face, you had to take the leather of a shoe that had been worn, being of ox hide, and having burnt it, apply the same to the pimples, and they would be cured. For deafness you were to use the suet or marrow of an ox mingled with goose grease, pouring it into the ear. A specific for chest worms was to give the child mare's milk, and it would be made to "throw them up at the mouth." For pains in the stomach and at the heart, the remedy was a pint of Bordeaux vinegar, a quarter of a pound of white sugar candy, and a pennyworth of licorice and aniseeds. The latter were to be placed in a lawn cloth, the vinegar was to be boiled until they were half wasted, and then you had to strain; the sugar candy now was added, and you had to "lick as a sirrop."

There are some shallow critics who to-day make merry at the expense of the farmer's daughter, saying she neglects her dairy, and gives her attention rather to the pianoforte. But we are fairly justified in assuming that even in the seventeenth century music and a conscientious attention to home duties were not considered irreconcilable. We have not a full inventory of the household effects which Henry Best left behind him at his death in 1645, but the Manor, on his decease, passed into the hands of his eldest son, who in turn died in 1668, and amongst the goods which he possessed was a pair of old virginals. So the modern farmer's daughter who plays the piano is perhaps not so decadent after all.

W. H. THOMPSON.

CHARLES LAMB ONCE MORE.

I.

IN the old churchyard at Edmonton, close to the pathway that skirts the graves, stands a headstone often sought by men and women who cherish the memory of Charles Lamb. One afternoon, in the winter of 1834, Lamb pointed out that spot as one where he could wish to lie, and there, on a Saturday about three weeks later, he was laid to rest in a deep grave, as Talfourd tells us. Close by, you may still see the small house in Church Street where Lamb lodged with "Mr. Walden and his wife, who take in patients, and have arranged to lodge and board us only," and from which he was carried to his burial. The house, since Lamb came into the full inheritance of his fame, has borne the name "Lamb's Cottage"; it has been admirably sketched by Mr. Herbert Railton. Recently, when lingering by the tall gate that opens towards the garden, I determined to set down a few stray thoughts and impressions concerning one who, known among his contemporaries as a Blue-coat boy, as Charles Lamb of the India House, as "the superannuated man," is to-day remembered as the friend of Coleridge, of Hazlitt, of Leigh Hunt, of Wordsworth; as the "greatest of English prose humorists since the days of Addison." Too often, in the world of literature—when, for instance, we think of Rousseau or Byron, of Walpole or Pope—we

puts it, the water very near the eyes. I could no more write of it flippantly than I could write flippantly of Johnson's letter to Chesterfield, or of the last chapters of Carlyle's "Sterling." For to read that paper is to enter into the very sanctuary of Lamb's presence. To know something, *ab extra*, concerning his mood when he penned "Dream-Children," we look forward three months from the date of its publication, to a letter written to Wordsworth on March 20. He there wrote of "a certain deadness to everything, which I think I may date from poor John's loss . . . Deaths overset one and put one out, long after the recent grief. Two or three have died within the last two twelvemonths, and so many parts of me have been numbed . . . Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. The going away of friends does not make the remainder more precious. My theory is to enjoy life, but my practice is against it. Oh for a few years between the grave and the desk!" There is a *de profundis* note here which it is impossible to ignore. It helps us to realise how "Dream-Children" came to be written. We think of Lamb as one whose spirit was at once great and gentle, one who, at forty-seven years of age, having by recent events felt keenly what *was*, weaved for posterity that exquisite prose-fancy, that wholly unique essay in imaginative retrospect, the dream-reverie of what *might have been*.

In that essay—so clearly conceived, so deftly phrased, so pathetic in tone—Lamb imagined how, one evening, his children, Alice and John, came round him to hear of their great-grandmother, the good, religious Mrs. Field, who knew by heart the Psalter and much of the Testament, and to whose memory he had actually written some of his best verses. Once kindled, the fancy recalled many early memories—the old house at Blakesware in Hertfordshire, with its busts of the twelve imperial Cæsars, its spacious gardens, its haunted staircase; the glances, "too tender to be called upbraiding," of fair Alice W——n, whom, in alternate hope and despair, he had courted for seven long years. In fact, the essay touches upon just such incidents as Lamb would surely have loved to narrate to a veritable Alice and John, had the lines of life fallen unto him in more pleasant places—in other words, had he married the fair-haired Hertfordshire lass whom he loved so dearly. But it was not to be. In the earliest of some six hundred of his letters, gradually collected by men who love his memory, Lamb wrote to Coleridge, "The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad-house, at Hoxton . . . Coleridge, it may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am

inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy." What is loss to the individual is sometimes gain to the world. Had Lamb married Ann Simmons of Widford; had he known the sweets of home where "little footsteps lightly print the ground"; had "Alice" and "John" indeed been his joy in middle life and his solace in the evening of his days, the Essays of Elia might never have been penned. He might have exhausted, in the service of the more exacting domesticities, those creative powers and that fund of humour which we readers, wise after the event, feel certain were "meant for mankind."

II.

Mankind are to-day more deeply interested in the life and writings of Lamb than at any period since his death. Those who cherish his memory as they cherish the memory of no other English writer have searched, with exemplary diligence, for further records of his life. That search has been crowned with a large measure of success. We now know much concerning him which Talfourd did not know or forbore to relate. We once knew Lamb as in a glass, darkly; we now almost persuade ourselves that we have seen him face to face. So truly is this the case that it is still possible to say something of interest, in the pages of a magazine, concerning the man or his writings. For myself, I essay to do so the more readily because my personal interest in Lamb's many editors is purely literary. I am indebted to them all—to every scholarly Elian who corrects my understanding of a passage, to every biographer who traces Lamb's footsteps more surely than they have been traced before.

Now, singularly enough, immediately after my promise to write this paper, there appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" an article

ledge of the man Charles Lamb. Rather than rejoice that he was contemptible in the eyes of a great, albeit harsh, ill-balanced contemporary, I rejoice at every step taken by Canon Ainger, or any other, to investigate the story of Lamb's life, especially when those investigations reveal something fresh concerning his

> "little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

Canon Ainger states that in the summer of 1881, having obtained an introduction to the rector of Widford, he drove from Ware to that pleasant little Hertfordshire village. As it chanced, the rector was absent, but an interview with Mrs. Arthur Tween, "a very elderly lady," led to fortunate if unexpected results. For Mrs. Tween had known Charles and Mary Lamb in the flesh—had, indeed, known them and their circumstances so intimately that, although at first somewhat reticent towards her visitor, she conversed readily enough when she heard that he was connected with the Temple Church. She was, as it presently appeared, herself born in the Temple; moreover, her father's name was none other than *Randal Norris*. It is not surprising to read that the old lady's eyes were filled with tears when Canon Ainger, recollecting the letter penned by Lamb to Coleridge on October 3, 1796, quoted aloud, "Mr. Norris has been as a father to me ; Mrs. Norris as a mother."[1] The wife of Randal Norris was a native of Widford; hence, when quitting the Temple, the family turned to Hertfordshire for a home. The two daughters were married to brothers of the name of Tween; friendship with Charles and Mary was still fostered, and Canon Ainger was told how Charles would walk over from Enfield with Emma Isola—he was shown, indeed, the room in which Lamb slept. But the crowning discovery, from the standpoint of Lamb's biographer, was to come. Questioned concerning the identity of "Alice W.," the "Anna" of the sonnets, Mrs. Tween replied readily that her name was Nancy Simmons—more correctly Ann Simmons—that she lived in a cottage called "Blenheims," and had a sister named Maria. Ann married "Mr. Bartram, a silversmith, of Princes Street, Soho." She bore her husband three daughters and one son. The gist of these discoveries has been embodied in other essays by Canon Ainger as by less authoritative writers, but only lately have we thus learned how

[1] The passage referred to runs thus: "Mr. Norris, of Christ's Hospital, has been as a father to me—Mrs. Norris as a mother ; though we had few claims on them." It is hardly necessary to explain that Lamb refers to the conduct of those excellent friends when his mother was killed by his sister Mary "in a fit of insanity."

we came by our knowledge. A few fortunate persons did indeed forestall our pleasure, for the story took the shape of a lecture written about nine years ago.

"The children of Alice call Bartram father." Canon Ainger, as he listened to good Mrs. Tween, might have exclaimed with FitzJames in the poem, "the riddle is already read." He must surely have afterwards re-read "Dream-Children" with renewed interest and with a deepened sense of its pathos. Before he journeyed thus to Widford in Hertfordshire, he might have supposed, in common with other readers, that that brief, beautiful essay was not untouched by the imp of mystification, whose fingers were so often laid upon the letters and essays of Lamb. Indeed, there is cause for no small astonishment when we remember for how long the story of Lamb's love eluded our knowledge, even now imperfect. Talfourd's bold statement served only as a delusion and a snare, nor is it easy to believe that it was writtten entirely in good faith. "A youthful passion which lasted only a few months, and which he afterwards attempted to regard lightly as a folly past, inspired a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music." This, and a passing reference to the "fair-haired maid" in the "Final Memorials," was what Talfourd knew, or thought it prudent to divulge, concerning an attachment which almost certainly influenced the whole of Lamb's subsequent life. How lasting that attachment was and how deep its influence we shall, I hope, learn more fully on the publication of the "Life" which Mr. E. V. Lucas is preparing. We have yet to reap the benefit of his labours—a benefit that will surely be great. Mr. Lucas may have cards up his sleeve. I, at least, shall be sorely disappointed should it appear that he has merely shuffled once again the cards already dealt by others.

the fault was not Lamb's. How this statement had been hitherto regarded by even Mr. Macdonald himself, who is deeply conversant with the whole *corpus* of "Lambiana," we may gather from his notes to "Barbara S——" written prior to his discovery: "If truthfulness of disposition and habit could safeguard a woman from lying when a great idea out of the past presented itself to her imagination, we should accept Miss Kelly's confidence in regard to this delicate matter with implicit faith. But human nature being what it is, and all good women romantic, we pay the sweetness of her nature the higher compliment of believing that she dreamt it, in the long day-dream of age and memory and happy thoughts."

It was, perhaps, natural that such a hint of what *might* have been, uttered by an actress when the shadows were lengthening on life's pathway, received but small credence in the absence of more substantial proofs. But the proof is now in our hands; and it is difficult to decide which to admire the more—the delicate manner in which Lamb penned his proposal or the kindly tone of the refusal which his letter elicited. The correspondence is now a matter of common knowledge, and the incident is here alluded to chiefly on account of Mr. Macdonald's remarkable experience in regard thereto. It furnishes an admirable object lesson in the art of reading between the lines, an art easily abused, but very profitable when exercised with discretion. The several passages which, taken collectively, seemed to Mr. Macdonald to furnish proof that Lamb had offered to marry Miss Kelly are found in three brief papers entitled respectively "The Jovial Crew," "The Hypocrite," and "New Pieces at the Lyceum." The papers, in the shape of dramatic criticisms, were contributed by Lamb to the "Examiner." The first bears date July 4; the second, August 2; the third, August (no day specified); all three in the year 1819. Those papers contain the following passages, referring (1) to Miss Kelly's appearance as Rachel in "The Jovial Crew" at the English Opera, and (2) to her appearance as Charlotte in "The Hypocrite"; the third passage explains itself:

(1) "But the 'Princess of Mumpers' and 'Lady Paramount,' of beggarly counterfeit accents, was *she* that played 'Rachel.' Her gabbling lachrymose petitions; her tones, such as we have heard by the side of old woods, when an irresistible face has come peeping on one on a sudden; with her full black locks, and a *voice*—how shall we describe it?—a voice that was by nature meant to convey nothing but truth and goodness, but warped by circumstance into an assurance that she is telling us a lie—that catching twitch of the thieving irreprovable finger—those ballad-singer's notes, so vulgar

unvulgar—that assurance, so like impudence, and yet so many countless leagues removed from it—her jeers, which we had rather stand, than be caressed with other ladies' compliments, a summer's day long—her face, with a wild out-of-doors grace upon it. 'What a lass that were,' said a stranger who sat beside us . . . 'to go a-gipsying through the world with.' We confess we longed to drop a tester in her lap, she begged so masterly."

(2) "Miss Kelly is not quite at home in "Charlotte"; she is too good for such parts. Her cue is to be natural; she cannot put in the modes of artificial life, and play the coquette as it is expected to be played. There is a frankness in her tones which defeats her purpose; we could not help wondering why her lover (Mr. Pearman) looked so rueful; we forgot that she was acting airs and graces, as she seemed to forget it herself, turning them into a playfulness which could breed no doubt for a moment which way her inclinations ran. She is in truth not framed to tease or torment even in jest, but to utter a hearty *Yes* or *No*; to yield or refuse consent with a noble sincerity. We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with her, but we have been told that she carries the same cordial manners into private life. We have heard, too, of some virtues which she is in the practice of; but they are of a description which repay themselves, and with them neither we nor the public have anything to do."

(3) "Miss Kelly we do not care to say anything about, because we have been accused of flattering her. The truth is, this lady puts so much intelligence and good sense into every part which she plays that there is no expressing an honest sense of her merits, without incurring a suspicion of that sort. But what have we to gain by praising Miss Kelly?"

"What have we to gain by praising Miss Kelly?" Nothing.

For Lamb's letter to "Frances Maria Kelly" and a further note ac-

pens an essay in which he conjures up a very touching picture of himself, and of two children who are never to be his, but whom he would fain have known and loved. Surely it would have been but natural if, with his recent disappointment fresh in his memory, he had thought of "Alice" and "John" as children of Fanny Kelly. But he did *not* thus imagine them; his thoughts reached "otherwhere." They carried him back to those far-off days when "in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever," he nurtured his love for Nancy Simmons of Widford, who had since borne children to another. By one of those mental processes familiar to us all, his recent attachment was forgotten, the inner chambers of the memory were opened, and he was a youth again in spirit as he looked upon the vision he had summoned and saw, or thought he saw, the tender looks, the outspread hands, the little right foot of one "so like my Alice." *My Alice*: the pronoun was penned spontaneously, we may well believe; so often had he permitted his fancy to regard her thus. Byron, in "Childe Harold," speaks of those "spectres whom no exorcism can bind"; for Lamb no exorcism could bind the spectre of Ann Simmons. He himself tells us that, ere he saw the vision, he had fallen asleep in his armchair, with Mary beside him, and Mr. Brock, who has sympathetically illustrated "Dream-Children," depicts him looking towards "Bridget" as wakefulness returns. The story, whether purely mythical or founded on fact, is remarkable when read side by side with Talfourd's words concerning a "youthful passion, which lasted only a few months," if only because Lamb speaks not of a few months but of seven years, and this not of the "passion"—surely still nurtured when he wrote "Dream-Children"—but of the actual courting.

IV.

The "Essays of Elia" now compete, in number of editions and variety of *format*, with the "Complete Angler" and the "Natural History of Selborne"; I had almost written the "Pilgrim's Progress." Lamb, writing of his own taste in the matter of books, tells us that Shaftesbury was not too genteel for him, "nor Jonathan Wild too low." One result of such discursive reading was that Lamb in turn left writings behind him which, as Mr. Lang says of his own "Angling Sketches," "should appeal to many sympathies." It is surely a pleasing sign of the times that an edition of the "Essays of Elia," sold by Mr. Grant Richards for one shilling, has reached its fourth impression; and that pleasure is enhanced by the fact that two elaborate editions of the entire extant works have

recently been published in London. Both these editions have elicited almost unreserved commendation; one of them, in twelve volumes, profusely illustrated by portraits and by dainty sketches from the pen of Mr. Brock, is before me as I write. This article is not a review, or I might say much concerning the peculiar merits of such an edition, so light in the hand, so pleasing to the eye, so carefully edited by Mr. William Macdonald. The other edition—supervised, literally word for word, by one whose knowledge of Lamb and his writings needs no commendation from me—I have so far coveted. I understand, however, that Mr. Lucas has explained all Lamb's allusions, which will provide a very sufficient inducement, to all save the indifferent or hopelessly illiterate, to examine the result of his labours. Such labours must have been immense, and Mr. Lucas, when he puts the final touch to the "Life," will surely re-echo the sigh of Mr. Swinburne, "'Jamque opus exegi,' which I would not have undertaken for love of any other man than Lamb." Personally, I regard the works of Lamb—the multiform coruscations of his playful fancy, the breadth of his sympathies, the excellence of his criticisms—as something too great for any single comprehension less gifted than his own; I had as lief try to ape his finest qualities as to explain all his mystifications. In passing, I may express the hope that, with his customary good sense, Mr. Lucas has avoided the unwise extremes of zealous discipleship, and has shunned such textual follies as remind us of those theological misses who know how many times the word "straightway" occurs in the gospel of St. Mark.

Lamb was one among several authors to whom Stevenson, as he himself tells us, played "the sedulous ape," in those early days when he kept two books in his pocket, "one to read, one to write

of what is commonly called the "occasional" essay. Catholicity of taste, wide reading, humour, faculty of apposite allusion and quotation, which presupposes an almost Magliabechian memory: who is sufficient for these things? The answer, broadly speaking, is not far to seek. Perhaps one man in each generation writes essays well; one man in every two generations shall do it with consummate skill. Temple, whom Lamb thought "a model of the genteel style of writing," died two hundred years ago, and our really great essayists of later date may be told upon the fingers. Hence, as most readers will admit, when we place upon our shelves the "Essays of Elia" and the collected essays of Stevenson, it is difficult, from the essayists who come between them in order of time, to select a third worthy to keep them company. If we seek him among Lamb's immediate contemporaries, we turn, perhaps, to Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt; but many would deem the first too arbitrary and the second too finical; the place would still be vacant. Well may Mr. Swinburne write of the essays and letters of Lamb, "What is there to be said but that it would be a feat far easier to surpass all others than to approach the best of these?"

Few English writers enjoy a more sure immunity from adverse criticism. To point my meaning I may revert once again to Stevenson. He, I take it, was at once a shrewd theorist and a facile exponent of the arts of literary style; he spoke with authority when he advised others how to write. His most sedulously elaborated utterance on the subject of style was contributed to the "Contemporary Review." How many of the canons there laid down are observed, except casually, by Lamb? Hardly any; and perhaps the question and answer suggest one of the few ultimate tests of the durable quality of authorship. For a great writer, in the last resort, is one who can violate with impunity those written and unwritten laws which the novice violates at his peril. Is Shakespeare an exception to this rule—or Carlyle, or De Quincey, or Macaulay? The faults of Macaulay—his rhetorical reiterations, his distasteful similes, his lack of spirituality—have been laid bare by such critics as Cotter Morison, Leslie Stephen, Lord Acton, and Mr. John Morley. The staunchest admirer of the Essays or History has no reply to offer; the charges are so obviously true, so free from such bias as is often displayed by smaller men. But we still read the Essays and History, and are likely to do so. It is thus with Lamb. We admit, with Hazlitt, that Elia is "tenacious of the obscure and remote," but we accept that obscurity and remoteness with surprising satisfaction. We know how frequently his preferences are dictated

by mere whim rather than by the ordered reason; as Hazlitt again puts it, "It is hard to say whether St. John's Gate is connected with more intense and authentic associations in his mind, as a part of old London Wall, or as the frontispiece (time out of mind) of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'" But the associations which he loved are loved by us, however oddly they may be suited or for whatever reason he cherished them; nor do we relish his essays the less because he is often as wayward and discursive as De Quincey. In other words, he is above criticism: he is a maker rather than an observer of literary law. Woe to him who aspires to make the laws of Elia his own! He will find that he has elected to shoot with a very strong bow.

V.

Lamb's more obvious shortcomings were engendered by his virtues. He was too kind a friend to be a sound critic where the writings of his friends were concerned. After a reperusal of many of his letters I have asked myself whether, after all, there can be any entirely impartial criticism of the writings of those with whom the critic has broken bread. If such criticism were possible, we might have looked for it from Lamb. But, in point of fact, we have to say that Lamb's critical sagacity never failed except when he passed judgment on the writings of friends who were dear to him—as so many were. On such occasions, very frequently, he lavished praise which did honour to his heart rather than his head. In 1796 he wrote to Coleridge "On the whole, I expect Southey one day to rival Milton: I already deem him equal to Cowper, and superior to all living poets besides." This praise was elicited by "Joan of Arc," on which dust has settled deeply of late—quite as deeply as on Falconer's "Shipwreck," almost as deeply as on Glover's "Atheniad." Mr. Macdonald, writing of Bernard Barton the Quaker, calls him, hardly with injustice, "a poet of very small parts"; to Lamb the poems of Barton were "sweet with Doric delicacy," and he was captivated with their "Quakerish beauty." Other instances might easily be cited, but these will suffice. They show that Lamb sometimes praised, if he very rarely blamed, amiss. A like amiable weakness is at times apparent in his judgments on Art. He thought Hogarth's "Gin Lane" a "sublime print": it is, says Canon Ainger "certainly one of the poorest of Hogarth's pictures as a composition," and few critics will question his decision. Indeed, a hundred passages might be quoted to prove that Lamb loved to stretch a point in behalf of a favourite. His praises of contemporary effort can only be matched

by Scott's assertion that Byron, in "Cain," had equalled Milton on his own ground; or by Johnson's extraordinary partiality for the writings of Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, in whose honour he inaugurated an all-night sitting at the Ivy Lane Club. And when we remember that the man who expected Southey to rival Milton was the man who, in 1812, wrote on Shakespeare's Tragedies in the "Reflector," we ask whether any critic of equal insight ever sought so earnestly for excellences rather than faults in the writings of his friends as did Charles Lamb.

HERBERT W. TOMPKINS.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF FORUM JULII (FRÉJUS).

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II. ITS HISTORY.

UNTIL M. Aubenas produced his exhaustive work, the tradition that Forum Julii had owed its creation to Julius Cæsar had been very generally accepted, not only by the Southern populations generally, but also by erudite French authorities. The author of the "Histoire de Fréjus," following an example that has been set by other historians of their native towns or dwelling-places of their selection, has, in the course of his researches, repudiated all unauthorised statements and traditions that he has considered due to mere popular fancy, and has striven his utmost to place all relating to Fréjus upon a sound historical basis. Unfortunately, much has been irretrievably lost in the course of centuries.

As can easily be conceived, the Romans were not the first people

who formed a settlement at this particular spot. The mere fact of

upon the wording of an inscription[1] discovered at Fréjus in very recent times, it does not seem warrantable, in consideration of the slight historical testimony[2] at the disposal of the local historians, to locate a population on the site eventually occupied by Forum Julii, anterior to the times when the Celto-Ligurian tribes brought themselves within the confines of history by the resolute opposition that they offered to the Roman invaders. It is not improbable that the immediate predecessors of the Romans in this region were the Oxybiens, for it is difficult to believe that the great Celto-Ligurian tribe mentioned by Polybius, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Pliny the Elder, and Florus, to which race these authors attributed military qualities of high value combined with the potentiality for resistance, should have been territorially confined within such narrow limits as are represented by the district lying between Cannes and Agay. There are plausible grounds, therefore, for the belief expressed by Honoré Bouche and Hardouin that the Oxybien country extended to the part now occupied by Fréjus. Another powerful tribe, the Vocontii, inhabited the territory bordering upon the west of the destined site of Forum Julii. It is to be assumed, then, that the Oxybiens populating this region shared indirectly in the defeat of their countrymen and of the Deciates inflicted by Quintus Opimius. More than thirty years later they were involved in the national ruin brought about by the victories gained by Marcus Fulvius Flaccus and Caius Sextius Calvinus over the Vocontii and the Salluvians in the years 125 and 124 B.C. respectively.

Forum Julii was built, but what prominent Roman was its founder no historic evidence survives to attest.

Principally on the strength of a fanciful description by Girardin, the foundation of the Gallo-Roman city has been commonly

[1] *V.* Aubenas, Appendix, p. 755, Inscription 22:

BARICBALO . AMIC**
**RIPPRIMA . A*
XL . ERES . EX . TESTAM
ENTO . F . ET . SIBI

M. Alexandre's reading and translation of this inscription are as follows: *Baricbalo amico Agrippina Prima. Annos* XL. (*vixit* understood). *Heres ex testamento fecit et sibi.* ("To Baricbal, her friend, Agrippina Prima. He lived forty years. His testamentary heiress has erected this monument (for him) and for her.") At the foot of the inscription two clasped hands were sculptured. Baricbalo is a name of Hebrew derivation: *barac* and *bahal*—blessed of Baal or of the Lord. It applied to a Phœnician merchant from Tyre or Carthage.

[2] Strabo's *Geography*, lib. iv. cap. i. secs. 5 and 9.

ascribed to Julius Cæsar for the sole palpable reason that the place Forum Julii (the *forum* or the *market* of Julius) was in the course of his lifetime named after him; but together with the fact, as we are informed by Joseph Antelmi,[1] that in the ancient world three other cities were known under the same denomination, it must be borne in mind that the name of the Dictator was conferred in slavish admiration and servile adulation upon a great many localities in the Roman Empire.[2] The first of the three towns just alluded to was in Spain. Pliny the Elder mentions it in the following passage: "Circa flumen ipsum, Ossigi quod cognominatur Laconicum; Iliturgi quod *Forum Julium*; Ipasturgi quod Triumphale . . ."[3] The second, which was in Germany, is named in the Acts of a Council held at Cologne in 887, against certain pillagers of Church property. The bishops summon them. ". . . . Videlicet in festivitate sancti Johannis Baptistæ, 8 cal. Julii, *Foro Julii*, quando iterum, Deo annuente, synodus celebranda erit. . . ." (In this instance the modern name is unknown.) The third was situated in the country of the Carni, in the territory that in 1420 became Venetia. It eventually grew into the city of *Cividale-di-Friuli*, which has given its name to the province of Friuli. Pliny terms its inhabitants *Forojulienses transpadani*, evidently with a view to differentiating them from the Forojulians of Gallia Narbonensis.[4] Paulus Diaconus, the author of "De Gestis Longobardorum," also mentions this town, and designates it indifferently by the names of Forum Julii, Civitas forojuliana, or Forojulianum Castrum.

It seems, in fact, to have been not an uncommon circumstance thus to name places after Julius Cæsar. Should this distribution of nomenclature emanating from a single individual militate considerably against the assumption that Forum Julii was founded by him,

doubts would have intruded themselves upon the minds of the critical with regard to the founders and builders of Forum Julii.

Aubenas, with some plausibility, suggests that Marius may have been the creator of the stronghold. When the news of the terrible defeat (in which 80,000 soldiers perished) sustained by Cepion and Mallius in 106 B.C. near the right bank of the Rhône, in the eastern portion of Provincia, at the hands of the Cimbri and Teutones, reached Rome, the capital was cast into a state of consternation, and Marius was appointed to retrieve the disaster—the greatest that had ever befallen the Roman arms. Marius assembled a powerful army and proceeded to Gaul; but failed to try conclusions with the enemy, as the latter, in what appeared an access of barbaric fickleness, suddenly crossed the Pyrenees, and invaded the Hispanian Peninsula. These unanticipated tactics gave nearly three years of breathing space to Provincia, and enabled the great general to complete his formidable preparations. Aubenas considers it by no means improbable that Marius utilised this unexpected interval in employing his soldiers in building strong fortifications, the inroad of the Cimbri and Teutones having rendered the creation of a second great naval base an absolute necessity[1] at the point where Forum Julii was built, which site, moreover, would lie in the way of the barbarians should they attempt any further invasion. That Marius planned and carried out great engineering works is evident from the fact of history mentioning the channel of communication between the Rhône—obstructed, as it was, by sand—and the sea. This boldly conceived work long bore the name of "Fossæ Marianæ." But with regard to any share that he may have had in the construction of Forum Julii, as in the assumption of Cæsar's claim thereto put forward by so many writers, no historical evidence exists in support of Aubenas's supposition.

Notwithstanding his anxiety to come to some definite and acceptable decision in this difficult matter, the laborious efforts of Aubenas have only permitted him to arrive at the following vague conclusion. Forum Julii, at the time when the Narbonne colony was founded, which period would have been anterior to Julius Cæsar, became, in its turn, a Roman colony. This establishment rose to be a maritime station and experienced successive developments. The conqueror of Gaul may possibly have sent out additional colonists to this place. As for the Julian name, it may either have been assumed by the town in sign of homage, have been taken as a result of solicited patronage, or may even have been spontaneously accorded. Taking as his basis the two

[1] Narbonne, then the principal Roman naval station in Gaul, had fallen into the hands of the Cimbri and Teutones.

principal text-books of antiquity especially relating to the exploits of Julius Cæsar, namely, his Life by Plutarch and his own "Commentaries," Aubenas has demonstrated that, in the course of the eight years occupied by Cæsar in completing his conquest of Gaul, no allusion whatever is made to Forum Julii. It might be put forward as an hypothesis that it may have been so generally known that Julius Cæsar was the founder of Forum Julii that Plutarch and the continuator (Aulus Hirtius) of the "Commentaries" may have considered it puerile to state so elementary a fact; but then, on the other hand, why should Cicero, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, both Plinys and Tacitus, all of whom have alluded to Forum Julii, have been actuated by similar negative sentiments? The same omission is noticeable in the Itinerary of Antoninus, Ptolemy's Geography, the description of the Universe by Stephen of Byzantium, the Theodosian Table, and, finally, the Notice on the Gallic Provinces edited in the fifth century. Not a syllable is to be found in any of these authorities relating to the foundation—the precise beginnings—of Fréjus!

It is in a letter addressed by Munatius Plancus to Cicero, dated about the middle of May in the decisive year 43 B.C., that Fréjus, under its Roman name of Forum Julii, makes its first appearance in history. This epistle has naturally very important bearings upon the ancient history of Fréjus, and Aubenas, after terming it the "certificate of birth of the city," transcribes it almost in entirety. In this document a sentence occurs stating that, it having come to the knowledge of the writer, Plancus, that Lucius, Antony's brother, had advanced as far as Forum Julii with a body of cavalry and a few cohorts, he (Plancus) had, the day before, sent out his own brother against him, at the head of 4,000 horse. ("Quum vero mihi nuntiatum esset, Lucium Antonium præmissum cum equitibus et cohor-

Judging by the numbers, composition, and condition of the large army (40,000 men) commanded by Antony and Ventidius, Forum Julii must at the period in question have been a military and naval station of the first rank.

Although the circumstance is not positively vouched for by any ancient or modern historian, it is highly probable that the two future triumvirs and their joint army passed the interval separating the end of May from the beginning of September at Forum Julii.

Between the years 27 and 9 B.C. Augustus paid four visits, separated by irregular intervals, to Gaul; but it is curious to observe that the Roman writers of this epoch do not state whether he passed through Forum Julii. The omission is the more to be surprised at, since, according to the three most ancient writers—after Cicero's correspondents—who allude to Forum Julii, the name of the first Roman emperor is most intimately associated with what was, in his time and long subsequently, the greatest Roman port on the Mediterranean. Coins and inscriptions confirm the close connection of Augustus with the town.

The three writers are Strabo, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny the Elder. All were in a position, familiar, as we are, with the dates at which they wrote and produced their works, to express an accurate opinion upon the state of things existing at the commencement of the Roman Empire.

Strabo designated Forum Julii by the title of *Navale Cæsaris Augusti* ("the naval arsenal of Augustus").[1] Pomponius Mela mentions the port after the localities neighbouring Nice: "Nicæ tangit Alpes, tangit Oppidom Deciatum, tangit Antipolis, deinde Forum Julii, *Octavanorum colonia*."[2] Finally, Pliny in his enumeration of the peoples and towns of the *littoral*, observes: "In ora, Forum Julii, Octavanorum colonia quæ Pacensis appellatur et Classica; amnis in eâ Argenteus."[3]

The *savant*, Hubert Goltzius, vouches for the conservation of three coins, which have an important bearing upon the excerpts

[1] Honoré Bouche's translation.

[2] *De Situ Orbis*, lib. ii. cap. 5.

[3] *Nat. Hist.* lib. iii. cap. 5. "On the coast is seen Forum Julii, colony of the Octavanians (soldiers of the eighth legion), termed *Pacensis* and *Classica*; the river Argens flows into it." These military colonists were time-expired veterans. The words "amnis in eâ Argenteus" may be considered to afford a proof furnished by a great ancient classical authority that a large additional supply of water was obtained by bringing a derivative of the Argens through the Western Citadel (*v. Description of the Port*, Part I.).

just cited. Neither Joseph Antelmi [1] nor Bouche [2] omits alluding to them in their learned scientific histories. Antelmi considers that one of these coins was struck during the reign of Augustus. It bears the inscription: COL . JVL . OCT . (*Colonia Julia Octavanorum*). The second, which is attributed to Nero, bore upon its surface an inscription strongly confirmatory of Pliny's words: COL . PACENS . CLASS . (*Colonia Pacensis Classica*). With regard to the third, belonging to Domitian's time, it handed down the name itself of the ancient town: COL . FOR . JVL . (*Colonia Forum Julii*).

Finally, we include the interpretation of a very curious inscription that was discovered at Nîmes at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Aubenas has transcribed it among the three dozen inscriptions forming part of his closely printed appendix, while it has also been reproduced by Bouche, Antelmi, Girardin, and Gruter. This epigraphical document [3] has great importance in the eyes of the Fréjusian historians. The meaning of the text is that the city of Forum Julii had dedicated this monument "to its *patron* (or one of its protectors), Quintus Solonius Severinus, the son of Quintus, incorporated in the Voltinia tribe, honoured with the gift of a public horse, quatuorvir of the treasury, pontiff, flamen of the province of Narbonne, and tribune of the soldiers of the eighth legion (*Augusta*)."

"This name of *Legio Octava Augusta*," observes Aubenas, "reproduced by a great number of funereal inscriptions discovered in different places, is a proof of the establishment under Augustus of the colony of the Octavanians at Forum Julii."

The Gallo-Roman city unquestionably enjoyed a period of pro-

[1] "*De Initiis Ecclesiæ forojuliensis.* Dissertatio historica, chronologica, critica, profanosacra, auctore Josepho Antelmio, Forojuliensi canonico. Aquis-Sextiis (Aix) 1680," pp. 9 and 21.

[2] *Chorographie et Histoire de la Provence*, par Honoré Bouche, vol. i. p. 246.

[3] . . . ET PHILOMVS . . .
Q . SOLONIO . Q . F . VOL .
SEVERINO
EX V . DECVRIIS EQVO
PVBLICO LVPERCO
IIII VIR . AB . AERAR .
PONTIFICI
FLAMINI PROVINCIAE
NARBONENSIS
TRIBVNO MIL . LEG . VIII . AVG .
CIVITAS FOROIVLIENSIVM
PATRONO.
(*Histoire de Fréjus*, Appendix, p. 749.)

sperity, greatness, and splendour, for besides being an important naval and military station, it was also a great commercial port, having been created with the idea of setting up rivalry to Marseilles, in addition to the competition to the Greek industrial colony already offered by Narbonne. It would seem to us, from various signs, that Forum Julii must even have run the older Roman establishment on the further side of the Rhône rather close. Nevertheless, after the death of Augustus, the period during which the colony remained prominently before the world was relatively brief. This epoch extends to the time of Hadrian, that is to say, little over a century. The historical interest presented by these hundred years is principally biographical. During the whole course of the 358 years that followed, at the expiry of which long interval the empire founded by Augustus crumbled into dust, narrative texts are utterly lacking, so that the local historians have found the reconstruction of the Fréjusian annals an impossibility.

The Bénédictins de la Congrégation de Saint-Maur were authorities to whom Fréjus is deeply indebted for what has been preserved of her history.

A Forojulian who was a prominent figure in the time of Augustus was the warrior poet, Cornelius Gallus. There is every reason to believe that he was the first historical personage born in Forum Julii. Some biographers have stated, but upon insufficient evidence, that the Gallic actor, Roscius, who, as it is asserted, saw the light sixty-seven years before Gallus, was also born in this town. Julius Græcinus, who is termed several times by Seneca *Vir egregius*, was a native of Forum Julii, as was his celebrated son, Agricola. Another celebrity of ancient Fréjus is Valerius Paullinus, who was Procurator of Eastern Narbonensis when the Oriental provinces of the Empire, disgusted with the ignoble rule of Vitellius, declared in favour of Vespasian. There are reasons for supposing that he was a relative of Suetonius Paullinus, the general under whom Agricola first served in Britain. One of the exploits of Valerius Paullinus was the capture of that most able military commander, Fabius Valens, who had refused to transfer his adherence to Vespasian. Valens, but two years before he met an untimely end in the citadel at Urbinum, had commanded in the interest of Vitellius the army that arrested the march of Otho's troops upon Forum Julii, and so saved the town from pillage and massacre. The battle is described as having taken place "between Cagnes and Antibes"—considerably nearer the latter than the former place, we should imagine, judging from a careful study of the details of the

engagement—with the result that Otho's savage legions were so severely handled that they fell back as far as Albenga in Liguria.

Two poor narrow streets in Fréjus, the Rue Gallus and the Rue Valère Paulin, perpetuate the memories of the personages after whom they are named.

. . . .

We have now reached the Early Christian days of Fréjus.

It is only by deduction and by establishing a concordance of historical facts and of dates that an approximate idea can be furnished of the beginnings of the church at Forum Julii. This important question is surrounded by difficulties. In this origination the settlement of the three following points is comprised—namely, the introduction of Christianity into the second Narbonensis, to which is equivalent geographically the Provence of the present day; the conversion of the people inhabiting the region constituting the diocese of Forum Julii; and, finally, the establishment of the bishopric itself. The see of Forum Julii is not actually mentioned in history before the second half of the fourth century, namely, in the year 374, towards the end of the peaceful reign of Valentinian I., when the Acts of a *Concile* held at Valence in Dauphiné cause its existence, like a ray of light sparkling in darkness, to flash upon us for the first time. The matter producing this revelation—for it amounts to little less, so enveloped in obscurity is the antecedent period—was the contested nomination to the bishopric of Forum Julii of a priest named Acceptus. As sometimes occurred in the early centuries of the Church, Acceptus, not being able to set aside the devoted importunities of the faithful, had, although a person of exceptional merit and superior purity, resorted, in an excess of humility or pious fear, to the questionable expedient of falsely accusing himself of sins that would disqualify him for the episcopacy in the eyes of the ecclesiastical authorities. Voluntary moral immolations of this nature becoming painfully frequent, it was decided, in the fourth article or canon drawn up by the *Concile* above mentioned, that candidates so accusing themselves, either truthfully or falsely, should be taken at their word, and excluded from the high dignity. (. . . "Sedit in synodo ut quisquis de se vel vera, vel falsa dixisset, fides ei, quam suomet testimonio confirmaret.") This decision, promulgated with the force of a dogma, can only be considered to be in strict accordance with common-sense, in the case of a generally accepted candidate who did not sufficiently honour his vocation. No exception was made with regard to Acceptus, although a second application for his appointment was earnestly put forward

by the inhabitants of Forum Julii, who were in ignorance of the dogmatical judgment given by the *Concile.* The petition was strenuously supported by Concordius, the Bishop of Arles and Primate of the Narbonensis. A decision, the counterpart of the first, was given by the Fathers of the Council. The epistle containing this judgment, addressed to "our dearly beloved brethren, the clergy and the people of the church of Forum Julii," has been preserved.

The omission of any mention of the Fréjus church anterior to 374 does not imply that the bishopric was not created until the year above mentioned—the precise date of the earliest certified documents relating to the ecclesiastical history of Fréjus. On the contrary, the local ecclesiastical authors[1] are correct in agreeing that the muniment in question and the facts that it recalls constitute an indisputable proof of the anteriority of the episcopal see of Forum Julii.

The conversion of the second Narbonensis is attributed to Saint Trophime of Arles, an apostle who received his evangelising mission from the Roman pontiff. The actual date of Saint Trophime's arrival is much contested by historians; but the year 220, during the reign of Heliogabalus, is the time meeting with more serious acceptation. This date is adopted by the Bénédictins de St. Maur, who derive their information from the writings of Saint Gregory of Tours. The father of French history rendered this latter see illustrious in the sixth century, as did Saint Martin, Bishop of Tours, towards the end of the fourth, from whose historian, Severus Sulpicius, known as the Christian Sallust, the learned Bénédictins have also culled much valuable information. So far, the date of the introduction of Christianity into the second Narbonensis is established; but that of the foundation of the bishopric of Forum Julii has yet to be discovered. This cannot be fixed with certitude; but the conjecture of Aubenas that the see may possibly have been founded soon after the arrival of Saint Trophime, as between the Rhône and the Var there were only four towns of any importance from different points of view, namely, Marseilles, Aix, Arles, and Forum Julii, is plausible. It is true that the bishopric of Forum Julii is not mentioned among many others in the Acts of the first Council of Arles, which was convoked in a moment of scrupulous impartiality by Constantine the Great, for the purpose of giving the Donatists another hearing. But from this omission it need not be deduced, as an irrefragable proof, that the see was not in existence at that period; for whereas only twelve of the

[1] Besides Joseph Antelmi, Girardin (*Histoire de la Ville et de l'Eglise de Fréjus*), and Aubenas (*Histoire de Fréjus*, Part i. p. 211), see also M. Disdier (*Recherches historiques sur Saint Léonce, Evêque de Fréjus et Patron du Diocèse*).

thirty-three bishops who sat in person are mentioned by name, merely four ecclesiastical centres, all of which as towns possessed far less statistical importance than Forum Julii, are designated as having sent non-mitred representatives. The assembly numbered eighty-two members, of whom a considerable percentage must have appertained to the Gallican Church. Presuming, however, for the sake of argument, that the see was not yet in being, there is no reason for assigning a later period than the reign of Constantine the Great for its foundation, as between that monarch's death, in 337, and the date mentioned above, 374, that of the first certified documents relating to the ecclesiastical history of Fréjus, only thirty-seven years elapsed. Therefore the assumption is correct that the bishopric had already been established for some considerable time.

The ensuing thirty years are characterised by an utter dearth of historic evidence concerning the Fréjus Church. The name of the prelate who occupied the see that Acceptus had declined is unknown. At the end of this lacuna a bishop appears, who is not only the first prelate authoritatively *known* to have borne the dignity, but who may also be considered as the personage with whom the episcopal history of Fréjus may be said to start. This bishop was Saint Léonce. He was—in times when Arianism and the semi-Pelagian heresies were rampant—unanimously accepted, by reason of his strict orthodoxy,[1] conspicuous piety, many virtues, and great services rendered to Christianity as a proselytiser, as the patron of the ancient foundation. It is fairly well established that he entered upon his episcopal functions in the first years of the fifth century. Great additional lustre is shed upon his deservedly honoured memory on account of the strong friendship that existed between him and Saint Honorat, the founder of the Lérins monastery. This famous religious foundation apper-

interesting to know that it was on account of this friendship that the principal religious establishment in Gaul was founded upon the island that has been rendered celebrated by the foundation.

The literary productions of these primitive times furnish such sparse details relating to the first known Bishop of Fréjus that it would be blameworthy to pass over in silence the few facts that the chroniclers have preserved. Saint Léonce had a brother, Saint Castor, the Bishop of Apt. Besides far better known ecclesiastical celebrities occupying high dignities, three priests, the eldest of whom was John, surnamed Cassien, a Scythian by birth, illustrated the earlier days of Lérins. Cassien, by practical experience, derived chiefly from a long residence in Palestine, Egypt, and different parts of Greece, had become a great authority upon monastic life. At Marseilles he founded the celebrated abbey of Saint Victor. Saint Castor, being much struck by the fame of this religious house, addressed a letter—which has been preserved—to the Abbé of Saint Victor, in which he pressed him to transcribe the Institutes of the recluses of Egypt and Palestine, so that their maxims might serve to form his own monks. Cassien agreed to the desire expressed by the Bishop of Apt, and drew up his twelve books on monastic institutions, which appeared towards the year 417. Upon an additional request of the Bishop of Apt, made, as Cassien states, "with an incomparable ardour for sanctity," the learned monk also transcribed the *Collationes* or spiritual conferences that he had held with the Anchorites of Scété, a desert of Lower Egypt. Saint Castor, however, died before this labour was terminated. The first ten conferences were dedicated in part to Saint Léonce, with whom the Abbé of Saint Victor had already had relations. By this time Saint Léonce had occupied the see of Fréjus for a quarter of a century.

Only one other document has survived relating to the biography of this prelate. He is mentioned in a letter addressed by Pope Saint Célestin in 431 or 432 to the bishops of Gaul in general, and more especially to six bishops of Southern Gaul, who are alluded to by name. In this letter the Pontiff exhorted them to be vigilant with regard to the semi-Pelagian doctrine that had recently sprung up at Marseilles, and which had originated from a more or less plausible interpretation of the writings of Abbé Cassien on matters relating to Grace.

History and tradition have divided the sacerdotal career of Saint Léonce into three distinct portions, namely, his effective tenure of the episcopacy, as clearly established on an historical basis, his apostleship, and, thirdly, the period at which his martyrdom is conjectured to have taken place. A tradition was once current favouring

the assumption of his martyrdom; but it may be set aside as inadmissible, principally on account of the late date to which the event is ascribed. Should the evidence advanced in corroboration of the second portion be really worthy of acceptance, this Bishop of Fréjus appears in a pathetic and romantic light in the eyes of posterity. We are invited to believe, on the strength of assumptions that, it may be owned, are not easily set aside, that a prelate already advanced in life voluntarily gave up the active administration of his diocese in his seat of episcopal government, although retaining his title of bishop, and penetrated wearily into the depths of Germany to convert the heathen tribes, or, at least, ventured among the *Germanas gentes*,[1] that is to say, the Visigoths and the Burgundians, already established on Gallic soil, with the object of combating Arianism. Such is the idea that is put forward. It is clearly established that, in the year 433, the "faithful and clergy" of Fréjus elected a new bishop named Théodore, whence the presumption that Saint Léonce was dead. There is nothing very improbable in such a notion, as he would have then occupied the see for no less a period than thirty-three years. A tradition, however, survives in the Fréjus Church that Saint Léonce was the nominal holder of the see for a further space of fifteen years. These three lustra he passed in the manner already mentioned, and they constitute what the Church has denominated his apostleship. The tradition leans upon a letter emanating from Pope Leo the Great, in which an aged prelate named Léonce is alluded to as the recipient of the highest tokens of the Pontiff's confidence and regard. This letter was written in 445. The subject giving rise to the epistle was the disputed primacy of Arles and Vienne. M. Disdier, who is the principal authority upon the episcopate of the first known Bishop of Fréjus, has, in a most

not likely to return. Pope Leo's letter reveals who actually was Bishop of Fréjus. In the meantime, Théodore represented Saint Léonce, so to speak. Upon the latter's demise, Théodore became the sole holder and administrator of the see, as a matter of course. It will be gathered from what has preceded that a halo of mystery encircles what may be termed the latter part of the life of Saint Léonce.

After the martyrdom of Saint Ausile, the successor of Théodore, a gap of five centuries occurs. This epoch is entirely devoid of civil history, and is almost utterly lacking in ecclesiastical chronicles. The dearth of muniments is attributed by Antelmi and Girardin to the inroads of the Saracens and other barbarians. There is a popular saying prevalent at Fréjus that the town has been razed to the ground seven times, namely, by the Vandals, the Burgundians, the Visigoths, the Saxons, the Lombards, the Normans, and the Saracens. Provençal annals only bear testimony to the Saracenic devastations.

The thread of the history of Fréjus is not recovered until towards the end of the tenth century. Among the episcopal archives is a valuable document that all writers upon the ecclesiastical history of Fréjus have quoted *in extenso*, and which Aubenas terms "the Act that bears witness to the end of the existence of ancient Forum Julii, and the certificate of birth of modern Fréjus." This definition is intended to convey a more comprehensive meaning than appears upon the surface. The Act in question, of which a copy only has been preserved,[1] is a charter by the terms of which William I., fifth Count of Provence, restored to the bishopric of Fréjus, in the person of Riculfe, the first prelate who occupied the see after the expulsion of the Saracens, its ancient patrimony, and, at the same time, ceded half the town and half the surrounding district appertaining to it,[2] in order to reward the bishop, who had been the first to commence rebuilding Fréjus. This concession was made to the bishop and his

[1] This charter has been preserved in the *cartulaire*, entitled: *Authenticum rubeum sanctæ Ecclesiæ forojuliensis. The Red Book*, or *Liber pilosus*, as it was designated at a very early date, was drawn up in 1401, at the instance of Bishop Louis de Bolliac. The latter term was conferred upon it in reference, probably, to the quality of the leather employed in its binding, while, in explanation of the first designation, red is considered to have been the colour of the initial letters, titles of the chapters, or the hue in which any extraneous matter may have been transcribed. The *Authentique Rouge*, as it is also called, contained the title-deeds of the revenues, privileges, and general property of the Fréjus bishopric.

[2] According to some old charters, the remaining moiety reserved by the Counts of Provence was possessed as a fief of the second degree and under homage by special Vicomtes. This arrangement lasted until 1203, when the bishops became sole seigneurs. In 1565 Bishop Bertrand de Romans resigned all the seigneurial rights, with the exception of those relating to the administration of justice.

successors in perpetuity. This charter, while incontestably establishing the facts of the destruction of Forum Julii by the Saracens, and the great assistance rendered to Riculfe for the purpose of rebuilding the town and the church, furnishes no precise dates of either event. The year in which the charter is drawn up is represented by a blank. These dates have been approximately established by Joseph Antelmi (the contemporary writers maintaining silence with regard to the disaster), who mentions 915 as being the year in which the city was destroyed, and 975 as that in which the episcopal restorer began to rebuild it. William I., fifth Comte de Provence or of Arles, governed his state between 968 and 992.

The town rebuilt was small, and it remained stationary for many decades. It was not until 1568 that it was deemed prudent to build a new *enceinte*, in order to enclose the straggling additions to Riculfe's village. Some portions of the lofty walls and two or three towers of the sixteenth-century rampart still remain. The ancient Forum Julii must have been four or five times as large as the Fréjus of to-day.

The episcopate of the founder of Fréjus extended to the year 1000. The celebrated monastery of Montmajour, of which so much is preserved, erected upon a hill forming an island in the midst of the extravasated waters of the Rhône, owed its foundation to Riculfe's aunt Teucinda.

The Saracen invasion of 870 accounts for the almost utter dearth of historical evidence relating to the five hundred years extending between the latter days of the fifth and the end of the tenth centuries, but no reason would seem to be put forward for the sparseness of recorded events between the termination of Riculfe's tenure of the bishopric and the beginning of the fifteenth century. In the opinion of the local historians, hardly any circumstance, after the death of Riculfe, took place worthy of being recorded until the year 1100, when Provence in general was the scene of a civil war. The episcopate of no Fréjus prelate is chronicled at any length until the end of the thirteenth century, when Jacques d'Ossa was elected to the see. The sole reason that we are able to discover for terming this bishop the "most illustrious" who ever presided over the Fréjus diocese would seem to lie in the extraneous fact that he became Pope (under the title of John XXII.). The claim to greatness would be strengthened had he really been the son of an artisan, as some writers have advanced; but in the Middle Ages few bishops were of so humble an origin. It must also be borne in mind that Jacques d'Ossa was but eleven years Bishop of Fréjus, while Saint Léonce and Riculfe had

devoted the greater part of their long lives to the diocese. The greatness of a holder of any given office is in reference to his acts in direct connection with that office, not with regard to what he may perform in a different situation elsewhere. Jacques d'Ossa occupied the chair of St. Peter for eighteen years, while previously he had been Archbishop of Avignon during six years.

In 1473, Bishop Léon Guérinet having resigned the Fréjus see, Pope Sixtus IV., without waiting for the presentation of King René and the chapter, conferred the bishopric, *proprio motu*, upon his Genoese secretary, Urbano dei Fieschi. Strongly supported by King René, the canons refused to acknowledge Urban as their bishop. The Pontiff retaliated by excommunicating the Fréjus chapter.

In 1480 Provence was ravaged by the Plague. Soon the epidemic spread to Fréjus. This calamity led to the sojourn within its walls of one of those remarkable characters who not only illustrate an age, but who also mark an epoch in the history of the locality where their footsteps seem almost miraculously to guide them. Half of the inhabitants succumbed to the Pest, while the greater number of the remainder of the population, panic-stricken, took to flight, leaving but a few in the town, who were too prostrate to be removed, or who deliberately shut themselves up in their houses and refused to succour each other. At this paralysing juncture (we have reached the year 1483), there appeared upon the desolate coast, cast up by a shipwreck, a saintly man, Saint François de Paule, who, so far, at least, had amid perils journeyed in safety from his native land, the recesses of Calabria. From this distant part of Southern Italy he had been summoned to the bedside of Louis XI., then lying at death's door at Plessis-les-Tours, the superstitious monarch having caused an urgent appeal to be conveyed to one whose reputation for sanctity and as a worker of miracles, he trusted, might stand him in good stead when it had become evident that the science of man was unavailing. Attended by a few companions, Saint François reached Fréjus, the nearest town to the spot upon which he had been thrown by the tempest. He entered by the Méous Gate. Painfully struck by the grim desolation reigning around, the holy man, as he was threading his way through the narrow streets which abut on the Cathedral square, met an old woman, the first human being whom he had yet seen within the sorrow-stricken precincts. Accosting her, he inquired why the town was thus deserted by its inhabitants. "Hé! father," she replied, "it is because the Plague is here. Half of the people have perished, and the greater number

of the others have fled or are shut up at home." The saint then fell upon his knees, and implored Heaven to withdraw this terrible scourge from a town to which he had been providentially guided.

Tradition states that a cessation of the Plague coincided with his prayer, while, simultaneously, those who were afflicted with the malady recovered their health. Girardin is the earliest local historian to record this tradition;[1] but it had been implicitly believed by all his predecessors that the visitation was brought to an end at the moment that Saint François offered up his supplication. Within seven years after his arrival in Fréjus, a convent dedicated to his Order, which in his humility he denominated the "Minimes," was erected to perpetuate the memory of what had been accomplished. All traces of the convent have disappeared; but the church of Saint François de Paule, that appertained to the religious institution, is still in a perfect state of preservation. To the present day, a fête is annually celebrated by the population of Fréjus on the third Sunday after Easter, in grateful remembrance of their protector, whom they have chosen for their second patron.

As time advanced, great modifications were introduced into the mode of nomination of the Fréjus bishops. In the more primitive days of the Fréjusian Church they had been elected by the unanimous consent of the "clergy and faithful." This electoral method would imply that, if the ecclesiastics upon whom the general choice fell were not absolutely members of the local Church, they were at least well known in the region. Later, they were elected by the choice of the chapter. Finally, at a period somewhat prior to the times that have now been reached, the nomination of the bishops administering the Fréjus diocese was due to a common understanding arrived at between the canons, sovereigns, and popes. As a result of this intermeddling on the part of foreign potentates in local affairs, prelates not only strangers to Provence, but also members of other nationalities, especially Italians, received the investiture of the bishopric. It was during the episcopate of Leo Orsini that the two invasions of Provence by the armies of Charles V. took place. Fréjus formed for a brief space the headquarters of the Imperialists. It was in the course of the second inroad that the cathedral was despoiled of all its plate and relics by the invaders.

Fréjus, being in *Eastern* Provence, seems to a great extent to have escaped the horrors of the Wars of Religion. Also, the seventeenth century presents few historic facts likely to excite the interest of any but enthusiastic Fréjusian students.

[1] Girardin, tom. i. p. 225. Aubenas, part i. pp. 276–9.

Few, if any, Bishops of Fréjus have filled so prominent a place in general—as contrasted with purely local—history as André Hercule (Cardinal) de Fleury ; but what is most striking in the course of his long life and vivid career is the remarkable fact that, at the age of sixty-two, and when recovering from an attack of malignant fever that might well have proved fatal, circumstances disclosed to him, on resigning the bishopric of Fréjus, that the most brilliant part of his public life was yet in store for him. It would almost seem that his destiny had imposed delay, as he had a long life before him wherein to accomplish his mission. Confining ourselves to his direct connection with Fréjus, suffice it to state that Fleury governed the diocese for sixteen years. It was in the course of his tenure of the episcopate that the invasion of Provence of 1707 took place. Bishop Fleury did much to temper the animosity inevitable to warlike operations, and it is entirely due to his intervention that Fréjus escaped horrors that might possibly have been perpetrated. Among the many beneficent acts that have been recorded of this eminent prelate during his tenure of the bishopric is the installation of the *Charité de Nevers* sisters in the Hôtel-Dieu. The historian Girardin was *curé* at Fréjus during Fleury's episcopate.

To Fréjus is due the birth of one of the most remarkable men in France during the Revolution and the period immediately preceding it. This historical character was Abbé Sieyès.

There is one Fréjusian family in particular of which the members in the course of the same generation shed great lustre upon their native town. Allusion is made to the four Antelmis. All were ecclesiastics.

The most famous was the third in chronological order, Joseph Antelmi, the ecclesiastical historian of Fréjus. He was a writer who would have done honour to any age in the realms of history and theology. His best-known work, to which he devoted fifteen years, is his "Dissertation."

The greatest trial that Fréjus had to undergo in connection with the Revolution was the suppression of the bishopric. A short time previous to the Reign of Terror, the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy" had preserved the see, which had been conferred upon a *curé* named Rigouard, who was also one of the deputies for the province at the States-General. Rigouard was thus merely a constitutional bishop, and the nomination did not meet with the approbation of the Fréjusians. As it happened, the Concordat, although, as times went, favourable to religion in general, was to Fréjus, as far as its bishopric was concerned, little less inimical than the Terror, and far more dis-

advantageous than the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, which had maintained a bishopric in each Department. The Concordat, in fact, suppressed the Fréjus see, and formed of the Departments of Var and Bouches-du-Rhône one huge diocese ruled by the Archbishop of Aix. Moreover, by being deprived of its bishopric, the town lost the sole surviving remnant of its former splendour. Consequently, it is easy to conceive how ardently the population longed for its re-establishment. This happy event was brought about in 1817 by the Government of the Restoration. In 1845 Casimir Wicart, who was then Bishop of Fréjus, obtained permission to add the name of Toulon to the title of his diocese.

Up to the date of the suppression of the Fréjus bishopric only thirty-two prelates, according to a calculation of our own, seem to have been mentioned by local historians as worthy of being chronicled, a proof of the sad state of dilapidation into which the municipal and episcopal archives had fallen. Such a paucity of data offers a painful contrast to the ecclesiastical history preserved by other towns in Provence. Suffice it to mention the bishopric of Antibes. By a Bull emanating from Genoa, and bearing the date of the 14th of the Calends of August (July 19), 1243, Innocent IV. ordered the translation of the bishopric of Antibes to Grasse. The first bishop of the transferred see was Bertrand d'Aix, the *fortieth* and last Bishop of Antibes![1]

The reason why the Fréjusians had to wait so considerable a time before their bishopric was re-established is not difficult to discover. Its restoration amounted to an impossibility so long as Napoleon held supreme power; but the explanation of this matter is involved with the last episode of the history of Fréjus upon which we intend to dwell.

On October 9, 1799, Buonaparte disembarked at Saint-Raphaël, on his sudden and almost clandestine return from Egypt. A small obelisk erected on the Cours Jean Bart commemorates this event. Local historians have mentioned the disembarkation of Buonaparte as having taken place at Fréjus. In point of fact, Saint-Raphaël, as alluded to in the *procès-verbal* drawn up by the *Agents-municipaux*, is, legally speaking, the landing-place of the Gulf of Fréjus, the entrance to the ancient Roman harbour (which outlet was once situated at less than one kilometre from the spot where Saint-Raphaël was subsequently built) having been choked by the sand,

[1] See *Grasse*, by the late M. Paul Sénéquier, cap. iv. p. 46; also Tisserand's *History of Nice*.

and the Fréjus municipality holding maritime jurisdiction as far as Théoule.

The formalities invariably attendant upon landing having been waived by the Fréjus municipality, the hero of Egypt was invited to come on shore at once. He did so amid the most enthusiastic acclamations. On his way northward, the General halted for a very brief space at Fréjus.

Pius VII., besides having granted the Concordat, had also consented to crown the First Consul, upon the latter's assumption of the title of Emperor. By this act of coronation a royal impress was conferred upon the Buonaparte sept, as far as it lay in the papal power to bestow it. Divergencies of opinion, however, soon manifested themselves between the great spiritual chief and the powerful French monarch. Enmity did not fail to declare itself on the Emperor's side. In 1808 he deprived the Pope of his states. In the following year, after having taken Rome, the victorious potentate ordered the Pontiff to be seized and conveyed to France. After a sojourn of two weeks at Grenoble, orders arrived to re-convey him to Savona. In fear of the hostile demonstrations against himself that the passage of the beloved head of the Church would inevitably occasion among the outraged people of Piedmont, Savoy, and Tuscany, the Emperor gave directions that the return journey to Italy should be along the valley of the Rhône and through Provence. Four days after his departure from Grenoble the Pope arrived at Fréjus, receiving there, as, in fact, he had everywhere along the route, the deepest marks of sorrowful respect. The Holy Father passed the night at an hostelry known in those days by the name of the "Hôtel des Quatre Saisons." By a curious stroke of destiny, it was reserved to the Fréjusians, before five years had elapsed, to behold their two illustrious guests once more; but under what changed circumstances ! Now the rôles were to be reversed. This time it was to be the turn of the Pope to come in glory and triumph, and the fallen Emperor to pass through in ignominy and abasement.

The Napoleonic star may be said to have attained its apogee in 1812. In that year the Emperor caused the Pope to be transported from Savona to Fontainebleau. In the beginning of 1814 France found herself menaced by a formidable European coalition, and Napoleon, fearing that further detention of the head of the Roman Church might serve but to create additional complications, gave instructions that Pius VII. should be once more conducted to Italy. The Pope quitted Fontainebleau as a liberated captive on January 22,

1814. Simultaneously, Napoleon left Paris to take command of the French armies.

On February 8 the Pope arrived at Fréjus. He passed the night at the Hôtel Pascal. Although, in fulfilment of the Emperor's strict injunctions, he had been escorted across France by the most circuitous routes, his whole progress had been one long ovation.

On February 9 Pius VII. left Fréjus. On April 27 Napoleon returned there. But in this brief interval what changes had occurred in the fortunes of the Pope's persecutor! The Emperor had succumbed and had been constrained to abdicate. Conducted to the southern coast for transportation to Elba, the four European *Commissaires* were barely able to protect him from the violence of the people, as he approached Avignon. In Fréjus he was favourably received; but so hostile had his reception been throughout Provence that the demeanour of the southerners elicited from him the exclamation that he regretted that Fréjus was in that province. Upon this—his second visit to the historic town—the fallen potentate alighted at the same hotel that Pius VII. had evacuated but little over six weeks before. He even occupied the same room. On the following morning he was taken to Saint-Raphaël, and embarked on the *Intrépide* for conveyance to Elba.

Besides exhibiting a marvellous instance of worldly vicissitudes, the entire episode affords an example of the fragile nature of all power built upon mundane ambition. It shows how, in a brief space, it may crumble into dust, however formidable its human impersonation. It points out how true greatness, tempered by humility, may for a time lie prostrate at the feet of oppression, but that the moment comes at last when Justice reasserts her sway, and enables the persecuted to behold the downfall of their ravisher.

F. G. DUNLOP-WALLACE-GOODBODY.

THE SHADOWY WAY.

"Even thou, my companion . . . mine own familiar friend."

WHY must he go alone into the dark?
May I not follow, just a little way—
Or walk beside, and lend a helping hand?

The Spirit of the Night waits patiently
At the wide-open window, waits to take
His weary soul and bear it far away
Across the meadows, green with thoughts of Spring,
Over the dim hills, through the dreamy woods,
Till this great city 'neath the yellow moon
Lies sleeping in the distance, and they reach
The gate of that strange path my friend must tread.

They say that he *must* tread it, and alone.
But for that *must* I know he would not leave
Me thus without one sign, one parting word.
For we were friends, and always shall be, though
Death step between and hide beneath his wings
The one, and bid the other go and live
His life on to the end, alone.

How short
A time, my friend, was given to us to test
And prove our friendship's faithfulness! Just three
Swift, flying years have passed since first we met,
And paused—and looked—and looked yet once again—
And then were friends! Oh, friendship such as ours
Is given to but a few. So rare, so sweet
A thing I ne'er had dreamt of in the years—
Those years, how barren and remote they seem!—
Before our hearts and tongues together spoke.

Our friendship was a gift so dearly prized
That deep within our lives we kept it hid.
Only when none were near we took it out,
Unfolded it, and gloried in it when,
Freed of all wrappings, it between us lay
Spread in its beauty. Moments such as these
Came seldom, for we never dared to risk
The chance that others' mocking eyes might fall
Upon it with their scornful, withering gaze.
We knew—that was enough—we *knew* 'twas there.
Many a happy hour we two have spent
Wandering through the streets of this great London—
Although one scarce would think that such a flower
As ours could bloom there—while the summer sky
Uncovered one by one her golden eyes,
And cast aside the dusky veil of twilight
Behind which she had sorrowed for the sun.
Oh, how we hugged our treasure close, and laughed
To think that no man there could see or guess
The jewel lying hidden in our hearts.
Not even he who walked beside us, touched
Our shoulder, rubbed against our sleeve; nor he
Who met us on the pathway face to face,
And turned perhaps, and wondered who we were
Who wandered thus at night-time arm-in-arm,
With lips that seldom spoke, and eyes that smiled.
And other times, when through the sunny days
We let our boat go drifting down the river,
And lay and watched the water rushing past
Whirling the sunbeams with it in its flight

Then, though the night-wind roared and whistled loud
As though he coveted a place beside
Our glowing fire, and though the drifting flakes
Of snow fell thick and fast outside our doors,
We were not troubled. Our fire-side was warm,
And we were there together, just we two.

We two! We two! And now 'twill be no more
"We two," but only one—one left behind,
The other started off along the road
That leads through darkness to eternity.
Walk slowly, O my friend, haste not your steps!
Look oft for me; I surely follow soon.
I know you cannot stay, e'en if you would,
Though through the window floats the breath of Spring—
And surely that would hold you if there were
Aught that could touch you now! But even Spring's
Glad, glorious kiss is robbed of all its power
When Death lifts up his hand and points to one,
And says, "Come, follow me, and I will show you
Many strange things you never saw before,
And lead you by strange paths you never trod."
Perhaps even now the gate before you swings
And you must enter, willingly or not,
And take the first dread step into the dark.
Perhaps you pause and look for me, and ask
The Keeper of the Gate if you may stop
And wait until I come, so that we might,
As oft before, go walking arm-in-arm,
And make the way seem short instead of long,
And light, instead of dark and slippery.
But no, it cannot be. You bravely step
Into the deepening shadows, all alone.
And yet I feel your footsteps will not slip;
Perhaps some wiser Friend than I is there
To guide you past the pitfalls. But the gate
Swings back and shuts me out. I cannot see
Where now you walk—I only know that I,
Your friend, am left alone—alas! far more
Alone than you, although my life will hold
One sunlit chamber, full of memories
Of you and of those three short, sunlit years.

But soon perhaps—who knows?—the Keeper may
Open the gate again and let me pass.
Then will I run and hasten through the dark
Until I find you, never mind how far
In front. So, do not hurry on too fast,
But wait, oh, wait for me, my friend, my friend!

SYDNEY HESSELRIGGE.

TABLE TALK.

Mr. Swinburne's Collected Poems.

A COLLECTION in library form of Mr. Swinburne's poetry and drama has long been a desideratum. The first two volumes of this have appeared[1] in a handsome and convenient shape, and the entire work, so far as regards the lyrical portion, is likely to be in the reader's hands in the course of the present year. I cannot doubt that the enthusiastic welcome I myself accord this publication will be conceded by all lovers of poetry. Never in the history of literature has plenary recognition of the arrival of one of the immortals been so frankly and so warmly accorded as in the case of Mr. Swinburne. One temporary outburst of incompetency and malignity there was, its excuse being found in the appearance of the very volume of *Poems and Ballads* a reprint of which forms the first volume of the collection. The effect of this, though perceptible enough at the outset, soon ceased to be felt, and the work, which has constituted the permanent delight of scholars and lovers of poetry, and has never undergone any form of curtailment or mutilation, now appears without, so far as I can detect, the elision of a comma or an apostrophe, and without provoking any word of censure. On the contrary, the issue of a complete edition has been a subject of warm congratulation throughout the world of journalism.

Puritan Outbursts in England.

OUTBREAKS of prurient indignation such as were caused by the first appearance of *Poems and Ballads* are a familiar feature in the history of later English literature. They are partly, but not wholly, an outcome of the Puritanism in which the country was formerly steeped. Respectability in the person of Roger Ascham protested against the romances of chivalry. The *Morte Arthur* even, in which modern judgment has found so much that is profitable in teaching and poetical in suggestion, was rebuked by Ascham, himself a gambler and a cockfighter, for licentiousness and cruelty, "the whole

[1] Chatto & Windus.

But soon perhaps—who knows?—the Keeper may
Open the gate again and let me pass.
Then will I run and hasten through the dark
Until I find you, never mind how far
In front. So, do not hurry on too fast,
But wait, oh, wait for me, my friend, my friend!

SYDNEY HESSELRIGGE.

MORRIS, ROSSETTI, AND LATER POETS.

IT would be easy to dwell on matters such as the long-enduring neglect of Morris, the fierce arraignment of the "spasmodic school," venomous assaults upon Rossetti, the opposition encountered by some of the experiments even of Tennyson. For Mr. Swinburne was reserved an outburst of rancour and incompetence unequalled since the days of Keats. What a croak it was!

> As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
> Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny
> Which after held the sun and moon in fee.

Yet in this case, as in other cases, the storm subsided as quickly as it arose, and the *Poems and Ballads* rest peacefully on the same shelf with the *Revolt of Islam*, *Don Juan*, *Hyperion*, and the *Prelude*, and "nobody seems one penny the worse." I dare not hope that the lesson of wisdom has been learnt, or that the next great poet, should he ever show himself, and prove, as needs he must, utterly unlike anything that has gone before, will have any more hospitable reception than his predecessors. Now, even, some of my readers will shrug their shoulders or smile when I say, what is unquestionably true, that the statesman to whom until these later days we used to look up is but the registrar of the ideas of the poet.

MR. SWINBURNE'S DEDICATORY EPISTLE.

THE Dedicatory Epistle to the poet's friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, which constitutes all in the way of preface or introduction that is supplied to the collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's Poems, is in no sense an apologia, as I have heard it called. It is rather a fresh challenge. Having "nothing to regret and nothing to recant," the writer dreams neither of excuse nor apology. His critics scornful or mournful of a generation ago he dismisses with the implied rebuke that they were unable to discriminate between "photographs from life" and "sketches from imagination." "Some," he continues, "which keen-sighted criticism has dismissed with a smile as ideal or imaginary, were as real and actual as they well could be: others which have been taken for obvious transcripts from memory were utterly fantastic or dramatic." In *Songs before Sunrise* every line, from the first to the last, was written "in submissive obedience to Sir Philip Sidney's precept—'Look in thine heart, and write.'" On the utterances concerning his plays Mr. Swinburne is no less outspoken. His aim in the earlier of them was to do some-

thing "not utterly unworthy of a young countryman of Marlowe the teacher, and Webster the pupil of Shakespeare, in the line of work which these three poets had left as a possibly unattainable example for Englishmen." "Bothwell" was called by Mr. Swinburne, in the dedication in verse to Victor Hugo, a "drame épique," and the description won from the Frenchman this magnificent eulogy, "Occuper ces deux cimes, cela n'est donné qu'à vous."

Mr. Swinburne as a Poet.

MEANTIME, all storms past, the position of Mr. Swinburne on the topmost slopes of Helicon is secure. In a matter such as this I speak with absolute certainty. None with an elementary knowledge of poetry, and such are few, will contradict me. No such volume of firstfruits as that before me has ever seen the light. I use that term "firstfruits" advisedly, even though other works, including the incomparable "Atalanta in Calydon," had preceded. A volume including poems such as the "Ballads of Life and Death," the "Triumph of Time," "A Leave-Taking," the "Hymn to Proserpine," the "Garden of Proserpine,"—but why continue?—is unprecedented in literature. The only perceptible effect of its hostile reception was that the offer of the Laureateship, which, presumably, Mr. Swinburne would not have accepted, was never made, and the laurels which on any head but his must shape themselves into a foolscap went elsewhere, with the result that we crave only for the abolition of the office they symbolise. We are in no sense attacking personally the present wearer, whose claims to them seem as respectable as those of any acknowledged competitor in the race. If ever, however, there was a case of *aut Cæsar aut nullus*—to change somewhat the application of the Roman Emperor's charac-

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MY PRETTY MOIRA.

BY ALISON RAE.

But past who can recall, or done undo?—*Paradise Lost.*

A LONELY stretch of sand in a lonely corner of France. A woman in a long dark travelling cloak pacing to and fro, to and fro, on the hard sand. Now she looked out to sea, now lifted her sorrowful eyes towards a great crucifix, on the dunes overhead, showing black against the grey of the chill autumn sky. To and fro, to and fro, the poor mother paced, her white hands clasped tightly before her, her white face wofully haggard, and her unshed tears stifling her.

"O my God, my God, forgive me! Forgive me!" was her prayer, "forgive me!"

She looked towards the crucifix again, and saw the blue smoke curling upwards behind it from the little inn buried in the valley below. There, in that inn, lay her dead, her beloved dead. So young! so fair! so——so—— A dreadful cry broke from the mother's heart, but no tears fell. She would have been thankful for the relief of tears. No, no; her darling, her beloved, was not naturally deceitful. Some cruel wretch taught her that—— "God forgive him! God forgive him! And, ah—God forgive me!" she prayed; and then the sobbing cry broke forth again. But there were no tears. Ah, God, it was for this that she had pinched and saved through the long, long years. It was for this—that a man might steal her beautiful treasure from her. She thought of her other girls, and for a moment not with

tenderness, but with bitterness. Then she prayed again, "God forgive me! God forgive me!"

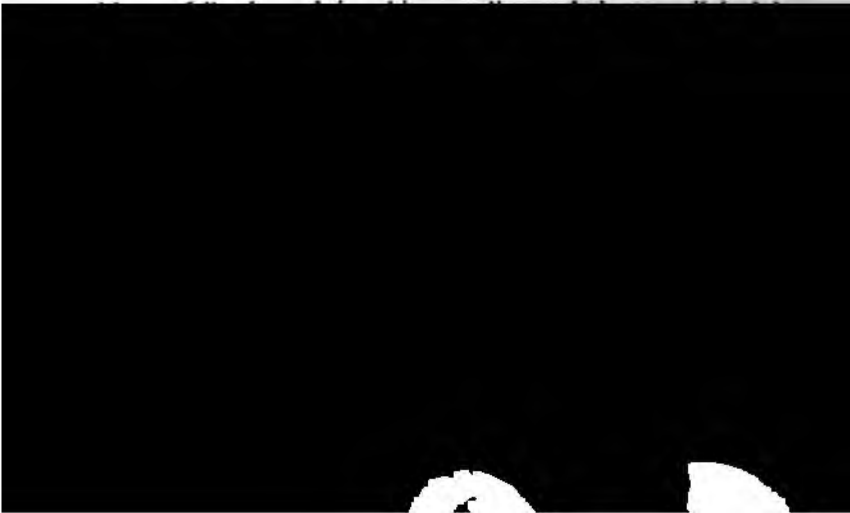
The innkeeper's wife came towards her down the dunes—a stout, ruddy-faced peasant woman, with a black woollen shawl tied over her white cap and a long dark cloak covering her. She had a rosary in her hand, and her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Come," she said, laying her hand on the mother's arm, "come and see. All is arranged. She looks beautiful." Her tears overflowed and she sobbed aloud unrestrainedly. "Beautiful as an angel. If only *he* could see her now——" The mother shuddered and drew away from the woman's touch.

Slowly they climbed the dunes and made their way across a beet field to the house. It was a low red-tiled building, half inn, half tobacconist's shop.

As they came out on the road the mother saw that all the shutters were now shut and that a white cloth was suspended above the door.

Half a mile distant a dozen thatched cottages were visible, clustered about a tiny chapel. Beyond these the dreary, uncultivated brown hills went rolling upwards towards the sky Moira's mother shivered as she looked. What, she asked herself, had her daughter seen to paint there? She turned away and followed the woman into the house, along the damp corridor—that had just been freshly scrubbed, out of respect for the dead—and into a small back room, also freshly scrubbed and sanded, where some tall candles threw their ruddy light upon the narrow wooden bed, covered with white muslin, and upon the graceful figure and beautiful face of the English girl, dead at the age of twenty. The mother moved towards the bed as one in a dream. She saw without surprise that the



be done for the dead, even to the scattering of white chrysanthemums about the still figure, had been done. She knelt at the bedside, and, putting out one hand to clasp those slender ones lying white in death, hid her face among the lavender-perfumed draperies. Her whole frame was shaken by dreadful sobs; her heart was like stone, and not a tear fell.

The peasant woman watched her for some minutes, still holding her rosary whilst her lips moved in prayer, then shook her head sadly and went her way to the kitchen. There she explained to her sister—whom she had summoned from the hamlet to assist her in her work—her maid, and the blear-eyed old sexton who had placed the white cloth above the inn door, that Madame was very English. She hadn't said anything, but she seemed pleased all the same.

"But a woman like that," she added, "a woman of family, in a good position—for one sees at once that she is all that—how came she ever to allow her daughter—so charming a young girl—to travel in a foreign country alone? That's to say if she was alone—which is what I understood—when she fell in with Monsieur. That's what seems to me strange—that she should have permitted such a charming young lady to travel alone. How," she concluded, emphasising each word with a nod as she slowly drew a horn snuff-box from her capacious pocket, "*how came she to permit that?* That's what I keep asking myself."

Alas! there were others besides the innkeeper's wife who asked that. There was the mother herself, who had sent her pretty Moira into the world with a girl but a year or two her senior. A girl, it is true, who had already seen something of Paris life, so that the mother had ever thought of her daughter as in safe keeping, never as *alone*. But how many of the students of that fatal Latin Quarter of the gay city of Paris are there who are not, in the truest sense of the word, absolutely alone—who have a companion and yet are companionless!

Moira's companion was quite unfitted to play the part of guardian, and, indeed, never had regarded herself in that light. She considered Moira something of a prude, and thought that being out in the world would do her good—"knock some of the nonsense out of her," as she phrased it when discussing her with other girls. They laughed, of course, though Moira's innocence annoyed rather than amused them. It irritated them to see her stare in surprise, if not in alarm, as the ways of this strange new world were revealed to her. Did she ask questions she was answered with questions. Really, now, *did* she expect to study painting and remain in the state of innocence

of a sickly baby wrapped in cotton-wool all her life? Perhaps she proposed for herself the *rôle* of the innocent—eh? Well, they could tell her *that* was a *rôle* that wouldn't go down in Paris, and she would very quickly find herself left out of everything if she adopted it, they assured her. Then, really, *what* fault had she to find with their little club? All the men and girls called each other by their Christian names, it was true, but that was a sign of good-fellowship. At Paris one must do as Paris did. It wasn't exactly a family party. But they, most of them, wanted to escape domestic boredom and family parties for a season, and to amuse themselves in their own way. If *she* wasn't prepared to take her fun like other girls, whilst she could get it, she had better go back to her mother and that delightful dull little village she was so fond of talking about. Charming place it must be with never a man to talk to but the old patriarch of a doctor and the smooth-faced curate, who knew about as much of the world and the world's ways as a dickey-bird in a back kitchen.

Moira's mother was almost as ignorant of the meaning of life in Paris as Moira herself. Years before, when she had lived for a time in that city, she had lived under the protection of loving parents, seeing nothing, therefore, but what those parents chose she should see. So that when Edie Hughes, Moira's companion, who had stayed with her a couple of days before taking Moira abroad, indulged, with much laughter, in talk about Paris life, women's rights, and the liberty that ought to be accorded to women, she put it down as girls' idle chatter.

Too late the scales had fallen from the eyes of the broken-hearted mother. She now saw things as they were, not as she fancied them. The first rude shock towards awakening to the truth had come in the form of a telegram: "*Typhoid. Come.*" That

mpossible to explain that Mademoiselle was no longer with them, and as sending a letter would have occasioned a delay, possibly annoying to Madame under the circumstances, they had allowed Madame to come without receiving explanations. Mademoiselle was gone further away—up the coast—to paint her picture for the Salon. It was there, at St. Martin, she had fallen ill. "It was in this way she left," the woman ran on: "all the English were going; only a few Americans remained. Well, Mademoiselle was here all summer with the other young people—several young ladies and one or two young gentlemen. One day Mademoiselle's companion leaves for Paris, and the next day Mademoiselle tells me she is going away tc St. Martin for her picture. Everybody says she has tremendous talent, you know—oh! tremendous talent——"

"Who sent the telegram?" the girl's mother interrupted her to inquire.

"It was I," the woman answered; "I had the news from a cousin of mine who came over the day before yesterday for the *fête* here—the Ducasse, you know; and, as Mademoiselle had given me her English address and told me she intended leaving for England at the end of this month, October, I searched for the address and got an American lady to telegraph. She left for Paris this morning. But if Madame would like to see any of the other foreigners?"

No, Madame said, she did not wish to see any one. She would catch her train.

"There, then, that is all I can tell you," said the hotel-keeper's wife; "I would have gone over myself to see Mademoiselle, only you know what it is with the *fête*, and the children at home, and every one coming and going. It wasn't possible."

"My daughter isn't alone?" the mother turned back from the hotel door to inquire.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the hotel-keeper's wife, eager to comfort her; "she isn't alone. There are good-hearted people over there. They will do all they can for her—she who is so amiable and pretty, and so much liked by everybody—just as they would for their own."

The woman, watching her tall and stately visitor anxiously, dared not prepare her to face the truth. "No; as for that, I understood that she was not alone—in the sense that there is some one with her. No," she said, "she has been well taken care of." But she looked away from the English lady, stooping to rub some dry mud from the bottom of her skirt as she spoke. "Eugénie!" she called to one of her maids, "come and carry Madame's valise to the station."

Her visitor thanked her, paid for the telegram that had been sent, and went slowly away to take the train for St. Martin. There, in that lonely, dreary bit of world, far from a doctor, far from home and the comforts of home life, so necessary at such a time, she found her daughter lying sick unto death. "Alone!" exclaimed the distracted mother, when she had explained who she was and inquired after Moira. "Then she is alone?"

"That's to say," said the peasant woman—"that's to say Monsieur left a week ago."

"Monsieur?" came the startled inquiry.

The woman attempted to retreat, tried to take back her words, stammering out that she was speaking of her other boarder, a young artist who had worked there for some time and had gone away very soon after Mademoiselle arrived. But it was too late. The mother read the whole truth in the woman's face. She knew that Moira had arrived at the inn with this "Monsieur" as well as if she had been at St. Martin to witness their arrival. Nor was she wrong. Moira had openly left the other village in company with the French artist whom the peasant woman designated as "Monsieur"; and no one dared tell the mother the truth. Who, she asked herself, was this "Monsieur"? Why had Moira left Miss Hughes? Why, in the other village, had they explained nothing?

She tried to piece the fragments of information as she took up her watch beside the bed on which lay her unconscious child, and to make out the story for herself. Who could this "Monsieur" be? Was he English? French? What? Where had Moira picked him up? In Paris? In the country?

There was no one to answer these questions. The mother's lips almost refused to open when the woman was coming and

delicate eyelids drooped over the tired eyes, the dark lashes casting long shadows down the thin cheeks, wasted with fever, and the long silky black hair flowing over the shoulders.

There was no one now to tell the fond mother all that had happened, all that her child had suffered. She knelt there hour after hour, holding the dear hands ; not weeping much, but going over the whole life that ended here, from the pretty babyhood to the beautiful girlhood. How she had ever had the courage to part with her darling she could not tell. Her mind went back to that evening, scarcely a year ago, when she had felt the soft arms warm about her neck, and heard the sweet voice pleading for liberty : "You'll be so proud of me when I come home. You know you will. Do let me go. You will, you angel, won't you ?" Then the dear lips pressed her grey hair, the soft little hands stroked her old cheeks tenderly, oh, so tenderly ! "Just a winter in Paris and six months in the country. And then ! Besides, there's my French, mamsy darling. Not only would your genius—you know you think I'm a genius—and so do I, dear—not only would your genius rise to glory in that happy land of France, where they know how to appreciate talent, but she would improve her French. And it's so stupid nowadays not to know French well. I've heard you say so yourself, dear. There, it's all settled !" The fond arms again pressed themselves close about the mother's neck, and the matter *was* settled. To Paris Moira went—to that enchanting city, that is ever to lead to glory, to liberty, and leads so often other ways.

Hour after hour the mother knelt in that silent room, till the afternoon was gone and night was coming on. They told her food was prepared for her in the next room. She could take nothing. Still she knelt there, praying for forgiveness. Almost unconsciously, at what hour she knew not, she heard a heavy cart lumber down the road and stop. There was the jingle of the harness and horse-bells, the call for a light, the opening of a door, the splashing of water, as some one carrying a bucket of water for the horse struck the bucket against a stone and upset half the contents. There were steps in the corridor, the heavy dragging steps of the peasants, trying to tread softly in their hobnail boots—showing their respect for the dead—and a quick, light, determined step that paused a moment at the door. She heard a whispering outside that roused her, then the latch of the door was lifted. She rose to her feet. The door opened, and Moira's mother found herself face to face with a tall handsome Frenchman, who bent his head gravely as he caught sight of her.

"Pardon!" he said; "I intrude. They did not tell me."

Moira's mother did not know whether he had been told she was there or not. She was almost too exhausted to care. She inclined her head, keeping her weary eyes on his as he stood, blushing, before her. She felt almost as guilty as he looked. She saw, at a glance, that he was a gentleman, and she was conscious of a certain relief. It was a very lovable face she looked upon, delicate, refined, and very fair and boyish-looking, with blue eyes not unlike Moira's. He seemed hardly older than the girl, and against her will Moira's mother was sorry for him. They regarded each other for some time in silence, each trying to read the other's heart. At last the man spoke.

"I arrive too late," he faltered, looking past the woman at the candles and at that white figure upon the bed.

His words were like a knife piercing the woman's heart. She threw off all her lethargy and drew in a long breath between her teeth. "Yes," she said, recalling the expression of those dear eyes, that had watched in vain for the opening of the door—"too late."

"Ah, Madame, pardon! My pretty Moira is dead. But you will permit me——" He made a movement in the direction of the bed.

"No," said the mother, without raising her voice above a whisper, but barring the man's passage with her outstretched arm. "No. Never!"

"I know—Madame has a right to prevent me. But a single little prayer—what harm can that do her pure soul? I adored her. Yes, then, it is true. I swear to you, Madame, that I adored her—that—that it was *she* who sent me away. There!" Again he made a step forward, and again the mother barred his passage.

"Ah, no! Not that! not that!" cried the man. For the words were like a sword pointed at his heart, and he had no weapon of defence; worse, he had forfeited all right to such a weapon.

"Madame——" he pled.

"I know," interrupted the mother, "I know that in France, Monsieur, the protection of young girls is almost a religion."

"Ah, ah!" he murmured, "this is too much. Permit me"—he made a movement to retire, lifting his blue eyes for an instant to the woman's face—eyes more than ever like Moira's in their sorrowful pleading for mercy.

As Moira's mother looked into them her own words recoiled upon her, piercing her heart with a cruel blow. What had she said? "In France the protection of young girls is almost a religion!" Ah, and she—*she* had left her young daughter, her beautiful young daughter, as no French mother would have left hers, to wander in a world of strange temptations alone—or all but alone—uncared for, and all but unarmed for the fierce battle she had to fight.

She buried her face in her hands and went quickly from the room, leaving the young man alone there with her dead. "God forgive me! God forgive me!" she silently implored.

Something like an hour later she was conscious of someone entering the room where she sat. She looked up. The young Frenchman stood before her.

"I am going," he whispered; and presently, "Some day you will forgive me?"

Moira's mother answered nothing, neither yea nor nay.

The young man knelt and kissed her submissive hand, then rose and left her. She never moved. She heard his step along the corridor, heard the inn door open and shut, heard his step again upon the road, as one in a dream.

As one in a dream he went out into the night, a dim moonless night, with the stars showing vaguely overhead. He pressed to his lips a white chrysanthemum that had lain on the dead girl's breast.

"I will never marry. Come what comes, I will never marry," he murmured as he went his way.

A fortnight later there was a little stir in one of the Paris studios of the Latin Quarter. A girl entered to her afternoon work, but instead of removing her hat and cloak as usual she flung herself on the nearest couch.

"Girls," she said in an awed voice, "have you heard the news? Did you hear that that pretty Moira Jackson had gone under?"

There was a sound like a long deep sigh through the great studio—"Moira Jackson!"

"What? What's that about Moira?" rolled out a rich contralto voice from the far end of the building. It was an American woman who spoke, a tall, fine-looking woman, nearer forty than thirty. "What's that about my pretty Moira?" She marched to the front with great strides as she spoke.

The girl told her story.

"You can vouch for what you say? You are sure the girl is dead?" the American woman asked, with the tears in her eyes.

The girl nodded. Moira's mother had been in Paris making inquiries about her daughter, she said.

"The brute!" exclaimed the American woman, thinking of the man. Then, thinking of the girl, her grey-green eyes flashed, her breath came quick, her bosom heaved, and she looked round upon the class with a dangerous expression in her usually good-natured face.

Her splendid voice rang out again. "Whose doing is this?" she demanded. "Whose fault was it that she picked up with such a man? The lovingest, sweetest little creature that ever breathed. O Moira, my pretty Moira!" Her voice broke for an instant, and then was at war pitch again, all the mother qualities awakened in her warm maiden breast. "Who was her companion this summer? If only I can find out the woman who let her go! The man was bad. But that woman! God have pity on the woman who left her to go off like that, sweet little innocent thing that she was, with her heavenly eyes and pretty ways. Take warning, girls—if there's any one in this studio who helped her to her ruin she'd better go before she gets fired—I can tell her that. I don't care where she belongs, under the

BAPTISTA MANTUAN: IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II. HIS FAMOUS SCHOOL-BOOK.

THE editions of "Bucolica seu Adolescentia" in the British Museum Library are: Argentinæ, 1503, 4to; Daventriæ, 1504, 4to; Tubingæ, 1511, 4to; Hagnoiæ, 1517, 4to; Mantua, 1498, 4to; Erphordiæ, 1501, 4to; Paris, 1502, 4to; Paris, 1503, 4to; Venetiis, 1503, 4to; Paris, 1506, 4to; Paris, 1507, 4to; Coloniæ, 1510, 4to; Liptzck, 1510, 4to; Deventer, 1514, 4to; Paris (?) 1520, 8vo; Brixiæ, 1545, 8vo; London, 1573, 8vo; London, 1582, 16mo; London, 1627, 8vo; London, 1649, 12mo; London, 1652, 8vo; Cambridge, 1635.

Buisson mentions other editions in 1507 and 1511, and two others in 1514 ("Répertoire des Ouvrages Pédagogiques du XVIe Siècle").

My own copy bears title-page as follows:

Baptistæ Mantuani Carmelitæ Theologi Adolescentia seu Bucolica, brevibus Iodoci Badii commentariis illustrata. His accesserunt Ioannis Murmelii in singulas Eclogas argumentum, cum annotatiunculis eiusdem in loca aliquot obscuriora. Accessit et index non ille vetus, et indigestus, sed novus omnino, ac locupletior multo, opera Barthol. Laurentis. Londini excudebat Robertus Robinsonus, MDXCV. Cum Privilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.

No one can peruse such an edition of Baptista Mantuan without being struck by the wealth of explanatory and critical apparatus with which he is introduced. The text has to be fished out from a sea of commentary. We can understand the hot indignation of Scaliger and Farnaby, great classical scholars, living in an age in which the reputation of Baptista Mantuan in the schools seemed to eclipse the very classics themselves. Antiquity was summoned to become a cloud of witnesses to a scarecrow of a Vergil. Not only antiquity, but the intervening world of Paganism and Christianity, past and

contemporaneous. Vergil, including his Bucolics, Georgics, and Æneid, is cited as if his main purpose were to illustrate Baptista. Horace is appealed to as if on occasion he could discuss principles of poetry founded on Baptista. Cicero seems to have fallen, by accident or design, upon Baptista's phrases. We seem to live in an inverted world. It is all the more illusive because it is an undoubted world of classical research.

While the attitude of Classicists can thus be understood, a study of the editions of Baptista Mantuan's Eclogues brings out a further reason for their attractiveness as a school text-book. With so many parallel passages brought before the pupil from classical authors, Mantuan becomes the peg on which to hang classical instruction. Mantuan, therefore, easily passed from the position of being an author—safe from the religious point of view—read for his own sake, to that of an author read as an introduction to the classics.

The notes of Jodocus Badius [1] are simple, clear, and interesting, and supply a considerable storehouse of classical allusion—literary, geographical, historical. No pupil could have been taken through the Eclogues, with the interspersed notes, without having acquired a background of reminiscences of quotations from Vergil, Cicero, Martial, Persius, Lucan, and many other classical writers, and of course the New Testament, which at least familiarised him with a world of culture which lay at his feet. The mind classically inclined would thus come to its own, and other influences in the later sixteenth and seventeenth centuries impelled the pupil to proceed, in spite of the religious tendencies of the age, which bade the aspirant to be on his guard against the suspect shortcomings and superstitions of a pagan literature. It is not enough to consider a school-book from

The type of notes offered by Badius may be illustrated by giving the opening lines of Mantuan's first Eclogue, and indicating the nature of Badius's commentary on them.

ECLOGUE I.

Treating of honest Love and its happy success, entitled Faustus. The Speakers: Fortunatus and Faustus.

> Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra
> Ruminat, antiquos paulum recitemus amores;
> Ne, si forte sopor nos occupet, ulla ferarum,
> Quæ modo per segetes tacite insidiantur adultæ
> Sæviat in pecudes: melior vigilantia somno.

The following is Thomas Harvey's[1] translation:

> I pray thee, Faustus, while the cattle chew
> In the cool mead their cud, let us review
> Our former loves; lest idle while we stay,
> Or fall asleep, some cruel beasts of prey
> Amid the ripened corn that slily creep,
> Seize on our cattle. Better wake than sleep.

The notes of Badius, of course, are in Latin. I will now give the gist of his notes on the above lines. It will be observed that the notes run on without clear divisions—in exposition, explanation, parallel passages, order of words, etc. Indeed, were it not that the text is in verse, and is printed in italic characters, there would be no division between text and notes.

Badius in his notes claims that Mantuan was a born poet, for he

[1] There have been two translators into English of Mantuan's Eclogues: George Turbervile in 1567, and Thomas Harvey, Gent., in 1656. The translations given in this article are from Harvey. The following is the title-page of Turbervile's translation:

The Eglogs of the Poet B. Mantuan, Carmelitan, turned into English Verse, and set forth with the Argument to every Egloge by George Turbervile, Gent. Anno 1567.

Imprinted at London in Pater noster Rowe, at the signe of the Marmayde, by Henrie Bynneman.

There were further editions in 1572 and 1594.

In Dedication to the right worshipful and his good Uncle, Maister Hugh Bamfild, Esquier, says:

"They were not in that age such silly sots as our shepherds are nowadays, only having reason by experience to prate of their pastures, and fold and unfold their flocks. But these fellows, whom the Poet and I have here brought in, were well able both to move the doubtful cause, and (if modern) to decide the proponed case. *They not only knew the calf from the lamb, the wolf from the mastiff, but had reason to know the difference between town and country, the odds betwixt vice and virtue, and other things needful and appertaining to the life of man.*"

had written this eclogue before he entered into religious orders, and had throughout been permeated with the desire to sing of honourable love, than which subject there is none more worthy of man. Others, indeed, of his compatriots had sung, in similar words, of dishonest and slippery (lubricis) loves. Hence one superiority of Mantuan. The persons introduced, Faustus and Fortunatus, are so called from their *rôle* and that which happens in the eclogue. "For either is of good import, as we find in the phrases: Fortunate senex, etc. Et, fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint, agricolas. And again, O fortunati, quorum iam mœnia surgunt. So, too, Faustus is so called as if aut favore auctus, aut favore stans. The order of the words is (we shall not always give the order, because it is not everywhere necessary): O Fauste, quando (i.e. quandoquidem) omne pecus ruminat (i.e. remandit prius in ventrem immissa) sub umbra gelida (i.e. temperie frigida). Persius also says: Et parvula pecus omne sub ulmo est. Ergo, precor, recitemus amores antiquos (i.e. honestos, quales erant antiquis). Whence, Phavorinus in Gellius, in the eleventh chapter, in speaking to a youth of antiquity, said: You say that the old pleases you because it is honourable, good, sober, and modest. Live therefore with the old morals, speak with present-day words. The old is usually received as dear because the oldest friends, and wine, and other things which are the oldest, are the most esteemed. So Macrobius in the first Saturnalia thinks there is nothing older than instruction. But I rather think that the noble and the old should be conjoined. Unless that were so, Servius would have it that love is unstable. For unity must be brought into the number of nobility and of religion. Yet Cicero is to be cited that love should be honest. In the *De Officiis* he says: Faciem honesti vides, quæ si oculis cerneretur, amabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ.

remarkable rapidity, and this, I think, may be ascribed in no small degree to the co-operation of Jodocus Badius.

The first five lines I have quoted from Baptista's first Eclogue have become very famous. We have seen how the ire of Thomas Farnaby was roused by the preference of contemporaries for the *Fauste, precor, gelida* over the *Arma virumque cano.* Mantuan had the honour of fixing his first line on Shakespeare's mind, and thus securing the attention at least of annotators "for all time." Holofernes, in "Love's Labour's Lost,"[1] says: "Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

> Venetia, Venetia,
> Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not."

Baptista, in a word, had the good fortune to appeal both to the general public and to the world of schoolmasters. Mr. J. H. Lupton[2] suggests that Baptista's popularity as "a school-author in this country may have been due to Colet's recommendation," and elsewhere notes that Colet possibly met Baptista[3] at Paris in 1494. Alexander Barclay, who published five eclogues about 1514, and is generally reputed the first English writer[4] of eclogues, says in his prologue:

[1] IV. ii. 95. Professor T. Spencer Baynes wrote a valuable series of articles for *Fraser's Magazine*, Nov. 1879, Jan. and May 1880, on what Shakespeare learnt at school (afterwards republished in *Shakespeare's Studies and other Essays*. Longmans 1896). Baynes quotes the passages from Shakespeare, Barclay, and Hoole which occur in this article, and refers to several others, which I give. He is scarcely correct, however, in referring to Alexander Barclay as the author of the *Ship of Fools*, since it is well known that that work was an English adaptation of Sebastian Brant's *Narrenschiff*. It is worth noting that the splendid edition of Mantuan's works in 1513 has commentaries on some of the works by Sebastian Brant. Mr. Sidney Lee, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, says: "The eclogues of the popular Renaissance poet Mantuanus were often preferred to Virgil's, for beginners." I may perhaps here add the testimony of M. Buisson in his *Sébastien Castellion, sa vie et son œuvre*. Speaking of that writer's *Bucolicorum autores xxxviii. . . . farrago eclogorum clvi.*, amongst other eclogues, he says, there are in this volume of Castellion "les Italiens, depuis le 'grand' Pontano jusqu'à Baptiste Mantouan, ce Virgile de l'improvisation dont les dix églogues *avaient été traduites dans toutes les langues.*" (Vol. i. p. 287.) Thomas Lodge, in his *Defence of Poetry, Music, and Stage Plays* (1579), says: "Miserable were our state if we wanted those worthy volumes of poetry. Could the learned bear the loss of Homer? or our younglings the writings of Mantuan?"

[2] *Life of Colet*, p. 169.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 67.

[4] Professor Saintsbury's description, "adapter" of eclogues, is possibly better (*Social England*, vol. iii. p. 133).

> And in like manner, nowe lately in our dayes
> Hath other poets attempted the same wayes
> As the most famous Baptist Mantuan,
> The best of that sort since poets first began.

The fourth and fifth, at any rate, of Barclay's eclogues, it may be noted, are unacknowledged direct imitations of Baptista Mantuan, though Barclay's fourth eclogue adds one thousand additional lines to Mantuan's, and his fifth extends Mantuan's from two hundred to one thousand lines.[1]

The *Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,* as the opening line of Baptista's Eclogues, is the most frequently quoted. But there is another, rendered famous by the offer which Samuel Johnson had made to him of ten guineas to state the source of *Semel insanivimus omnes.* He could not give the answer at first, but, as is related in Boswell,[2] he afterwards met it by chance in Johannes Baptista Mantuanus (Eclogue I.):

> *Faustus* : Tu quoque, ut hic video, non es ignarus amorum.
> *Fortunatus* : Id commune malum ; semel insanivimus omnes.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill refers us to Johnson's opinion:[3] "Scaliger complained that Mantuan's Bucolics were received into schools, and taught as classical. His complaint was vain, and the practice, however injudicious, spread far and continued long. Mantuan was read, at least in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the present (eighteenth) century."

Before proceeding to describe the subject-matter of the Eclogues, it seems convenient to add here the method suggested by Charles Hoole of treating Mantuan in actual school practice. This is given in the "New Discovery of the Old Art of Teaching School," published

Sentences, which they may commit to a paper book; and afterward resolve the matter of their lessons into an English period or two, which they may turn into proper and elegant Latine, observing the placing of words, according to prose. Thus out of the five first verses in the first Eclogue.

> Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra
> Ruminat, antiquos paulum recitemus amores;
> Ne, si forte sopor nos occupet, ulla ferarum,
> Quæ modo per segetes tacite insidiantur adultas
> Sæviat in pecudes: melior vigilantia somno.

one may make such a period as this:

"Shepherds are wont sometimes to talk of their old loves, whilst the cattle chew the cud under the shade; for fear, if they should fall asleep, some fox or wolf, or such like beast of prey, which either lurk in the thick woods or lie in wait in the grown corn, should fall upon the cattle. And, indeed, watching is far more commendable for a prince or magistrate than immoderate or unseasonable sleep.

"Pastores aliquando, dum pecus sub umbra ruminat, antiquos suos amores recitare solent; ne, si sopor ipsos occupet, vulpes, aut lupus, aut aliqua eius generis fera praedabunda, quæ vel in densis sylvis latitant, vel per adultas segetes insidiantur, in pecudes sæviat; immo enimvero, principi vel magistratui vigilantia somno immodico ac intempestivo multo laudabilior est. And this will help to prepare their invention for future exercises, by teaching them to suck the marrow both of words and matter out of all their authors." [1]

It might seem as if Hoole's purpose in such exercises were chiefly to cultivate in his pupils the power of good composition. No doubt he wished to develop such ability, but it is not going too far to say that his chief desire was to bring his pupils as soon as possible to *speak* Latin fluently. In the very next paragraph he requires on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons regular exercise in *Colloquys*, and gives such detailed instructions as will make pupils "industriously labour every day for variety of expressions, and encourage them *much to discourse* when they know themselves to be certain in what they say, and that they can so easily come by Latin *to speak their minds on any occasion.*"

Thus the Eclogues of Mantuan further appealed to the schoolmasters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries because they consisted of conversations; even if sometimes artificial, they introduced, at any rate, a fair amount of easy, familiar, conversational

[1] Hoole suggests that sometimes, instead of Mantuan, Castalion's *Dialogues of Bible-History* may be taken instead.

places. They could not, in this respect, vie with the Colloquies of Corderius, but in several ways Corderius's Colloquies were unique. However, Corderius was supposed to have been a subject of study in the second Form, and Mantuan, who was somewhat harder, was the chief author to be read in the third Form.

The subject-matter of the ten Eclogues of Mantuan was somewhat varied. The first Eclogue treats of honest love and its success; the second, of the madness of love; the third, of the hapless event of frantic love; the fourth, of the nature of women; the fifth, of the behaviour of rich men towards poets; the sixth, of the difference between citizens and husbandmen; the seventh, of the conversion of young men to religion, written when the author began to take religious orders; the eighth, of the religion of rustics; the ninth, of the manners (or morals) of the court of Rome, written by Mantuan after his entering into religious orders; the tenth, of the controversies between the observant and unobservant friars, written by Mantuan after taking religious orders.

[1] When Hoole says that parts of Mantuan are to be chosen "less offensive than the rest," he is probably thinking of the fourth Eclogue, which the eulogists of Mantuan were always anxious either to explain away or to condone. It contains a severe indictment against women:

> The female sex is servile, cruel, proud,
> Wanting law, measure, reason, very loud;
> The bounds of right omits, extremes admits,
> Doth all things unadvisedly by fits:
> Or it will slowly creep or swiftly run,
> Or cold it is as ice, or hot as sun:
> Never well tempered, never moderate,
> Or she will dearly love, or deadly hate.
> Would she seem grave? Too sullenly she lowers:
> Would she less grave seem plausible? She towers

Stated briefly, the subjects of the Eclogues are love, religion, the relations of poets and wealthy men, and the manners of the Roman court. Two only of the Eclogues deal with peasant life, the supposed particular function of the Eclogues, viz. the sixth, entitled "De Disceptatione rusticorum et civium," and the eighth, "De Rusticorum religione."

The Eclogues which deal with love are scarcely satisfactory to the modern mind, not that they are objectionable in treatment, but rather that there are other subjects more appropriate, and also more interesting to children. For apparently Hoole considers that the normal age for boys in his third Form, in which Mantuan is used, is from nine to ten years of age.

In the fifth Eclogue, treating of the behaviour of rich men towards poets, there are passages of poetic feeling cast in the pastoral mould. The following is perhaps a fairly representative passage:

> Then in December, in those winter nights,
> To sit before the fire it much delights,
> And there in th' ashes (for a sporting trick)
> To plough up furrows with a little stick;
> To roast ripe chestnuts there, and them all over
> With embers till they roasted are, to cover;
> With full fill'd glasses of refined wine
> To quench our thirst, to please our taste. In fine,
> Among the merry spinning maids to sit,
> And hear them tell a tale, and laugh at it.
> Great Tityrus[1] himself (as Fame doth ring),
> By learn'd Mæcenas patronised, did sing
> More lofty strains of farms, fields, cattle, wars,
> And with his high raised notes did reach the stars;
> Dame Fortune gave him eloquence: But us
> Poor weak plebeians, all bepatched thus,
> Disguis'd with leanness, fed with coarsest grain,
> The Muses shun, Apollo doth disdain.

This is indeed far removed from the serene austerity of Milton in the "Il Penseroso":

> Or let my lamp at midnight hour
> Be seen in some high lonely tower:

as far removed as the maids' gossipy stories were likely to be from

> Him that left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold.

But, at least, Mantuan shows the homely, simple rusticity not altogether unbecoming in the writer of bucolics. "Eclogues," says George Puttenham in the "Art of English Poesie,"[2] "represent

[1] *I.e.* Vergil. [2] 1589.

rustical manner of loves, and may insinuate a glance at greater matters. . . . Afterwards, they came to contain and inform moral discipline for the amendment of man's behaviour, as be those of Mantuan and other modern poets." In Eclogue VI., Mantuan treats of "greater matters" in a comparison of the city and the country. The general direction of his reflections will be seen by the lines:

> Whence come tumultuous wars and horrid arms,
> Which carry with them whatsoever harms,
> Whatever evil is within the walls
> Of cities, as from their originals,
> As from their fountains, all these mischiefs spring.
> Lycaon was a citizen, a king,
> Deucalion, with his beloved wife
> Pyrrha, were country-dwellers all their life,
> That brought the deluge, this removed the same,
> That ruined mankind, this did man reframe.
> If ever (as they say) these goodly frames
> Of skies, earth, seas, shall be consumed with flames,
> This heavy judgment doubtless will come in
> For sins of citizens, for cities' sins.

In Eclogue VII. a shepherd, Pollux, the best of pipers, has taken religious vows. One of the speakers, Galbula, gives a history of shepherds, showing their antiquity and dignity. The story of the life of Pollux is given. To avoid the malice of his stepdame and the rage of his father, who had made his life intolerable, he had even resolved to leave his beloved maid and run away. But he meets with the apparition of a country virgin, crowned with a maiden coronet, nymph-like, full of grace, who bade him join the Carmelites. If he will go, then she promises:

> Thou shalt immortal be, shalt from these clods
> Of earth have fellowship among the gods.
> Thou shalt have residence above the bright
> Refulgent stars, among the nymphs in white;
> Among the nymphs of trees, the nymphs of hills;
> The nymphs of flowers, whence sweet perfume distils,
> Whose heads are crowned with odoriferous flowers,
> With odoriferous herbs; where thou the powers
> That are above shalt see; where thou shalt know
> What heavens are above thee, what below.

And the young man will live his life in the retired cell,

> In those sweet woods, where in abundance grows
> The lofty fir-tree, where with unctuous boughs
> The fat and oily terebinth doth shine
> With sweating rosin, pitch, and turpentine,

Thus even the idea of religion is brought into connection with rustic environment and simplicity of a life in closest touch with Nature, and almost, as anthropologists would suggest, with the ideas of paganistic animism. At any rate, there is still the affirmation of the advantage of the country over the town.

> What power over cattle we possess,
> Th' Immortal Gods have over us no less,
> This is enough for countrymen to know;
> Let cities higher soar, and wiser grow.

The eighth Eclogue is remarkable as showing in a still more remarkable degree the blending of popular survivals with the Catholic dogma. In this Eclogue Candidus commends the mountains,[1] Alphus the dales. Candidus gives as a reason for high monasteries:

> Add here that from the tops of mountains high
> 'Tis a short passage to the starry sky:
> Some mountains with their lofty crests aspire
> Unto the clouds, some other mounting higher
> Transcend the clouds, and with their proud ascent
> They touch, I think, the spangled firmament.
> There is a place (they say) that eastward lies,
> Where from the seas the morning sun doth rise,
> Which (if I have it not forgot too soon)
> With its aspiring top doth touch the moon;
> And that long since a man there lived and dwelled,
> But for his gluttony was thence expelled,
> Because that he devoured all th' apples there,
> And none reserved for mighty Jupiter.
> Hence the divine and holy Fathers chose
> Retired houses, places of repose
> Among the mountains: This do well attest
> Carthusia, Carmel, Gargan; with the rest
> Athos, Laverne, Laureta, Sina's Mount,
> . . . and that hill of state,
> Towered Camaldula, whose sacred head
> With lofty fir-trees is environed.

On the other hand, the dales can claim the detail of pastoral wealth of corn and wine, cattle and sheep, and all the products of the harvest.

But in the matter of religion the man of the valleys has his advantage as well as the hill-man. In the sacred valley temples are paintings on the wall and imagery which tied the mind to the Nymph-like saint, "whose praise I count the greatest praise of all."

[1] The mountains are praised as the source of rivers, as the place of rare metals, of trees for shipping, of herbs, of springs, of vigorous and gigantic men.

> There's now no need to follow rustic Pan,
> Or any rural gods, which foolish man
> Did (as it is reported) heretofore
> With much devotion, but in vain, adore.

Pollux, the peasant, implores "the Nymph," falling on his knees devoutly on the marble pavement before her altar. Burckhardt[1] referring to this passage says: "What conceptions they were, which the people formed of their protectress in heaven! For the Madonna is by Mantuan pastorally described as the Nymph." Pollux prays:

> O Goddess, governess of towns and franks,
> We pray thee, let not Po swell o'er his banks:
> Let not, O let not the nocturnal hag
> Our tender infants through black darkness drag:
> Let not hobgoblins nor the walking sprite
> Frequent our streets by day, nor house by night.
> O Goddess, favour husbandmen, destroy
> The moles, whose heaped-up hills the fields annoy:
> Remember (Nymph), when winter sharply blows,
> To cover all the corn with dews, with snows.
> O let no vermin, when the corn is shorn,
> The next ensuing year devour the corn.
> The northern winds from growing figs restrain;
> From cranes the beans, from geese defend the grain:
> From serpents oxen, from the subtle fox,
> The subtler thief, preserve our herds, our flocks;
> The fruits from canker, vines from hail and storms,
> From wolves the cattle keep, from herbs the worms.

And so Pollux continues, praying the Virgin, as the patroness of all things rustic, against madness in dogs, and to preserve the villages from lightning. He prays that bacon be protected from "mice

Rome is the same to men as is an owl
To birds; she sitting as the queen of fowl,
And proudly nodding on some withered stock,
Calls multitude of birds, which thither flock
All ignorant of fraud; where in amaze
At her foul head, great eyes and ears, they gaze.
They wonder at her hooked beak's threatening top,
And on the branches while they skip and hop,
Now here, now there, the nets entangle some,
The lime-twigs others; all that thither come
Are overcome, are made the fowler's prey,
And to be roasted, thence are borne away.

The tenth Eclogue deals with controversies between the observant and non-observant friars, and winds up with lines which well sum up the position of Mantuan as to the older and the new orders, whilst they reflect to some extent the more general position of Mantuan's age to antiquity. The lines are put into the mouth of Bembo.[1]

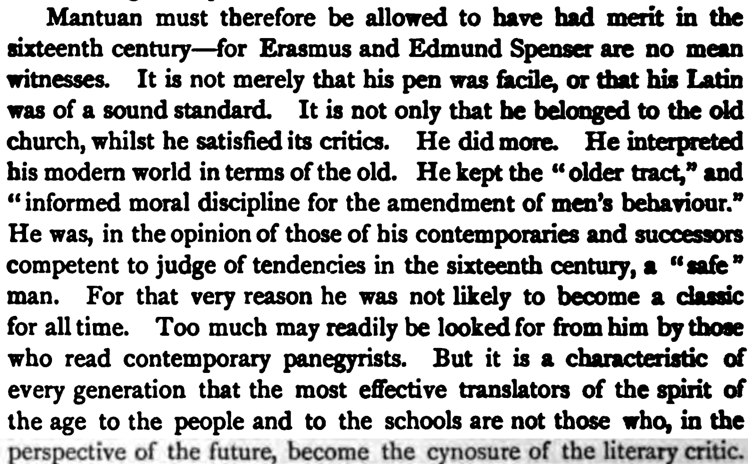
Trace out that path, those ancient ways transact
Of your forefathers. Keep that older tract.
Recall your wandering flocks within their pales
From dens of savage beasts, from rocks, from vales.
And in those older fields, that ancient plain,
Erect your shepherds' cottages again.

The central point of Mantuan's importance is his adaptation to the needs of his time. The reference back to antiquity, both in the Eclogues themselves and in the copious notes of Badius, helped to reveal the classical world. It may even be said that Mantuan furthered the Discovery of the World and of Man, the essence of the Renascence movement, as Burckhardt describes it. Indeed, Mantuan accomplished much. The Eclogues became, as we see from Charles Hoole, an introduction to the older classical writers. No one can doubt the stimulating effect of Mantuan's writings to his contemporaries and his successors. When E. K. commended Edmund Spenser, in the Epistle prefixed to the Shepherd's Calendar (1579), he spoke of the Eclogues as a natural form of composition for a poet to attempt in all the freshness of young strength, because of the lowliness of the matter and homeliness of the style appropriate to it. "As young birds that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to prove their

[1] Cardinal Bembo was one of the best-known writers in both Latin and Italian of his time. He was one of those fastidious precisians whom Erasmus attacks in his *Ciceronianus*. Hallam describes Bembo as one of the most important writers of the sixteenth century in the "art of reviving the consummate grace and richness of the period of Cicero."

tender wings before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus; as you may perceive he was already full fledged. So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuan, as not being full summed. So Petrarch. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus." In other words, Mantuan takes his place, in the critic's contemporary view, with those writers. Edmund Spenser is ushered to the world as a writer of eclogues, on the ground that he is a worthy follower of Mantuan.[1] There was a period in Erasmus's life when he was best known by his poetry.[2] In writing a letter to a friend, respecting one of his efforts, he says: "I send you a few verses with which I lately amused my leisure when taking a country walk by the side of a stream, and in which you must not look for the felicity of Maro, the sublimity of Lucan, the copiousness of Naso, or the seductiveness and learning of Baptista Mantuanus."

Mantuan must therefore be allowed to have had merit in the sixteenth century—for Erasmus and Edmund Spenser are no mean witnesses. It is not merely that his pen was facile, or that his Latin was of a sound standard. It is not only that he belonged to the old church, whilst he satisfied its critics. He did more. He interpreted his modern world in terms of the old. He kept the "older tract," and "informed moral discipline for the amendment of men's behaviour." He was, in the opinion of those of his contemporaries and successors competent to judge of tendencies in the sixteenth century, a "safe" man. For that very reason he was not likely to become a classic for all time. Too much may readily be looked for from him by those who read contemporary panegyrists. But it is a characteristic of every generation that the most effective translators of the spirit of the age to the people and to the schools are not those who, in the perspective of the future, become the cynosure of the literary critic.



of Mantuan as a school-book. It is necessary to say "almost" unique, for I take it that the Colloquies of Corderius occupied a somewhat similar position to Mantuan in the seventeenth century.

One further consideration with regard to Mantuan must be added. It is not accurate to speak of one age in terms coined to express the attitude of another, four centuries apart; but my meaning will be clear, and all necessary deductions can be made, if Mantuan is described as a representative in the sixteenth century of what we, in the twentieth century, call "Nature-study." He insists on the pleasure of the country, of landscape, of rural joy in the seasons, of the picturesque and the useful in the fields, the rivers, the mountains, and the valleys. He teaches the value of the simplicity of life, of that contentment with a *modicum* of material possessions, which in itself is an effective substitute for wealth, of the pleasure of simple intercourse, of the horror of the inhuman side of city life. Such Arcadian life is not merely an artificial convention. It is a spirit of content, which easily lends itself to moral and religious issues. It is a spirit, too, which yet has to penetrate the schools, and one which Nature-study to-day will have to undertake. We constantly hear of the moral import of manual training, if educationally carried out. This is none the less true of Nature-study. We hear to-day, and surely rightly, of the correlation of literature with Nature-study. This is precisely the combination which seemed to the writers of the sixteenth century to be presented in Mantuan. His critics, in their severity, said of him that he was a peasant's poet. If we accept the judgment, Mantuan is not without his justification. For his love of the peasants is real; his love of his country is real. It is the note of joyful observation of Nature around him which Mantuan strikes, which we, too, wish to get—still more clearly than he was able—into our teaching. Let us then, at least, acknowledge the wisdom of the sixteenth century in not leaving unconsidered in the schools the joys and sorrows of the peasant. And let us not forget, in the midst of the religious and social struggles of his age, the figure of the "good old Mantuan" solacing his soul in singing:

> In my country now
> The lowly brooms, the lofty vines do blow
> Along the banks of Po, the pastures' sides
> Where Mincius with silvered water glides:
> There now the corn is eared; with blossoms red
> Pomegranate trees now there are all bespread:
> The frondent alder there (this month of May)
> Doth sweet white flowers on each hedge display.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A. LOUIS MORERI. "Le Grand Dictionnaire Historique," 1740, vol. viii. p. 347.

Spagn(u)oli Batiste, called Mantuan as a native of Mantua, was born in the year 1448, and according to Paul Jovius was bastard of the family of Spagnoli at Mantua. The testimony of this author is falsified by that of divers others. Spagnoli took habit amongst religious Carmelites of the congregation of Mantua, and was six times Vicar-General. He showed much zeal in maintaining this reform and the ancient customs of the order. He strongly opposed Father Marx of Monte-Catino, Procureur-Général of the order, who wished to get the religious of the congregation of Mantua to give up the tan colour (*la couleur tannée*) to take the black. Father Baptista opposed even the carrying into effect of a letter from Pope Sixtus IV. which Father Marx had obtained under pretext of getting uniformity into the order. A commission of cardinals was appointed, who upheld the congregation of Mantua in the usage of their tan colour. In 1513 he was obliged to accept the burden of General, and died March 20, 1516, aged 78 years. We have his works in four volumes, collected by Father Laurentius Guyler of Brussels, and printed at Antwerp. He had a very facile genius for poetry; but he was injured, in the opinion of Lilius Giraldus, by having composed too much. However, his fecundity was surprising, for he has composed over 55,000 verses. Trithemius renders him excessive praise. Jovianus Pontanus, Pico della Mirandola, Philip Beroald, Baronius, and other writers speak also very flatteringly of him. He was a good theologian, good philosopher, and passed for the most excellent poet of his time. That was the reason why Frederic I., Duke of Mantua, in 1530, had a triumphal arch erected in the most beautiful part of the city to bear the statues of Vergil and of Father Baptist Mantuanus.

atque sanctissima tua poemata, in quibus ea rerum majestas, is splendor est eloquentiæ, ut certatim in illis palmam sibi vindicare verba atque sententiæ videantur. Hoc unum dixero, delectari me adeo lectione tuorum carminum, ut fere quotidie, cum me vel tedium vel fatigatio cœperit, in illa quasi in hortum delitiarum solitus sim secedere, unde animo tanta semper oboritur voluptas, ut nihil cupiat magis quam iterum fatigari, ut iterum recreetur, etc. Hæc Picus anno 1490.

(4) Joannes Jovianus Pontanus (in 1499) in epist. Et initæ, inquit, Romæ, memor sum amicitiæ; et ingenii tui excellens vis, momentis pene singulis id efficit, ut doctrinæ, vel summa etiam cum admiratione, meminerim tuæ. An ejus obliviscar, quem Latinæ Musæ non memorabilem modo, verum maxime etiam admirabilem, et nostris faciunt, et futuris facturæ sunt sæculis? Mitto ad te degustatiunculas ex Historia mea quasdam, quæ aures fortasse non omnino offendent. Tu paucis ex his conjicere poteris reliqua. Est enim in manibus de Poeticis numeris, deque historiæ lege Dialogus, De magnanimitate liber: De stellis volumen abunde magnum, item De fortuna, quibus absolvendis, vel expurgandis potius, do operam, quorum post judex ipse futurus es.

(5) Philippus Beroaldus in epist. Perlegi, inquit, nuper divina divin Baptistæ Carmelitæ poemata, quæ evidenter ostendunt parentem rerum naturam in progenerandis poeticis ingeniis haudquaquam decoxisse, Mantuamque nobis alterum Maronem ex Palingenesia Pythagorica reddidisse. Equidem vates omnes priscos adorandos puto, maximeque Virgilium, cui hic noster proximus, longo quidem intervallo, sed tamen proximus, in quo ingenium copiosum, et mira doctrinæ multijugæ fœlicitas exuberat, fœcundus prorsus artifex, utpote qui versuum millia plurima condiderit. Cujus poemata tersa, erudita, consummata, præ se ferunt quandam facilitatem fœlicissimam, quæ omnia commendat facilitas scriptoris, et doctrina religiosior et Ecclesiasticum dogma intertextum, quibus veluti pigmentis preciosis colorata splendescunt. Merito itaque vivens ea fruitur gloria, quam post cineres paucissimi consequuntur, eamque vivus sentit, quæ post fata præstari magis solet, venerationem. Interest posteritati suæ, monstraturque digito prætereuntium, nec solum habetur in manibus et ediscitur, verum etiam in Scholis enarratur, et inde saluberrima tyrunculis dictata grammatistæ præscribunt. Gaudeo ipse mecum et gestio, quod talem virum non solum familiarem noverim, sed etiam habeam confessorem. Hæc Beroaldus.

[There were two Philip Beroaldes, father and son. The father is probably the writer of the letter from which the above quotation is taken. Moreri says of him that he was a man of very wide reading, but he lacked judgment. He chiefly applied himself to bringing to light the most obscure writers of antiquity, and had a passion for using old words which had a long time disappeared from the Latin language as used. The son is placed by Lilius Gyraldus amongst the excellent poets of his age.]

After quoting the above testimonies, Peter Lucius adds: Ceterum quod ad ejus statuam marmoream attinet, ea Mantuæ (velit nolit Jovius)

pie conspicitur in arcu triumphali e regione Franciscanorum monasterii, dextrum Virgilio, sinistrum Mantuano, clarissimi Mantuanorum Marchionis quarti Francisci latus claudente, cum tali elogio:

Argumentum utrique ingens, si saecla coirent.

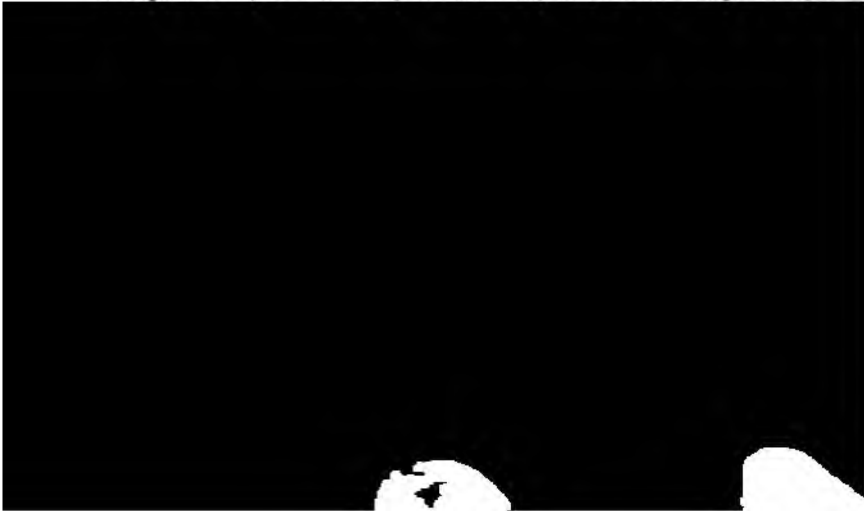
To the account of Mantuan given by Peter Lucius, M. A. Alegre de Casanate has added but little in his "Paradisus Carmelitici Decoris" (1639), but the following passage shows how Mantuan's reputation had developed into the miraculous. Speaking of the death of Mantuan, Alegre goes on:

Suæ maximæ sanctitatis nomen odoriferum linquens, ut testantur Horatius Pancirolus et Horatius Tursellinus; comprobatque Possevini, ex Lucio, testimonium asserentis quod corpus B. Patris, post multos annos integrum, clarum et nitens, cum exuviis habitus sui, quibus humatum fuerat, nectareum fundens odorem, inter multa corpora fratrum suorum, cum quibus primum fuerat humatum, tabe jam sanieque corrupta, repertum fuerit. Quæ res maxime movit populum, ut communi ære, cum clara adhuc sanctitatis viri vigeret opinio, nitidiori (quo hucusque conspicitur veneratum, et frequentatum a multis, votorum causa piorum, confluentibus) exstructo clauderetur prope altare maius busto.

APPENDIX C. REFERENCES IN ENGLISH WRITERS TO MANTUAN.

The following passage shows the general view of the Eclogue in Elizabethan England.

William Webbe, "A Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586. I will nowe speake a little of an other kinde of poetical writing, which might notwithstanding, for the variablenesse of the argument therein usually handled, bee comprehended in those kindes before declared: that is, the compyling Eglogues, as much to say as Goteheardes tales, because they bee commonly Dialogues or speeches framed or supposed betweene Sheepeheardes, Neteheardes, Goteheardes, or such like simple men, in



them aforesaid. Pallingenius and Bap. Mantuanus; and, for a singular gift in a sweet heroical verse, match with them Chr. Ocland, the author of our 'Anglorum Prælia.'"

The following two passages from Francis Meres's "Palladis Tamia" bring Mantuan into interesting collocations.

(1) As these Neoterickes, Iovianus Pontanus, Politianus, Marcellus Tarchaniota, the two Strozzæ, the father and the son, Palingenius, Mantuanus, Philelphus, Quintianus Stoa, and Germanus Brixius have obtained renown and good place among the ancient Latine poets: so also these Englishmen, being Latine poets, Gualter Haddon, Nicholas Car, Gabriel Harvey, Christopher Ocland, Thomas Newton with his "Leyland," Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, Brunswerd and Willey have obtained good report and honourable advancement in the Latine Empyre.

(2) As Theocritus in Greek, Virgil and Mantuan in Latine, Sanazar in Italian, and the authour of "Amintæ Gaudia" and Walsingham's "Melibæus" are the best for Pastorall. So amongst us the best in this kind are Sir Philip Sidney, Master Challener, Spencer, Stephen Gosson, Abraham Fraunce, and Barnefield.

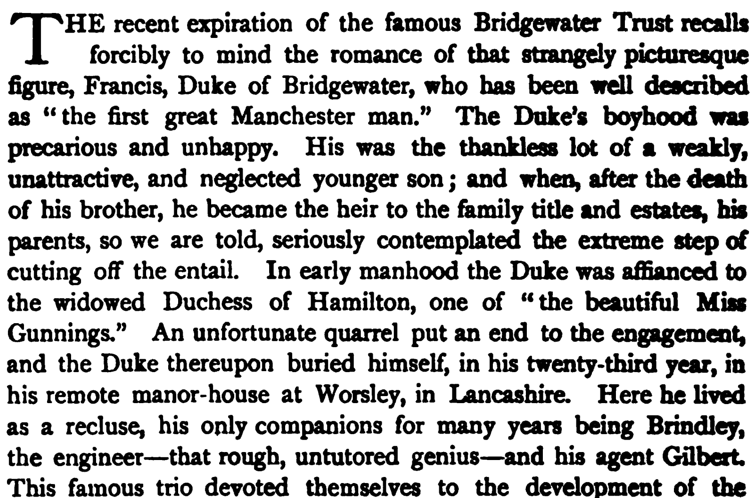
[These passages from Webbe and Meres are taken from Mr. Gregory Smith's "Elizabethan Critical Essays" (Clarendon Press). The passages from Webbe, vol. i. p. 262 and p. 239; the passages from Meres from vol. ii. pp. 315 and 321 respectively.]

FOSTER WATSON.

THE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER AND HIS CANAL.

THE STORY OF AN HISTORIC TRUST.

THE recent expiration of the famous Bridgewater Trust recalls forcibly to mind the romance of that strangely picturesque figure, Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, who has been well described as "the first great Manchester man." The Duke's boyhood was precarious and unhappy. His was the thankless lot of a weakly, unattractive, and neglected younger son; and when, after the death of his brother, he became the heir to the family title and estates, his parents, so we are told, seriously contemplated the extreme step of cutting off the entail. In early manhood the Duke was affianced to the widowed Duchess of Hamilton, one of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings." An unfortunate quarrel put an end to the engagement, and the Duke thereupon buried himself, in his twenty-third year, in his remote manor-house at Worsley, in Lancashire. Here he lived as a recluse, his only companions for many years being Brindley, the engineer—that rough, untutored genius—and his agent Gilbert. This famous trio devoted themselves to the development of the



pool at less than half the cost of previous carriage and with greater speed; who thus—giving an impulse to old industry and birth to new, to the unspeakable advantage of his country—realised a fortune for himself and his heirs such as had never been acquired by doing good to mankind before."

When the Duke, after his unhappy disagreement with the Duchess of Hamilton, settled down in his Lancashire home, he soon came to realise the absolute importance of some cheap method of conveying the coal from his Worsley mines to the rising towns of Manchester and Liverpool. He turned his attention, therefore, to the construction in the first place of a waterway between Worsley and Manchester, and in 1759 applied to Parliament for the necessary powers. In order to secure the passing of his Bill, the Duke introduced into it several concessions to the inhabitants of Manchester. He bound himself not to exceed the freight of *2s. 6d.* per ton on all coal brought from Worsley, and not to sell the coal so carried into the town at more than *4d.* per hundredweight, which was then less than half the average price. The inhabitants of Manchester, of course, were most anxious to welcome such a Bill, and it passed through Parliament without opposition. With the aid of his agent, John Gilbert, and his engineer Brindley, the Duke immediately proceeded to construct his canal. It became necessary to carry the waterway across the valley of the Irwell, and Brindley determined to achieve what was then regarded as an extraordinary feat of engineering, the building of an aqueduct over the river itself. A special Act of Parliament was necessary in order to enable this to be done. But eventually the canal was completed, and an admiring world was pleased to regard the work as a wonderful achievement. People flocked to Worsley to see the novel waterway, and the Barton aqueduct was described by a contemporary historian as "perhaps the greatest artificial curiosity in the world." Ebenezer Elliott has written some fine lines of the engineer of the Bridgewater Canal:

> And lo! he waved a prophet's hand and gave,
> Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
> From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
> And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride;
> O'er grazing herds, lo! ships suspended sail,
> And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale.

Having united Worsley and Manchester by one canal, the Duke straightway embarked upon an even more difficult task—the extension of the canal to the river Mersey, and the consequent linking together of Manchester and Liverpool. For the next five years this

undertaking completely absorbed the energies of the Duke and his engineer. Smiles, in his "Lives of the Engineers," tells us that long before the works were finished the Duke found his resources seriously crippled. He was compelled to exercise the strictest economy; he paid off his retinue of servants, put down his carriages and town house, and reduced his expenditure to 400*l.* a year. He was often unable to find sufficient money to furnish the weekly wages of his great band of labourers, and the tenantry were frequently called upon to furnish advances to their landlord. Nevertheless the canal was completed without a recourse to the extreme step of mortgaging the estates, and the Duke soon reaped his reward in the largely augmented income which resulted from his enterprise. The trade of Lancashire gained enormously from the throwing open of the new waterways. Within a short period the price of coal in Manchester was reduced by fifty per cent., and this cheapening of fuel was followed by a rapid extension of the cotton industry, which, long before the Duke's death, had reached a point of unexampled and unexpected prosperity. The effect of the impulse given to trade by reason of the Duke's energy and forethought was not, however, confined to the North. "A new era began," says Green, "when the engineering genius of Brindley joined Manchester with its port of Liverpool in 1767, by a canal which crossed the Irwell on a lofty aqueduct; the success of the experiment soon led to the universal introduction of water-carriage, and Great Britain was traversed in every direction by three thousand miles of navigable canals. At the same time a new importance was given to the coal which lay beneath the soil of England."

Exactly a hundred years after the death of the Duke of Bridgewater, the Trust which he created by his will ceased to exist. The Duke was most anxious that the great trading concern which he had

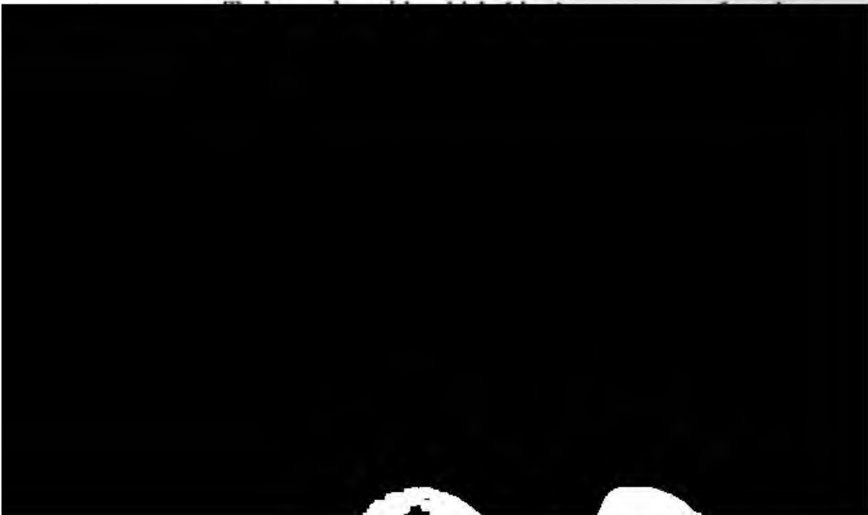
so far as the Trust properties were concerned, the second son of his nephew Earl Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland. This second son, Lord Francis Gower, or Lord Francis Egerton (for he assumed the family surname), became in due course the first Earl of Ellesmere. The third Earl, to whom the Trust properties have now passed absolutely, is his grandson. Although Lord Francis Egerton and his successors have enjoyed during all these years the income from the estates, they have had no voice or share—nominally at all events—in their management and development. Under the Duke's will full power and control were vested in three trustees, one of whom was to act as a "superintendent trustee" and to have the active oversight of the canal and collieries and the general conduct of the business. The first trustees were Sir Archibald Macdonald, Kt. (Chief Baron of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer), the Bishop of Carlisle, and Mr. Robert Haldane Bradshaw, the last named being "the superintendent trustee." The period for which the Trust was to continue was defined in the following ingenious manner:

"During the term of one hundred and twenty years to commence and be computed from my death, and fully to be complete and ended if the said George Granville Leveson-Gower Sutherland, Earl Gower; the Honourable Francis Gower, his second son; the said Sir Archibald Macdonald, Edward Venables Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and the several children of the respective marriages of the said Sir Archibald Macdonald and his present wife and Edward Venables Lord Bishop of Carlisle and his present wife, who shall be living at my death; and also the persons who at my death shall be lords spiritual and temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and have taken their seats in the House of Lords of the said United Kingdom, or any or either of them, the said Earl Gower, Francis Gower, Sir Archibald Macdonald, Edward Venables Lord Bishop of Carlisle and children of the respective marriages of the said Sir Archibald Macdonald and Edward Venables Lord Bishop of Carlisle and their present wives, and lords spiritual and temporal shall so long live, and also during the further term of twenty years."

In this way the Duke of Bridgewater ensured that his valuable Lancashire estates should be preserved, "as a going concern," so to speak, for some generations after his death. The law provided that property might be settled for the duration of lives in being and for a further period not exceeding twenty-one years. So the net was cast sufficiently wide, and besides a number of the Duke's friends and relatives the entire House of Lords was pressed into the service of the Bridgewater Trust. The last of these "lives in being" ended

on October 3, 1883, and thus, according to the provisions of the Duke's will, the Trust died a natural death twenty years later, on October 3, 1903. It is almost unnecessary to say that during the past century the Trust property—thanks in a large degree to the skill and wisdom with which it has been administered—has enormously increased in value. From a sentimental point of view one may regret, perhaps, that the canal which rendered the name of Bridgewater famous no longer forms part of the Trust. The trustees disposed of the waterways in 1872 to the Bridgewater Navigation Company, of which Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., was the chairman. The purchase price paid by the company was 1,120,000*l.* Fifteen years later the canal again changed hands, being acquired for a sum of 1,710,000*l.* by the Manchester Ship Canal Company. It now forms an important part of that great industrial undertaking, the Ship Canal, and so may be said, in a way, to be fulfilling still the public service for which the Duke designed it.

The Duke of Bridgewater, as has been remarked above, lived at Worsley the life of a recluse. In his old age he developed many eccentricities. Smiles says that the seclusion to which his early disappointment in love had first driven him grew at length into a habit. He hated and despised all womankind; he would not even allow a female servant to wait upon him. Careless in dress, penurious in his ways, rough and outspoken in manner, his only weakness was his love of the weed. "He smoked much more than he talked." It is said that he would have neither conservatory, pinery, flower garden, nor shrubbery at Worsley, and once, on his return from London, finding some flowers which had been planted in his absence, he whipped their heads off with his cane and ordered their removal. "The only new things introduced about the place," says Smiles,



Duke"—as he is still familiarly designated—have been handed down faithfully from father to son in many a Lancashire village. Men still chuckle over the Duke's strongly expressed detestation of the railway system, then in its infancy. "We shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those d—— tramroads," he is reported to have said to Lord Kenyon. Yet this was the strange old man who towards the end of his life, suddenly manifesting an intelligent interest in matters artistic, formed the wonderful Bridgewater collection, which has given delight to so many thousands of lovers of art in the intervening years. The Duke died at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried in the family vault at Little Gaddesden. The following document, relating to the arrangements for the funeral, is somewhat of a curiosity in its way:

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

To be performed by Henry Flint, Greek Street, Soho, London.

Two Conductors on Horseback.

Pages. Cloakmen on Horseback. Pages.

No. 1 The Plume of Feathers. No. 2

A Page. Man to carry do. A Page.

Six Pages. THE HEARSE. Six Pages.

With Six Horses with Black Feathers and Velvet Coverings, and the body in a crimson Velvet Coffin, silvered nails, handles, &c.

A Page. A MOURNING COACH. A Page.

With Six Black Horses, with Black Feathers, and Velvet Coverings.

John Woodman. — Barbor.

A Page. A MOURNING COACH. A Page.

And Six Horses as before.

Mr. Wellum. Mr. Liffen. Mr. Quinn.

A MOURNING COACH.

And Six Horses as before.

Mr. Hemming (Foreman at Hempstead). Mr. Callum.

And for three Footmen from London to Hempstead.

The PRIVATE CARRIAGE with Six Horses.

PARTICULARS.

Silk Scarfs, Hatbands, and Gloves for Mr. Woodman and the Six Pall-bearers. The same for the Clergymen at Gaddesden and at St. James's Church. Silk Hatbands and Gloves for the Two Clerks at the Church. The same for the Cloakmen and other attendants. Crape Hatbands and Gloves for the Coachmen, Postilion, and Footmen.

The Pulpit and Communion at Gaddesden to be hung with superfine Black Cloth. An achievement for the House in Cleveland Court.

INSCRIPTION

The Most Noble Francis
DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.
Born 21st May, 1736.
Died 8th March, 1803.

The Procession is intended to move from Cleveland Court by
Six o'clock in the Morning.
To arrive at Edgeware Road between Eight and Nine o'clock to
Breakfast and Water.
To go in Procession through Watford and to be at Hempstead about
One o'clock to bait the Horses and Dine.
To proceed from thence as soon after Three o'clock as possible
in slow Procession to Gaddesden.
To return to Hempstead the same Evening, and go to Town
the next day.
The Duke's own Coach and Horses to go to Ashridge on the Evening after the
Funeral and return to Town the next day.

J. E. M^C^INNES.

THE SUCCESSFUL HYBRIDISATION OF THE WOOD-PIGEON.

HYBRIDISATION, so closely allied with evolution, is a study much neglected, and yet of the greatest importance. Zoologists realise this, and Professor Newton remarked to me in a letter, "The subject of hybridism is a most attractive one;" and again, "We, however, know very little about hybrids, and I wish more people would take up the subject." The tendency to distribute one's energies over too vast an area, and the want of definite concentration, might account for many failures.

My original ambition was to produce a new variety of pigeon that would prove a swift-flying bird and a useful addition to the table. To carry this out I ignored the existing varieties of *C. domesticus*, and turned my attention to the British wild doves. During the past fifteen years I have reclaimed, and bred hybrids from, the wood-pigeon, stock-dove, turtle-dove, and rock-dove. These years of labour in this interesting subject have been marked by many failures and disappointments. In addition to the weariness of working alone and without recognition, I was confronted with the fact that no ornithologist whose writings I had consulted at the libraries of universities and learned societies made any mention of the prolificness of ring-dove hybrids. Many doubted even the possibility of domesticating and hybridising the birds, and all were agreed that such a bastard would prove barren. It appears to be impossible to hybridise the domestic pigeon with the cock ring-dove. I wasted several years in this vain attempt. The birds mated and produced eggs, but I never discovered the slightest sign of fertility among some fifty eggs examined from half-a-dozen different pairs. The cock hybrid will, however, mate and produce young with the domestic pigeon.

The history of my successful hybridisation of the wood-pigeon is as follows: I procured young wood-pigeons from the nest before they

were fledged. I found that a bird reared from the nest at eight or nine days old invariably remained tame for life if proper care and kindness were used. Birds reared by placing wood-pigeons' eggs under domestic birds proved useless, because they became wild and unmanageable as soon as they could fly. The same result occurred when the birds were taken with partly developed plumage. These, indeed, became fairly tame during the process of daily feeding and handling, but as soon as they could shift for themselves they reverted to their wild nature.

To rear young wood-pigeons for domestication a thorough knowledge of pigeon ailments is necessary. The gloss of the plumage, the clearness of the eye, and the general activity of the wings and legs are good guides. The birds require their seed freshly soaked every day, and sparsely sprinkled with Hyde's pigeon grit. Fresh chopped lettuce, a little finely grated meat, and occasionally a sulphur or castor-oil bread pill. Linseed and chalk are sometimes necessary. When the young can fly, they should be summoned by a particular sound. This can be done by whistling or making use of the same words during feeding time. Soon the birds become familiar, and learn to alight on the arm and shoulder, and to take their food from the hand. The hen is ready for mating when six months old.

The wood-pigeon readily mingles with the domestic pigeon, though it is advisable to breed male birds carefully for experiments. I commenced with a pure-bred white Dragon hen mated to a black Dragon cock that had a few white feathers at the side of the neck, After twelve months, one bird was reared with a decided ring like a dove. This proved to be a cock. I now bred with a large blue Carrier whose plumage contained the greyish-blue feathers, and from

composed of materials that give with the weight and movements of the young. I have found nearly all the young birds that have died suffered from internal complaints brought about by the heavy pressure of their bodies upon the hard, unresisting surface of the nest-box. I think, however, the wisest course would be to remove the young from the parents after the eighth day, and bring them up by hand.

During the year 1899 I became decidedly disheartened, having lost, from different pairs, no fewer than forty young birds, from causes that appeared to me at that time unaccountable. On August 2 I wrote to the press: "Eleven days seem about the extent of life permitted to the young of this curious cross-breeding. The hen generally dies on the fifth day, and the cock on the eleventh." It happened that just at the time when I was about to give up my experiments success came. In September 1899 I reared a ring-dove hybrid that has proved one of the healthiest and hardiest of the pigeon tribe. He has twice crossed the Atlantic, and survived the extremes of heat and cold during exhibition. This bird is now on view at the London Zoological Gardens (Western Aviary).

This ring-dove hybrid mated to a blue Dragon when six months old, but it was not until 1902 that any eggs were fertile. During the present year I have bred and reared three handsome birds. The note of the ring-dove hybrid's young is unlike that of any known species. The attitude and gestures of the bird when paying court to its mate resemble rather the British wild dove.

Professor Poulton, F.R.S., has been good enough to refer to my work as "a most interesting and difficult experiment."[1] Writing to me recently, he asks: "Does *C. livia* produce hybrids easily with the various races of *C. domesticus*, as we should expect under Darwin's views that the latter is descended from the former, and from this alone; and if such hybrids are formed, are they fertile *inter se* as well as with the parent race? I have just been looking at Darwin on the point, but can find nothing definite."

I must doubt whether *C. livia* is the origin of the pigeon family, or whether if the different varieties were released upon a desolate island, they would all revert to this type. The Crowned pigeon, *Goura coronata*, from New Guinea, measures from twenty-seven to twenty-eight inches in extreme length, while the small Ground-dove, *C. passerina*, Linn., is often barely six inches. My experiments prefer *C. palumbus* to *C. livia*. Every young bird appears to exceed the size and weight of its predecessor.

[1] *What is a Species?* 1904.

In the Western Aviaries of the Zoological Society's Gardens will be found two pairs of wood-pigeon hybrids. Two birds are the young of the domestic pigeon and the hybrid cross. The present object is to experiment *inter se* to the fourth generation. One bird has fortunately proved to be a hen, and has already laid her second clutch of eggs.

ST. MICHAEL-PODMORE.

THE CENSUS OF INDIA.

AMONG the fascinating volumes which have been issued by the Government Press in India are those which relate to the last census. The general reader will perhaps be most interested in that which treats of the ethnographic features of the country.

Full of marvellous facts about the character, habits, dress, and probable origin of hundreds of races and tribes, the book would furnish matter for a thousand romances, and the greater part of the details are so attractive, and so ably presented, that a temptation is felt to reproduce them all, but space forbids. As illustrating, however, the extent and interest of the field traversed by the officials who have been charged with this wonderful compilation and review, a few extracts may be given from the sociological chapters.

Referring to the Jats of the Punjab, Sir Denzil Ibbetson, who writes the monograph on this people, states that they are generally ascribed to Indo-Scythian stock, and almost one century before the Christian Era are noticed as the Zanthei by Strabo, and are mentioned by Pliny and Ptolemy. Probably the Jats and the Rajputs are of one ethnic origin, whose ancestors reigned at Hastinapura, not far from modern Delhi, and were of the Solar or Lunar race. The reviewer considers the Jats to be the most important people of the Punjab, industrious and independent. It is possible that the migration which brought them to the plains of the Punjab took place over two thousand years ago. What wars, what changes of dynasty, has that long period seen ! and yet the customs and occupations of the people remain the same, and their methods of agriculture are little changed. The irrigation schemes of the British Government in India have, however, brought water to many arid tracts in which the millet now luxuriates, and it cannot be but that life is thereby easier, and property, by the exercise of humane authority, more secure than of yore.

Coming now to the Mahratta country, referred to as the Scytho-Dravidian tract in the Census Report, an exhaustive account by

Sir James Campbell (from the Bombay Gazetteer) is given of the religious observances of the Deshusth Brahmans, with much other matter of vivid interest. The fragrance of the jasmine and the champa seems to linger between the pages devoted to the description of the numerous ceremonies connected with the betrothals of wee boys and girls, and the scent of sandalwood is conjured up as we read of the florid festivals with which the consummation of the marriage is celebrated. Boys are married between the ages of eight and twenty-five, and girls generally before twelve years, and often much earlier, but of course the marriage is not completed until later. For the girl a sacrament is then performed, her maturity is announced by a messenger to her friends and relatives, and he distributes packets of sugar to them. At the husband's house the messenger himself receives a present. But before the choice of a wife is made for a son, the family of the latter have to decide by a personal visit to the girl's relatives whether a marriage can be suitably arranged. The girl is brought in and questioned, and if sufficiently promising, mentally, a kinswoman strips her if she is under eight years of age, or takes her bodice off if she is older, and examines her closely to see if she is healthy, and has no bodily defect. Beauty is specially attended to, as it is difficult at so early an age to conjecture what the mental attainments of the girl will be. Should all this be satisfactory, the girl's dowry from her parents and the prospective bridegroom's presents are then arranged for.

Subsequently to the ceremony for conception when at maturity, is one for "son-giving," at the seventh month of pregnancy one for "longing satisfying," when the juice of a grass is dropped down the girl's left nostril in order that the unborn child may grow; in the sixth or eighth month the hair of the head is parted and a babul

throw some doubt upon this policy. But the Murris carry the idea so far that a woman, on the death of her husband, reverts to her father or his heirs, and can, we presume, be again married. The husband therefore has the temporary use of her. The Brahuis of Kalat may be of Scythian origin. The head of the confederacy is a Mohammedan khan. Here again the smaller groups are anxious to grow numerically larger. They think that heredity also follows the mother in human beings and the father in animals. Consequently to maintain a pure stock a first cousin is preferred in marriage. The effect of such alliances is not touched upon. There is a prejudice against marriages with blacksmiths, musicians, and slaves, whether bond or free. Among the Brahuis blood-feuds are savagely pursued.

And now let us take a bird's eye view of the extreme north-east of the Indian Empire, where, among the Indo-Chinese borderers, the Wa remain one of the most primitive in their habits. They count themselves to have originated as tadpoles, at the beginning of time, in a lake on the top of a mountain range seven thousand feet above the sea, an idea not wholly inconsistent with the results of modern biological research. In their next stage as frogs they lived on Nau Tao, and developed later into ogres, dwelling in caves. Their food at this time consisted of wild pigs, deer, goats, and cattle, but from this diet no young ones accrued to them. Upon the adoption of cannibalism the sterility disappeared, and babies in human form appeared. To-day the cannibalistic habit is not observed, but the people are head hunters like the Lushais. They are of athletic build, and the women are possessed of very substantial charms and marvellously developed legs, their massive physique not being impaired by the excessive use of rice spirit. They never wash, and according to Sir J. G. Scott, their incrusted dirt is only got rid of by being shed naturally. In hot weather the men wear no clothes, and at other times only a rag or strip over the loins, with a blanket over the shoulders occasionally. Women wear a few bead necklaces, and a short petticoat only part way to the knees. Inside their villages, in the warm season, this latter garment is discarded, but their then nude condition is not felt to be an offence against modesty. Among the Wa polyandry is not known; polygamy is permitted but not much practised. Wives are purchased, if good-looking, with a few buffaloes; but if not possessed of charm the sale is effected for a dog or a fowl or two.

In the Dravidian tract of country there is one tribe of people which is devoted wholly to toddy-drawing from the palm tree. The extensive plains of Ramnad are covered with the sago palm, which

furnishes much of the food of the people in this part of the country. The soil is sandy, and the sea breeze whispers through the spiky fronds of the palm, both affording the conditions under which it flourishes. According to legend, Rama came this way in pursuit of Ravenna, who had carried off his wife Situ. So that, no doubt, the district has acquired its name from the Hindu hero. The road from Madura to Ramnad, the capital, and the sandy track to Paumben, beyond, are frequented at times by numerous pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Rameswaram, which overlooks the waters of the Straits. This is sacred to the memory of Rama, and vies with Benares in its benefits to believers. From the temple can be seen the remains of the ridge of rocks constructed by Hanuman, the king of the monkeys, with the aid of his army, to enable Rama to cross to Ceylon. A spring of fresh water which rises out of the salt soil marks the spot where Rama rested on his bow, and a draught of that water is salvation to a pilgrim.

Along the roads that lead to this sacred spot are dotted the ruins of many a shrine and rest-house, now the shelter of the goats from the noonday sun. The Shánáns, or toddy-drawers, are the inhabitants of these parts, although not in the village of the principal temple, which is Brahman. The men are skilled climbers, which is very necessary, as they have to be up and down the trees twice a day to put in place and to empty the earthen pots which serve to collect the palm juice. The Shánáns, says Mr. W. Francis, claim to be of Kshatriya caste, and are therefore eligible to enter Hindu temples; they trace their descent from the Chera, Chola, and Pandya kings of the south, and their pretensions led to the Tinnevelly riots in 1899, the Hindus maintaining that the Shastras are against toddy-drawers entering their temples.

mencement of the sixteenth century, and indeed palm brandy was formally prohibited in the year 1787 by the then Maharaja. Akin to the seasonal observances in other parts of India, a great festival is held at the end of the rainy season in honour of Mahavishnu, when the poorest put on gala attire, and field sports are held. Formerly on these occasions there would be fights with bows and blunted arrows. Marriage is considered here, as elsewhere in India, as of so much importance, that the practice seems to be current of a preliminary ceremonial among girls of tender age. A number of them may symbolically be married at one and the same time to a relative who acts the part of a bridegroom. But the serious affair, when the girl is older, that is at maturity, is signified by the tying of the tali round the neck and a festival lasting for four days. The wife mostly resides in the house of her birth. Fraternal polyandry once prevailed in Malabar. The reviewer considers that it was a civilised practice, an act on the part of the eldest brother significant of benevolence. It is not heard of to-day, except perhaps in remote parts of the country. At the present time, when the wife shows signs of pregnancy, her brother drops tamarind juice into her mouth while her face is turned to the sun.

The Nayars have a great regard for education, and their boys and girls are both sent to the village school for elementary tuition. Their early training and hereditary instincts are productive of a character of sweet frankness, patient industry, reverence for authority, and uncalculating hospitality.

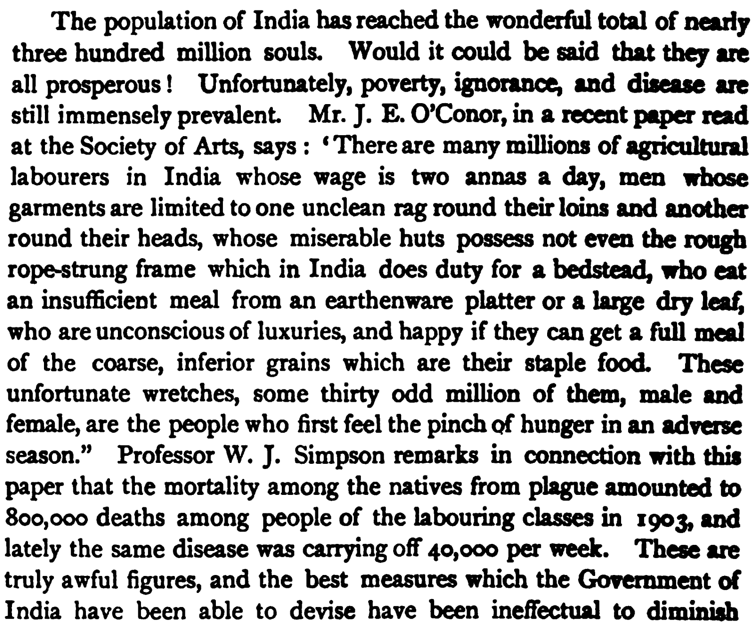
So much for the extreme south of the peninsula. In one of the dividing ranges of mountains which separate north from south, namely the Sutpuras, dwells one of the still primitive and wild races of India—the Bhils. They still have no fixed villages, and abandoned huts mark the spots where they have for a time rested. The worship of trees, for the spirits who live within them, yet prevails: the bamboo and the pipul tree have their particulars, and women desirous of offspring present gifts to the bor tree. Some perform obeisance to tigers, some to snakes, and some to peacocks, and even to the tracks of the birds, and describe the world-wide symbol, the Swastika, beside their offerings. However, there is a modern tendency on the part of the animistic tribes, the Bhils, the Khols, the Santals, and others, to adopt Hindu customs and beliefs as the respectable thing to do.

Regarding the practice of infanticide in India the Census Report presents some valuable conclusions. It is said to be rare, generally speaking, and only occurs when the prospective difficulty of finding a husband is combined with a superstitious belief that the child is

likely to cause misfortune, but ignorance and an unconscious ill-treatment of females result in a relatively high rate of mortality at all ages. The evil effects of early marriage on female life, in Bengal particularly, are exhibited in a remarkable deficiency in numbers about the time of puberty, between ten and fifteen years of age.

Pages in the ethnographic review are full of such curiosities and extraordinary features as those above described, but it is necessary to pass to the statistical information which the Census Report so amply furnishes.

The population of India has reached the wonderful total of nearly three hundred million souls. Would it could be said that they are all prosperous! Unfortunately, poverty, ignorance, and disease are still immensely prevalent. Mr. J. E. O'Conor, in a recent paper read at the Society of Arts, says: 'There are many millions of agricultural labourers in India whose wage is two annas a day, men whose garments are limited to one unclean rag round their loins and another round their heads, whose miserable huts possess not even the rough rope-strung frame which in India does duty for a bedstead, who eat an insufficient meal from an earthenware platter or a large dry leaf, who are unconscious of luxuries, and happy if they can get a full meal of the coarse, inferior grains which are their staple food. These unfortunate wretches, some thirty odd million of them, male and female, are the people who first feel the pinch of hunger in an adverse season." Professor W. J. Simpson remarks in connection with this paper that the mortality among the natives from plague amounted to 800,000 deaths among people of the labouring classes in 1903, and lately the same disease was carrying off 40,000 per week. These are truly awful figures, and the best measures which the Government of India have been able to devise have been ineffectual to diminish



that they have both brought much capital into the country and have been the means of adding to the profits of the labouring class. The weaving of cotton yarn and cloth by machinery may be said to have grown up in the last forty years, and, as illustrating the conservative habits of the Indians, it may be mentioned that there are still five and a half millions of hand weavers scattered throughout the country.

While there is much poverty in India there are no poor-houses as a rule such as we have in England. The old and infirm are cared for by their relatives, so that upon reading in the Census Report that over four million mendicants wander about the country it must not be concluded that they are forced by poverty or infirmity to adopt such a life, but rather that it is a phase of religious principle. There must be an immense amount of wealth stored in money and in jewels, for five million people are of independent means, some possessed of thousands of pounds worth of diamonds and pearls, and further, a quarter of a million persons are living on pensions provided by the State.

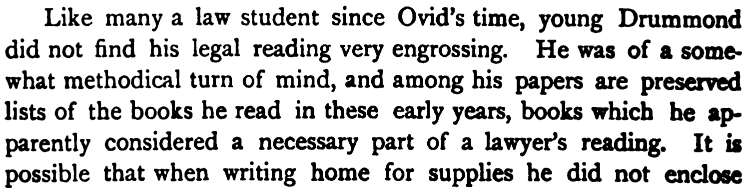
On the whole the census reveals much progress, but leaves the impression that in the condition of large masses of the people there is still a good deal to be desired.

E. O. WALKER.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

IN the year 1606 a young Scotsman set out from home to study law in France. The English and Scottish crowns had been newly united on the head of James I., and Scotsmen were in favour at Whitehall. Consequently William Drummond took London on his way. Although still a few months under age, he was already Master of Arts of Edinburgh, with a pronounced taste for philosophy and poetry. His father, Sir John Drummond, if not then actually in attendance on His Majesty in his capacity of Gentleman Usher, was in a position to give his son plenty of English introductions, and the young student spent the summer of 1606 very pleasantly in London, seeing all there was to be seen, meeting well-known people, and occasionally writing rather affected letters to his friends in Scotland. Then he went on to Bourges and civil law.

Like many a law student since Ovid's time, young Drummond did not find his legal reading very engrossing. He was of a somewhat methodical turn of mind, and among his papers are preserved lists of the books he read in these early years, books which he apparently considered a necessary part of a lawyer's reading. It is possible that when writing home for supplies he did not enclose



died. As William was the eldest son, he entered into possession of his father's estate and gave up the legal fiction.

> Hence Law, and welcome Muses; though not rich
> Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconciled
> And new made one. Henceforth I promise faith,
> And all my serious hours to spend with you:
> With you whose music striketh on my heart
> And with bewitching tones steals forth my spirit.

So Jonson made Ovid say in "The Poetaster," and it does not need much imagination to fancy Drummond uttering the same sentiment. In the leisure and seclusion of his beautiful seat at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, he continued his miscellaneous studies—the poets still predominating, with a rather larger proportion of Italian than before. Between 1610 and 1612 Petrarch, Guarini, Sannazzaro, Tasso, Bembo, Rinaldi, Contarini, and Coquinati appear in his lists—a considerable array; but the English poets were not forgotten—Drayton and Alexander, Jonson's "Epigrams," Spenser's "Faery Queene," "Epithalamion" and "Amoretti" were all read; and, as befitted one who had already begun to emulate his masters, we find duly entered Puttenham's "Art of English Poesy."

With his books, his lute, and his friends, and with occasional tentative excursions into composition, prose and verse, Drummond passed his life at this time very equably, very quietly, very thoughtfully, very profitably. Amid his accumulating books he read assiduously; saturated his mind with Plato and Plotinus and with the sentiments and imagery of the modern Italians; copied, translated, imitated, and prepared himself that he might be ready to celebrate his subject when it came. The death of the much lamented Prince Henry gave him his first opportunity of publication; but a more universal topic was at hand. It is impossible to improve on the words of his first biographer in this connection: "Notwithstanding his close retirement and serious application to his studies, love stole in upon him, and did entirely captivate his heart, for he was of a sudden highly enamoured of a fine beautiful young lady, daughter of Cunningham of Barns."

In his early days, before Love had thought him worth a shaft, Drummond had written from Paris a description of a picture of Venus he had seen there, in which the back of the goddess's head was painted like a skull; to which description the heart-whole youngster added for his correspondent's benefit: "It were to be wished this picture were still before the eyes of doting lovers." But his juvenile philosophy was all overthrown by the sight of Miss

Cunningham reading Alexander's "Aurora" among the trees of Hawthornden. His studies were interrupted. His musings revolved on a new centre. Even his dearly loved lute brought him no consolation. In a word, he was very much in love, and, lover-like, began to pour out the fears and the perilous joys of his condition in sonnets to the author of all the mischief. Divine philosophy was summoned to his aid, but he was past her help, and confesses as much in a beautiful sonnet:

> I know that all beneath the moon decays,
> And what by mortals in this world is wrought
> In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
> That fairest states have fatal nights and days;
> I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
> With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
> As idle sounds of few or none are sought,
> And that nought lighter is than airy praise;
> I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
> To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
> That love a jarring is of minds' accords
> Where sense and will invassal reason's power:
> Know what I list, this all can not me move,
> But that, O me! I must both write and love.

Presently, as the sonnets began to accumulate, he took courage, and sent them to his mistress with a letter that might have softened a harder heart than hers: "Here you have the poems, the first-fruits your beauty and many other good parts did bring forth in me. Though they be not much worth, yet I hope ye will, for your own dear self's sake, deign them some favour, for whom only were they done and whom only I wish should see them. Keep them, that hereafter, when time, that changeth everything,

The lovers were betrothed, the day fixed, and all preparations made, when everything was thrown into confusion and the whole current of Drummond's life thwarted and changed by the sudden death of the bride.

The blow was a cruel one for Drummond. There is no doubt of the sincerity of his love, nor of the poignance of his grief. The sensitive soul of him, which had been drawn out by the warmth of a woman's love, now shrank back into itself, to brood, poet-like, on what he had lost, to live over again the hours of happiness he had spent in the presence of the dead girl, to dwell on her beauty and charm and on the uncompanioned misery that lay before him. His poems had now an additional value in his eyes. They were in a manner *her* poems, and might prove a lasting chronicle of his unhappy love. So he set himself to revise and arrange the verses, adding to their number sonnets that tell of his disconsolate sorrow for one who, as he said, had shone in his heart

> As in a dusky and tempestuous night
> A star is wont to spread her locks of gold.

He hopes to immortalise his love and grief—the ambitious desire of so many lovers—and entreats her to look down with favour on his offering:

> Sweet soul which in the April of thy years
> So to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round . . . .
> If ruth and pity there above be found,
> O deign to lend a look unto those tears.
> Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice,
> And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
> Mine offering take; let this for me suffice,
> My heart a living pyramid I raise.

His labour of love was given to the world in 1616, the year following his mistress's death.

Scottish literature was at this time in a very depressed state. The early flush of vigour that had produced Lindsay and Gavin Douglas and Dunbar had died away. Scotland was too much taken up with wretched ecclesiastical bickerings to have time to spare for the arts. Literature in the old Scottish was practically dead, and those who still found taste and leisure for the practice of poetry wrote either in Latin or in the new literary English, the language that was being fixed and made universal throughout the island by the great Elizabethans, whose books and influence soon crossed the Tweed. Before Drummond began seriously to write, English had

already driven out Scottish as a literary vehicle. Drummond had spent some time in London and had read many English books; consequently, when he wrote he used sound Elizabethan English, which is almost as good to-day as it was three hundred years ago.

Drummond is known chiefly as a sonneteer, though he wrote a great deal that was not in sonnet form. His 1616 volume contained madrigals, epigrams, sextains, and longish couplet poems; but the bulk of the little book is made up of sonnets. His reasons for adopting the sonnet form so largely were, no doubt, many and interwoven. In the first place, his genius did not run to epics; he could not pour out a broad continuous stream of verse; his imagination did not run fluently away with him, nor did he care to beat out his thoughts into a multitude of thin cantos. His habit was contemplative, meditative, retiring, pensive, studious, mild, and for the due expression of such a character there is no medium like the sonnet, let its detractors say what they will. Then, too, there was already a large sonnet literature in English, with which we know Drummond was familiar. Sidney and Drayton and Daniel and Spenser and Shakespeare—all these had written sonnet-sequences; and in 1604 Sir William Alexander, Drummond's bosom friend, had published a sonnet-cycle, also written, apparently, to a lost mistress, snatched away not by death, as was Drummond's, but by a more successful if less poetical wooer. And besides these inducements, Drummond was deeply read in the Italian sonneteers, and many of his sonnets are imitations, some little less than translations, from the Italian.

The sonnet came to us from Italy, and enjoyed extreme popularity at the close of the sixteenth century. Thousands of English sonnets were written, and the French and Italian productions were very widely read. Drummond (we can tell by those tell-tale lists

her death, without making use of thoughts and phrases that have been used by centuries of lovers before his time—and since.

Of English writers, Sir Philip Sidney is the one to whom Drummond owed most. Both drew largely from Italian sources of inspiration, both had similar themes to celebrate, both had the proverbial ill-luck of poets, both had a weakness for closing their sonnets with a couplet instead of following the orthodox Italian scheme. There is a distinct likeness between Drummond's sonnets and the "Astrophel and Stella," a likeness of thought as well as of expression. Sidney's was the completer mind; he lived in a larger world and dealt with larger issues. His Muse

> Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
> More oft than to a chamber melody,

but he had a contemplative side to his character as well, and it is on that side that Drummond resembles him. His love for Sidney led him to borrow phrases from him as from his beloved Italians—a habit which, we may remind ourselves, Sidney himself confesses to:

> Oft turning others' leaves to see if thence would flow
> Some fresh and fruitful shower upon my sunburnt brain.

Now, does this inveterate habit of using borrowed or translated terms to express his own passion prove that Drummond was insincere? Could he have said, with Sidney,

> I in pure simplicity
> Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart;

and if he had said it, would it have been true? Is it possible for a poet to dig for material among the works of bygone Italians and yet, in the sonnets so constructed, to express in his own person his own honest feelings towards a young Scottish lady who lived on the other side of the Firth? Mr. Sidney Lee virtually says it is not possible. In his "Life of Shakespeare" he endeavours to prove that Shakespeare's sonnets are fictitious exercises, written in order to show his dexterity in the use of a fashionable form of verse. In the pursuit of this argument he gives a very interesting and exhaustive sketch of the rise of the sonnet in England, and shows clearly enough that a great many of its votaries spun their sonnets out of nothing in particular—that they addressed ideal mistresses and pretended to be burnt by painted flames. He also shows that many contemporary sonnets which were presumably addressed to an actual lady are in fact literal translations from the French or Italian. It is in this connection

that he mentions Drummond,[1] declaring that nearly all of his sonnets are "translated or adapted from modern Italian sonneteers," and assuming that therefore they were incapable of conveying a personal sentiment or emotion. Mr. Lee exaggerates Drummond's debt. Take, for instance, the ninth sonnet of the second part of the 1616 volume. Mr. Lee summarily dismisses it as "a translation." Drummond's later editor, Mr. W. C. Ward (who certainly is not disposed to attenuate his author's borrowings from Italy), remarks that Petrarch has a pretty sonnet on the same theme, and adds that Drummond's sonnet "may possibly have been suggested by this—but the resemblance is not very close." The theme in question is not an uncommon one. It is a complaint against Nature, who brings round the seasons in their everlasting circle but does not bring again the poet's lost love. Gray makes a very similar lament in his sonnet on the death of West. The feeling is a very natural one. Drummond watches the approach of another springtide, and addresses the Spirit of Spring :

> Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but, ah ! my pleasant hours
> And happy days with thee come not again ;
> The sad memorials only of my pain
> Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
> Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
> Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair ;
> But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
> Is gone.

The fact that Petrarch had made a similar complaint before—which complaint Drummond had doubtless read, and which he perhaps remembered when he was writing his own sonnet—is not sufficient to prove that Drummond was making a purely imaginary moan. But Mr. Lee seems determined not to see genuine passion

do not pretend that every one of Drummond's love-verses was actually inspired by a definite feeling towards a certain person. There are many things that go to the making of love-poetry, and it is not at all necessary that each verse should be in the nature of a complete personal confession. But what we do mean to assert is that it is possible for a sonnet to owe the major part of its conceits to a dead Italian (who may or may not have been in earnest when he wrote), and yet to be a personal utterance of a personal emotion. Drummond's mind and memory were so impregnated with Italian forms of thought and expression that it would have been extraordinary if his own poems had not shown signs of his reading; but it is absurd, on that account merely, to regard his sonnets as a mere *farrago* of translations and adaptations of foreign poetry, purely conventional, hollow, insincere. When he began to collect his verses, no doubt he included some which had been written before Miss Cunningham appeared on the scene. He practically confesses so much in his first sonnet. They were abstract love-verses, rather semi-dramatic than personal; but he was unwilling to suppress them, and found them a place among the more genuine products of his love, working all the poems together into a single entity.

The 1616 volume duly published, Drummond settled down to quiet bachelorhood on his beautiful estate, turning his interrupted attentions once more to books and music and philosophy. By degrees he recovered from his bereavement and regained his lost spirits. He was greatly attached to Hawthornden, and found much comfort in its quiet beauty :

> Dear wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
> Where from the vulgar I estrangèd live . . .
> What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
> And what it is to be of bondage free,
> Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
> Sweet flowery place ! I first did learn of thee.

His retirement was enlivened by many friendships, both local and literary. Drummond was of that order of men who appear at their best in the small circle of their familiars. It is well attested that he possessed his share of wit and appreciation of fun. His first biographer says : " He never thought religion consisted in peevishness or sourness of mind ; on the contrary, his humour was very jovial and cheerful, especially among his friends and comrades, with whom he sometimes took a bottle only *ad hilaritatem*." Further, we are told that he was " very smart and witty in his sayings and repartees, and had a most excellent turn in extemporary versifyings." Among

literary men his greatest friend was Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, afterwards Earl of Stirling, with whom he was on terms of brotherly affection, though Alexander's court duties kept him in England most of his time. The two friends corresponded under the names of Damon and Alexis, and it was to his Alexis that Drummond, after recovery from a dangerous illness, wrote one of the most admirable of his sonnets:

> Though I have twice been at the doors of death,
> And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
> This but a lightning is, truce ta'en to breath,
> For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
> Amidst thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
> Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandering Fame
> Tell Death hath triumphed o'er my mortal spoils,
> And that on earth I am but a sad name;
> If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
> By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave,
> I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
> To grave this short remembrance on my grave:
> Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
> The murmuring Esk; may roses shade the place!

He made a more celebrated acquaintance when Ben Jonson visited him in 1618. Jonson had been handsomely welcomed in Edinburgh by "noblemen and gentlemen that knew his true worth and their own honours." He received the freedom of the city, and the Edinburgh citizens punctuated that honour with a banquet, which perhaps pleased the poet more. It is pretty safe to assume that Drummond met Jonson at some of these Edinburgh festivities. Jonson's tour would not have been complete if he had not seen the best living Scottish poet, and no doubt the Edinburgh people

I was too good and simple, and that oft a man's modesty made a fool of his wit." Though Jonson was perhaps not quite so rugged as we are apt to think, he certainly was an almost complete contrast to his host. Jonson was not a talkative man in general society, but give him a friend and a bottle (or several bottles) and there was no freer tongue in all King James's dominions. Wine had the same effect on him as it had later on Addison and on Lamb, sweeping away all constitutional obstacles to good-fellowship and freedom of utterance. And between Drummond's modest bottle *ad hilaritatem* and Jonson's deep potations there was all the difference in the world.

With Michael Drayton Drummond's temper and genius had much more in common. A friend of Drayton's visited Edinburgh, called (at Drayton's request) at Hawthornden, and received some kindness from its owner. His return to London was the signal for the opening of a correspondence between the two poets, a correspondence marked by great admiration on the part of Drummond and by a very amiable and pleasing cordiality on the part of the veteran. Drayton and Alexander were friends in London, and Damon was naturally disposed to exchange confidences with any friend of Alexis; while Drayton, who had fallen out with his publishers, poured his woes into the ears of the young friend who might perhaps induce an Edinburgh house to issue the next instalment of "Polyolbion." Drayton's opinion of the London book sellers must have surprised his correspondent—"They are a company of base knaves, whom I both scorn and kick at."

With the exception of "Forth Feasting" (1617), Drummond did not publish again until 1623, when he sent out a little book of serious poems entitled "Flowers of Sion," the air of which breathes of contemplative seclusion. Drummond's first biographer laments his love of solitude. "He loved obscurity and retirement, for which he was mightily to blame: for it's a great Disparagement to Vertue and Learning when those Things which make Men useful to the World should incline them to go out of it." But Drummond, *meis libris, meis oculis contentus*, knew better than that:

> Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
> Far from the clamourous world, doth live his own.

He knew from his friend Alexander quite enough about court life to make him glad he was not there, to make him thank Heaven for liberty and Hawthornden and a quiet life—the image of his dead mistress not overrun by worldly press of work or ambition, nor yet effaced by idleness. Alexander at court had not even time to see

his own poems through the press. Drummond writes to console with him:

"He who drew you there and fixed me here, contrary to our resolutions, he only from all danger may vindicate our futures and make us sure. He to this time hath brought me in the world to be without riches, rich; and then most happily did it fall out with me when I had no hope in man left me; and this came to me because on Him, and not on man, my hopes relied. And therefore that now I live, that I enjoy a dear idleness, sweet solitariness, I have it of Him, and not man. Trust in Him; prefer not to certainties uncertain hopes. *Conspiravit in dolores nostros hæc æstas: sola dies poterit tantum lenire dolorem*; for we have what to plain and regret together; and I what alone I must lament."

The distinctly religious strain of this letter is characteristic of the whole of the "Flowers of Sion." The vague, semi-pagan, philosophic generalities of religion, which had been enough for him before, had assumed by this time a definitely Christian cast, and, if we may trust the testimony of a sonnet, it was his great sorrow that brought the change about, that first gave him a firm hold of the unseen realities of life, even as a similar sorrow impelled D'Arcy (in Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin") to mysticism. D'Arcy, who is really Dante Rossetti, exclaims: "Ask any man who has passionately loved a woman and lost her; ask him at what moment mysticism was forced upon him, at what moment he felt that he must either accept a spiritualistic theory of the universe or go mad; ask him this, and he will tell you that it was at that moment when he first looked upon her as she lay dead, with corruption's foul fingers waiting to soil and stain."

After 1624 Drummond seems to have become restless. His

by which single cavalry soldiers may do as much in battle as five or six can do with common arms, and which weapon will also suit excellently for foot service: the same from the dreadfulness no less than the suddenness of its effect being called Baktrobrontephon, or Thunder Rod; but commonly, with reference to the variety of sizes it may assume without change of nature, known by such different names as the Box Pistol, Box Musket, Box Carbine, or Box Dragoon." Among the rest are "(5 and 6): Instruments of the mortar or siphon kind: whereof the one on account of its signal use in defending walls and ships and its truly wonderful speeds is called Platoskedastikon, vulgarly the Flat-Scourer; the other, because of its special utility for shattering the masts, sails, rigging, and oars of ships, receives the name Euthutmetikon, vulgarly The Cutter. . . . (9) A new kind of vessel which will be able without check from any strength of chains, bars, or batteries, to enter any harbours and either destroy all the shipping by fire or capture them by force; which vessel from its truly stupendous and terrible effect, and its dreadful destructiveness to ships and harbours, deserves to be called Limenolothreutes, vulgarly Leviathan."

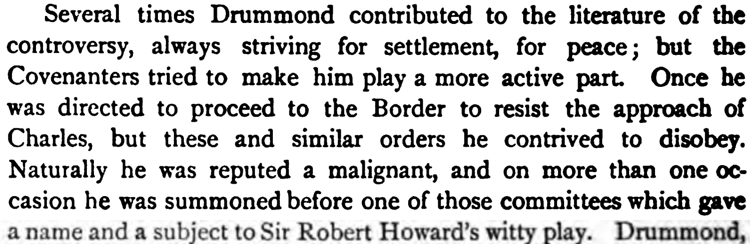
The letter goes on to say that "inasmuch as the said Mr. William Drummond has with singular industry and no common ingenuity thought out these *and not a few inventions besides*," he is to have the sole patent rights for twenty-one years. It is a curious document, and one's first impression is that there must be some mistake—that it is some other William Drummond who has done, or rather who is going to do, all this; but no, it is "our faithful subject, Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden." Did he turn for relief from the rhymes of an obstinate octave to the fierce anticipation of the Limenolothreutes? Did the "Platoskedastikon, vulgarly the Flat-Scourer," usurp at times the allegiance he owed to his beloved madrigals? Surely there was never such a contrast as this between the Scottish Petrarch and this would-be Scottish Archimedes. Only one thing was wanted to complete the wonder, namely, the practical carrying out of these designs—even of one of them; but there is no indication except the patent to show that they ever had any but a theoretical existence.

Drummond's next venture comes almost as strangely as his excursion into mechanics. But not even a bookish bachelor of forty-six, with a somewhat queer taste in the matter of inventions, is proof against the ordinary accidents of life. According to one account his marriage is said to have taken place "unexpectedly," which is a rather unexpected word in such a connection. The old

narrative tells that "by accident" he saw one Elizabeth Logan, who reminded him strongly of his dead love. For this resemblance he married her in 1632.

After his marriage Drummond, as became his new condition, took an increasing interest in the affairs of his country, which was in a growingly disordered state. The tyranny of the King and his ministers, on one hand, strained even his loyalty and compelled his protests; while, on the other hand, the restless intolerance of the Presbyterian clergy provided him with another and a more congenial topic for satire. He was a fervent royalist, a supporter of the bishops, and a passive obedience man, but he was not afraid to remind the King of his duties, and very solemnly he warned him against attempting to subdue the Covenant by force of arms. As became a man of letters, Drummond was all for peace, and his chief prose work has that word for its title—"Irene: A Remonstrance for Concord, Amity, and Love." But neither side was in the mood for yielding. It was too late for compromise, too late for moderate counsels, and very soon Scotland was in a state of war. The first Bishops' War was followed in 1640 by the second Bishops' War and by the troubles consequent upon and running parallel to the Civil War in England.

Several times Drummond contributed to the literature of the controversy, always striving for settlement, for peace; but the Covenanters tried to make him play a more active part. Once he was directed to proceed to the Border to resist the approach of Charles, but these and similar orders he contrived to disobey. Naturally he was reputed a malignant, and on more than one occasion he was summoned before one of those committees which gave a name and a subject to Sir Robert Howard's witty play. Drummond,



shattered. He was getting old, and he despaired of better things. To his misgiving heart the execution of the King came as a great blow, and in December 1649, when the fortunes of his party were at their lowest ebb, he died.

Drummond has been fortunate in his editors, though it was a long time before a complete edition appeared. Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, edited the poems in 1656; but it was not until 1711 that all his works, prose and verse, appeared in a handsome folio, printed in Edinburgh by James Watson, and containing a biographical memoir which was perhaps written by Bishop Sage. This edition may be recommended to the reader—if he can get it An even finer and equally rare edition in quarto of the poems only was printed for the Maitland Club in 1832; and since then Drummond has been included in the "Library of Old Authors" and in the "Muses' Library." The poems themselves are not very bulky, but their quality is good. Much of his eulogistic and metaphysico-religious poetry has lost its savour, but that in which he treats of the eternal interests of men and women is not likely to fall altogether into oblivion. He has his faults, of course, especially those of affectation. There is too much inversion, too much periphrasis, too many classical allusions. "Humid swimmers" is not an attractive equivalent of "fish," and one gets tired of Caspian tigers, Colchian mines, Pandionian birds, Danaë's golden rain, Ixion's endless smart. Then he was too fond of pedantic or technical words. His mistress's eyes become "sinople lamps" (sinople being heraldic for green!); he speaks of the "serpenting seasons," uses such words as sarcels, supercheries, fremdling, cynoper, vauntry, makes a new verb "to paragon," and so on. Sometimes he wrote when a walk down the glen would have done him more good, and at such times we get an artificial second-best Drummond. Sometimes his pen would not run, and he patches together lines of clotted monosyllables. But, allowing for inequalities, from which no poet, from Homer to Kipling, is free, Drummond has left a quantity of very beautiful, delicate work, refined, reserved, sensitive, reflecting faithfully the character of the man. He had a strong sense of and admiration for beauty, which has led to comparisons with Browne and with Keats, though Drummond had none of the somewhat sleepy fluency of Browne, nor a tithe of the imaginative power of the later poet. Then his work is almost always thoughtful; and, in addition, he had a fine sense of the value of good workmanship. He had no Donneish contempt for his art, and was not ashamed to bestow labour on his lines to make them as artistically perfect as he might.

His sonnet to Sleep (a hackneyed theme among the old sonneteers) is not of the highest originality, but there are many greater poets who would have no reason to be ashamed of it:

> Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
> Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
> Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
> Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest;
> Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
> Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possest,
> And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
> Thou spares, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
> Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
> To inward light which thou art wont to show,
> With feigned solace ease a truefelt woe;
> Or if, deaf God, thou do deny that grace,
> Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
> I long to kiss the image of my death.

One other sonnet must be the limit of our quotations:

> If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
> If one short day I never spent in mirth,
> If my spright with itself holds lasting strife,
> If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
> If this vain world be but a sable stage
> Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars;
> If youth be tossed with love, with weakness age,
> If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars;
> If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
> And make, what long since past, like that to be;
> If virtue only be an idle name,
> If I, when I was born, was born to die;
> Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
> The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

The poetical pilgrim may "do" both Hawthornden and Lasswade in a single short excursion from Edinburgh, and if he is favoured by circumstances the little sentimental journey must be a very pleasant one. The present writer saw both places through a blinding mist; he wishes his readers a better fortune.

H. M. SANDERS.

REPTILE LORE.

> So spake th' enemy of mankind, enclosed
> In serpent, innate bad, and towards Eve
> Addressed his way, not with indented wave,
> Prone to the ground, as since, but on his rear,
> Circular base of rising folds, that towered
> Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
> Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
> With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
> Amid his circling spires, that on the grass
> Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
> And lovely; never since of serpent-kind
> Lovelier.
>
> MILTON.

NO richer treasure-trove of legendary lore exists than that which concerns itself with dragons and serpents. From the very first dawning of history and fable up to the twentieth century, when we pore over the exploits of Kaa, the great rock python, and Nag and his wicked wife Nagaina, as told us in the Saga of Kipling, they have had perennial interest. Tradition and fable have so mixed them together that it is impossible to treat them separately; but in the symbolism of Christian art they were very distinct. The serpent, an attribute of St. Cecilia, and various other saints—either as emblematic of their triumph over sin or because

Virgin's feet, with peculiar reference to the promise, "She shall bruise thy heel." It is sometimes represented twined round a globe, to show the power of sin over the entire world, or, in pictures of the Crucifixion, lying dead at the foot of the cross; "or, if alive, looking impotently up at the second Adam upon the tree of our salvation as before, according to art, he looked triumphantly down upon our first parents from the tree of our fall." The dragon is the symbol of sin and paganism. When lying at the foot of a saint it denotes sin conquered; but when chained to a rock, or led, the vanquishing of heresy. It was the special attribute of St. Michael, as those who have seen Guido's glorious painting in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome will not easily forget, St. Margaret, St. Sylvester, St. George, and St. Martha, who rendered powerless a terrible dragon called the Tarasque, who dwelt in the Rhone near the spot where Tarascon now stands, by sprinkling it with holy water and binding it with her girdle. Lord Lindsay, speaking of the creature in his "Sketches of Christian Art," says: "The dragons of early tradition, whether aquatic or terrestrial, are not perhaps wholly to be regarded as fabulous. In the case of the former, the race may be supposed to have been perpetuated until the marshes or inland seas left by the deluge were dried up. Hence, probably, the legends of the Lernæa or hydra, etc. As respects their terrestrial brethren (among whom the serpent which checked the army of Regulus for three days near the river Bagradus in Numidia will be remembered), their existence, testified as it is by the universal credence of antiquity, is not absolutely incredible. Lines of descent are continually becoming extinct in animal genealogy." Serpent worship was not uncommon in old days, either, as Miss Yonge suggests, "from terror, or from a shadowy remembrance of the original temptation." "The North," continues the same authority, "believed in the Jörmungandr, or Midgardsorm—the serpent that encircled the world and was one of the monstrous progeny of Loki. It appeared as a cat to Thor in his visit to Utgard, when he was challenged to lift it off the ground, and only by the utmost exertion succeeded in raising a single paw, to the universal consternation of the Joten at the strength that could accomplish such a feat. Another time he fished for it, with a bull's head for a bait, and had a most tremendous struggle with it, only ended by the giant Hymer cutting his line in two; and finally it is to die by Thor's hand, but will suffocate him by its venom. Also, the permanent abode of the perjured is lined by the carcases of snakes; meanwhile, a serpent hangs over Loki, dropping venom upon him, as he lies bound like Prometheus on the

Loki: but his faithful wife, Sigyn, is always beside him, holding a bowl to catch the poison, and he never feels it save when she turns aside to empty the vessel. Then, however, such are his agonies that his writhings produce earthquakes. Another serpent, named Nidhögg, lies coiled round the root of the world-tree, as if he were the serpent round the tree of knowledge. Even till late in the seventh century the Lombards had a golden image of an enormous viper to which they sacrificed, until St. Barbatus recovered them from the heathenism into which they had relapsed." Greek mythology tells us of the dragon whose teeth Cadmus sowed, of the python of Apollo, and the hydra of many heads slain by Hercules; and the Brahmins tell us of Krishna, first enveloped in the coils of a serpent and wounded by it in the heel, then conquering it, and setting his feet on its head. In the "Nibelungen Lied" Siegfried kills the dragon Fafner, and, bathing in its blood, becomes invulnerable except in one shoulder, where, unfortunately, a leaf had fallen. He also roasts and eats its heart, with the remarkable result of becoming able to understand the language of birds. "The castled crag of Drachenfels" has a beautiful legend of a dragon sinking back powerless before a pure maiden upholding the cross. Another legend, equally beautiful, tells us how the young Knight of Malta learnt that "Gehorsam ist die erste Pflicht," and comes even before slaying a dragon. All of us who have laughed over the "Ingoldsby Legends" will recollect how

> More of More Hall, with nothing at all,
> He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

In the north of England, dragons, or "worms" as they are called, seem to have been alarmingly frequent. The manor of Sockburn

the country-folk if it were forgotten! The heir of Lambton resolved to rid the land of such a pest, and took council of a notable white witch, who charged him to take a solemn vow before the combat that, if he were successful, he would kill the first living thing he met on his homeward way. If he broke this vow, she warned him, no lord of Lambton for nine generations would die in his bed. The vow was taken, and a favourite hound was ordered to be released to meet his master when the latter blew a blast on his bugle. The heir was successful, and the dragon was slain; but, when he sounded the bugle, his father, overjoyed at his safety, forgot the vow, and rushed out to meet him. Of necessity, the vow was broken, and—so runs the local tradition—for the nine generations following no lord of Lambton *did* die in his bed. In Border minstrelsy, "Kempion," and "The Laidly Worm of Spindleston Haugh," both turn on a lovely lady transformed into a loathsome serpent by wicked spells, and restored to human shape by "kisses three."

> He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
> And he has gi'en her kisses three:
> In she swang, a loathly worm;
> And out she stepped a fair ladye.

The worm of Linton, in Roxburghshire, was killed by a valiant laird of Lanston, who, finding ordinary weapons of no avail, stuck a peat dipped in scalding pitch on his lance, and thrust it down the dragon's throat.

At Copenhagen a tall spire over the Exchange is formed of three dragons' tails curiously entwined, and who can forget the dragon-ship of Rand the Strong—

> Carved and gilded,
> . . .
> With its crest and scales of green—

or the still more famous Long Serpent built by Thorberg Skafting for King Olaf:—

> Seventy ells and four extended
> On the grass the vessel's keel;
> High above it, gilt and splendid,
> Rose the figure-head ferocious
> With its crest of steel.

The red dragon was borne by Henry VII. in remembrance of Cadwalladr, the last king of Wales, his ancestor.

Phil Robinson tells us that the Nagas, or Snake-men, have a legend that long ago they possessed their land; "but were driven into the hill fastnesses which they now inhabit by successive waves

of invasion, and that their great captain and divinity—'Shesh,' the King of Serpents—fled underground, and in contempt of the sunlight from which he had been exiled, created the Kanthi-stone, more brilliant than a whole rock of diamond, by the light of which he keeps the diary of the earth, and solemnly records the procession of the ages. The Cherokee Indians of the West have much the same legend as the Nagas of the East, and Mrs. Hemans refers to

> "the mighty serpent-king
> Midst the grey rocks, his old domain,

who is supposed to dwell in the central recesses of the mountains, the chief of the rattlesnakes, and who, though subterranean, is honoured as 'the light-giver.'" The cobra de capello is the guardian deity of the negroes of Issapoo, in the island of Fernando Po, and can, says the author of the "Golden Bough," "do them good or ill, bestow riches or inflict disease and death. The skin of one of these reptiles is hung tail downwards from a branch of the highest tree in the public square, and the placing of it on the tree is an annual ceremony. As soon as the ceremony is over, all children born within the past year are carried out, and their hands made to touch the tail of the serpent's skin." It will be remembered that serpent-worship is part of the horrible Voodoo mysteries still practised by negroes in Africa and Hayti. According to a Portuguese writer, the sudden appearance of a cobra in a house is regarded as a message from the divinity, and may presage either a blessing or a disaster. Snakes are supposed to have a special predilection for lavender and fennel—"More pleased my sense," said Satan to Eve, "than smell of sweetest fennel;" but hemlock, southernwood, and rue, they hate and flee from. The Furies affected

And known to us all is the terrible snake-wreathed beauty of Medusa; nor should Keats's magnificent description of the Lamia be forgotten:

> A palpitating snake
> Bright and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake;
> She was a Gordian shape of dazzling hue,
> Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
> Striped like a zebra, freckled like a perch,
> Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barred;
> And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
> Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
> Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
> So rainbow-sided, touched with miseries,
> She seemed, at once, some penanced lady elf,
> Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
> Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
> Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
> Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
> She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
> And for her eyes—what could such eyes do there
> But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
> As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
> Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
> Came, as though bubbling honey, for love's sake.

A very quaint snake story is that of the ancestress of the Lusignan family. "Mélusine," says Miss Yonge, "was a nymph who became the wife of the Lord de Leezignan, or Lusignan, on condition that he should never intrude upon her on a Saturday; of course, after a long time, his curiosity was excited, and stealing a glance at his lady in her solitude, he beheld her a serpent from the waist downward! With a terrible shriek, she was lost to him for ever; but she left three sons, all bearing some deformity, of whom Geoffroi au grand dent was the most remarkable. Prose makes this gentleman the son of Eustachie Chabot, heiress of Vouvont; but the Mélusine tradition lingers round his castle of Lusignan, near Poictiers; and, to this day, at the fairs of that city, gingerbread cakes are sold with human head and serpent tail, and called Mélusines. A *cri de Merlusine* is, likewise, a proverbial expression for a sudden scream, recalling that with which the unfortunate fairy discovered the indiscretion of her lord." Serpent metamorphoses were common enough in Greek mythology. Cadmus and his wife Hermione were so transformed by Zeus, and removed to Elysium. Æsculapius assumed that form when he appeared at Rome at a time of pestilence; and legends tell that Jupiter Ammon, in the form of a serpent, was the father of Alexander the Great.

There are, as "every school-boy knows," no snakes or any other venomous creatures in Ireland. St. Patrick drove them all away; and the very last snake he shut up in an iron box, and flung it into a little tarn near Killarney. According to an Irish rhyme, all the creatures made their exit in a thoroughly Hibernian manner:

> The toads went flop, the frogs went hop,
> Slap bang into the water,
> The snakes committed suicide
> To save themselves from slaughter.

Of the adder or viper various odd stories were rife. "The Druids," says a writer on natural history, "were said to derive superhuman power from the possession of an adder's egg. The reptiles were watched, and *when* they rose into the air with the coveted egg, the watchers shouted, and the egg being dropped and caught by the Druid before reaching the earth, he ran for his life, all the brood of vipers pursuing; if the Druid managed to cross a river, he was safe; but if caught before so doing, his life was forfeited to the fangs of the incensed adders." Among the Romans parricide was punished by drowning the murderer tied up in a sack with a viper; and our forefathers looked on viper broth as a wholesome and invigorating potion. King Olaf, Christian and saint, chose to slay Raud the Strong in a peculiarly horrible manner by means of an adder:

> Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King!
> Little time have we for speaking,
> Choose between the good and evil:
> Be baptised, or thou shalt die!"
>
> But in scorn the heathen scoffer
> Answered: "I disdain thine offer;

and loved so well her Roman Antony that she could take death to her heart unshrinking for his sake :

I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
  Me lying dead, my crown about my brows.
A name for ever !—lying robed and crowned,
  Worthy a Roman spouse.

The Crocodile—the "Mugger" of Kipling's wonderful "Jungle Book"—was deified by the ancient Egyptians, who seem to have had rather a catholic taste in deities. At Dendara the priests arrayed their scaly godships in necklaces and earrings—one rather wonders whether they cast lots as to who should "bell the cat."

Clouds of incense woo thy smile,
Scaly monarch of the isle.

The crocodile can not only "falsely weep," as Heber complains, but can prove himself near akin to the wolf of little Red Ridinghood. Southey tells us of a woman whose child was devoured by one, and who went for redress to the King of them all:

The King of the Crocodiles never does wrong,
He has no tail so stiff and strong,
He has no tail to strike and slay,
But he has ears to hear what I say.

She was strongly advised against interviewing him, but "a wilful woman"—*und so weiter.* The King listened politely; then—

"Ye have said well," the King replies,
And fixed on her his little eyes;
"Good woman, yes, you have said right,
But you have not described me quite.
I have no tail to strike and slay,
And I have ears, to hear what you say,
I have teeth, moreover, as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee."

"The tortis is a hinseck," said the harassed railway porter; but, apart from the zoological aspect of the subject, it seems hardly respectful so to class the creature whose shell rocked the greatest monarch of France—Henri IV.—whose unique cradle is still shown at Pau; and indeed the personage who—in one branch of his family—provides turtle soup for our mayor and aldermen merits greater deference of mention. The ancients had a certain veneration for it; its blood was thought an antidote to venom; its unexpected appearance was a very auspicious omen; it was always part of the stock-in-trade of the astrologer, alchemist, or empiric; and Romeo's apothecary hung one in his "needy shop." The Medici

took as one of their badges a tortoise "under full sail," with the motto, "Festina lente"—which recalls the persevering and deservedly victorious tortoise of Æsop. "The Red Indian," says Phil Robinson, "to this day says that in the beginning of things there was nothing but a tortoise. It brooded upon space; covered Chaos with a lid. But after a while it woke up; its solitary existence was irksome to it, and it sank splendidly into the abysmal depths; and lo! when it re-emerged, there was the terrestrial globe upon its back! For something to do it had fished up our earth from the depths in the protoplasmic fluids, and rather than be idle it still keeps on holding it up. But some day it will sink again, and then will come the End—with Ragnarok and Armageddon. In Greek and Roman fancies the tortoise hardly fares so well. It is the form into which a bright nymph, who had jested at the nuptials of Zeus and Heré, was turned by Mercury; and ridicule falls upon the greatest of the Greeks when a tortoise falls upon his head. Yet they too knew of the tradition of the world-supporting thing, and did reverence to it. And so, from East to West, from antiquity to to-day, the creature, vast, ponderous, inert, has commanded, and commands, the homage of man."

It would be dangerously prolix to pursue the reptiles further among their many varieties, nearly all of which have their own quaint folklore, though none perhaps approaches in interest that which surrounds the serpent, who, whether as arch-tempter in Paradise or the symbol of saving in the wilderness, is a subject of more fascination and interest than any of his scaly kin.

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

THROUGH NORWAY BY YACHT AND STOLKJAERRES.

IN this pleasure-loving age, when health, money, and time are the principal requirements for the holiday-seeker, and when by the aid of science and the enterprising tourist-agents distance is of secondary consideration, variety of choice makes it difficult to select the location for a holiday. Few, however, realise the many advantages of a holiday amid the snow-clad mountains of Norway, which can now, comparatively speaking, be easily reached in a few hours. It is difficult to imagine that in thirty-six hours from England you are landed amidst the romantic fjords and peoples of Northern Europe. It is a relief to both mind and body to be in the peaceful valleys of these quiet sturdy Norsemen, who appear to harmonise, both in their dispositions and their country. Simple and primitive in their habits, the people appear to be only here and there tainted with that love of money by which nations and peoples are losing some of their finest characteristics.

Only once during a recent tour was this love of money demonstrated, by a very small urchin who, at one of the landing stations, was attempting, fortunately without success, to exchange five shillings for the same number of kroner, by which he hoped to clear 7½*d.* However, no one of the party was tempted, so we may anticipate that here, at least, the beginning of usury was nipped in the bud.

Many people are prevented from taking the journey to Norway through fear of the passage across the North Sea, but the difficulties of the voyage are not so great as is thought; no inconvenience worth consideration is experienced, and the pleasure upon waking up on the second morning of the journey to find oneself in smooth water is a delight beyond the realisation of dreams. This was the writer's experience when, journeying from Newcastle, he found himself quietly gliding up the Bukkenfjord on the way to the picturesque little hamlet of Sand. Here it is possible either to remain on the yacht or to take an overland excursion to Odda.

As a starting-point to the beauties of Norway the latter should be undertaken, as you are thus introduced to a veritable panorama of loveliness which it is impossible for pen to describe. After landing, and having secured one of the national means of locomotion, the stolkjaerres, which, although not particularly attractive in appearance, are very comfortable to ride in, you proceed through a well-wooded country to Osen. Here you embark on a small but convenient steamer down the Suldal lake. This lake, one of nature's great masterpieces, opens with the Suldals Porten, formed by two mountains which, looked at from a short distance, appear like one solid rock through which no possible outlet is apparent; but with a turn of the helm the passage between these immense walls is easily effected, and for some fifteen miles a lake full of loveliness and beauty is traversed, and in a period far too short the picturesque village of Naes is reached. Here for the night you rest, and a little breathing-time is afforded for a stroll, enabling you to forecast the possibilities still in store for lovers of the beautiful.

An early breakfast, when the ever-welcome trout makes its appearance, is necessary, for much ground has to be covered. Mounting your stolkjaerre, you commence the journey of the Bratlands Valley; this is entered by a new road cut out of the solid rock, and by its side comes tumbling down over rocks and boulders of immense size the Bratlands Foss, one of the finest in Norway, and one which, on account of its great length, yields possibly more power than the mighty Niagara Falls. The beauty of this valley it is impossible to describe: you journey past water well stocked with trout and other kinds of fish; over bridges which occasionally make the hardest nerves shake, skirting the Roldal Lake; and after riding of almost a switchback character, you arrive at Breifond both mind and

water which, in the afternoon sunshine, was surrounded by a many-hued rainbow of exquisite beauty. Fertile valleys and small but well-kept farms where the grass is being cut and hung out to dry bring the traveller to Odda. Although tired, it is with a certain reluctance that you leave your stolkjaerre, with its gig-like appearance and its intelligent driver. Most of these drivers, who sit behind you holding the reins, know a little English. Last but by no means least of the many agreeable factors in the pleasures of the journey, are the sturdy Norwegian ponies who have brought you nearly forty miles, frequently at a pace which would do credit to horses with better food and surroundings. It is wonderful how these sure-footed ponies gauge almost to an inch the right time when to walk, trot, gallop, or stop.

Upon getting aboard you steam down the Sor Fjord. This great inland-sea lake leads into the Hardanger Fjord, and is full of romantic and impressive scenery. Coasting between the islands and mainland you arrive at Bergen, the second largest city in Norway. Here there is little of interest beyond the old Hanseatic merchants' warehouses, their German church, and the museums. The centre of attraction to the ordinary visitor is the fish-market, where live fish of all kinds are offered for sale. To be able to choose your fish alive and have it placed before you for approval is a novelty seldom experienced. From large tanks, through which a plentiful supply of salt water is kept continually running, the fish, in which all the tints of the rainbow are represented, are brought to the surface with a sort of wooden gridiron, and the careful housewife may be here seen driving a keen bargain with the fishermen, while the fish with pitiful look is wriggling in anxious suspense. The prawns here were delicious; the very memory of them sets one's mouth watering.

The Bergen Museum is full of old Viking and Norse memories, some of the furniture being of national and historic interest; the collection of animals and birds is also extremely valuable.

After leaving Bergen, we pass between the many islands which are dotted around this coast, with an occasional glimpse of the sea. Entering Sognefjord, we are on the way to Gudvangen, a picturesque little hamlet nestling at the foot of lofty mountains 5,000 feet in height, and apparently entirely shut in from the outside world. A short trip from here is the Stalheim Hotel, standing at the head of the Naerodal. This hotel is reached by a zigzag of more than ordinary difficulty, but its ascent scarcely repays the tourist, for although on the way up two very fine waterfalls are passed, leading

you to anticipate greater beauties as you ascend, you are disappointed; and on returning to your stolkjaerre, tired and weary, you feel that you have not been repaid for your exertions.

The grey sugar-loaf Jordalsnuten, rising nearly 4,000 feet, is a striking object in the Naerodal, and at its base for some miles runs one of the finest salmon streams in Norway, which makes you wish to linger in this charming and delightful valley. Passing down the Naero Fjord into the Sognefjord, we sail west and then north into the Nordfjord, and the yacht makes its way to Loen, where a delightful excursion can be taken by those who are good walkers. At a distance of about three miles from the foot of Loen lake you are enabled to visit and sit upon the fringe of the great Kjacudalobrae (glacier). This is a rough and trying walk, and none but good pedestrians should attempt it. It was a pleasant sight at Loen, at the end of July, to see the busy haymakers with their toylike scythes cutting as much grass as they could conveniently hang on their drying poles. These drying arrangements, which are cleverly constructed, consist of some five or six long poles tied at each end by strong withy bands to posts fixed in the ground; when the grass is sufficiently dry it is carried into small houses and stored for winter use. No hayricks are made, as they would probably be swept away during the terrible winter time. In the churchyard, near the gate, is to be seen a fine old stone cross which formerly stood at Korsvik, "the bay of the Cross" by the fjord below. Suspended from the roof of the church is a model of a 50-gun frigate, dating from about 1666; and nailed to the chancel screen is the sword of a certain lieutenant, to which is attached a very interesting little tradition.

It is only a short run from Loen to Visnaes, where you enter upon one of the finest excursions in Norway, that to Videsaeter,

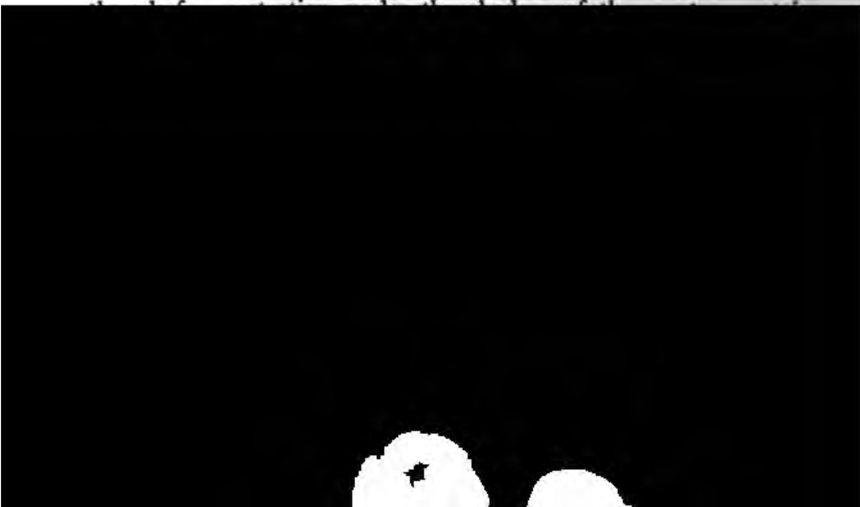
steep ascent to Videsaeter. This is a long climb, and to the middle-aged a rather wearisome performance; but when the hotel is reached and you have taken some refreshment, you can look back with much pleasurable satisfaction upon the mountains and valleys through which you have travelled; your troubles are, however, far from ended, as another sharp climb is necessary before the top, over 4,000 feet, is reached. After this you traverse a long rocky barren defile, with wild bleak snow-covered mountains on either side and cold icy waters running through the pass. A refreshing cup of tea at a hut by the wayside brings you, after a ride of over thirty miles, to Grotlid, where night seemed impossible. The crispness of the air, blowing in far from gentle breezes over the snow-clad mountains, and the barrenness of the whole district, make the contemplative mind realise that nature owes much to civilisation in regard both to the comfort and the progress of a country.

The hotel where we stayed was also a goat-farm, and appeared to be the beginning and end of all that was at Grotlid. These goats are evidently the principal inhabitants of the place, and they certainly attracted the greatest attention, especially at milking-time. The way this is done is both amusing and comical. The girls take the goats between their legs, the head on one side and the body the other, holding them thus between their knees while milking. The goats waited very patiently to be milked, and many of them yield a large supply. The traveller is fortunate should he be at Grotlid when the Esquimaux come down to this place for pasturage for their herds of reindeer; such was the case when we were there. Calling at the tent we were graciously received by the lady tent-keeper, who with extremely dirty hands and with her two small youngsters did the honours of the establishment. We were invited to see the family cooking-arrangements, which consisted principally of two large pots or kettles suspended over a smouldering wood-fire, and containing a hotch-potch or stew, rather greasy in appearance, gently simmering for the evening meal; the floor was strewn with green boughs which, with a head-rest, formed their sleeping accommodation.

At the hotel, for supper a haunch of reindeer formed the principal joint; this must be eaten under similar circumstances to be thoroughly appreciated. The wife and children were in gorgeous array early next morning, when the Laplander brought his herd of about three hundred reindeer to parade before us. The patriarchal head of the herd was a fine buck which the Laplander led; his horns were covered with hair as soft as silk, and he seemed to look on his followers with a great amount of fatherly pride. Together this gathering made a

pleasant picture of another country's inhabitants and ways. A long stolkjaerre ride followed, passing many lakes, glaciers, and mountains, which were too numerous to be appreciated at their value. After luncheon at Djupvand, we continued our journey to Marok by one of the most terribly majestic and awe-inspiring routes it is possible to imagine. Between the brink of the descent and Marok the distance is about ten miles, but in a straight line barely four, and the difference in height is over 3,000 feet. It is impossible to give even a vague idea of the awful beauty of the scene: the road descends rapidly in sharp zigzags, which even with these sure-footed ponies it seems almost dangerous to traverse; now passing a tortuous overhanging road with a drop of hundreds of feet; now passing over torrents of water over which most horses would refuse to pass; now whirling round corners and zigzags which were too numerous to count. The road is unique of its kind—it is a veritable triumph of engineering skill, the sudden and tremendous plunge it takes being unrivalled even among the Alps. You hold on to your stolkjaerre in terror, thinking it will give you help, for anything at that moment suggests security. As you pass each set of these tortuous ways you think you are coming to the last, but another group to your discomfiture immediately unfolds itself; and so, with bated breath and driven almost to despair, you reach the last turn and a feeling of relief passes through your mind. Embarking once more upon the yacht and leaving Marok, you pass the Seven Sisters Waterfall and massive Pulpit Rock, and, to the accompaniment of a grand echo from a discharged rocket, you glide down the beautiful Geiranger Fjord.

Enchanted and enchained by the enthrallingly magnificent scenery, this fjord is perhaps one of the most beautiful in Norway, with its peaks of snow and here and there its cultivated valleys nestling as



the principal attraction is the magnificent panoramic view which opens up on the other side of this fjord. For many miles mountains tipped with snow are visible, showing a stretch of scenery almost Alpine in its grandeur, and unsurpassed by any district on the Western coast. The air is particularly crisp and stimulating, and should be capable of bringing health and vigour to the most jaded and depressed; to linger here in quietude and rest would be the very acme of enjoyment.

Before leaving this district, Veblungsnaess must be visited, to see the mighty Romsdalshorn and the imposing Troldtinder. These are passed on the way to Horgheim. Several well-known Englishmen have residences in this beautiful valley, which has also many well-arranged farms, and running through it is a well-stocked salmon stream. Upon our visit to Veblungsnaess we were followed by the German Emperor in his beautiful yacht the "Hohenzollern," from which he disembarked with his retinue of state officers and military and naval men. He appeared in good health and spirits, and was well bronzed and ruddy. He could be easily recognised in his straw hat, brown tweed suit, and red tie, and appeared to appreciate the courteous recognition tendered to him by his uncle's subjects; this welcome was far warmer than that given him by the natives of the district.

The Kaiser was driving out to Horgheim to lunch. A tent with refreshments had been previously sent on, packed in what looked like ammunition chests; he rode in his private stolkjaerre, preceded by his courier and a magnificent boar-hound, and followed by his suite riding in ordinary stolkjaerres. It was a strange sight to see the advisers of this subtle maker of history being driven by old country farmers and boys to this festive picnic, intending to enjoy themselves in a quiet rural retreat, when (July 1904) in Europe the question of peace and war was hanging very evenly in the balance. It was most interesting to note that the Germans, in making their arrangements with the Norwegian drivers, spoke to them in English —plainly showing the advantage of the English language over the German.

In leaving Norway, with its mountains and fjords, one cannot help asking, What is the future and what are the possibilities of this marvellous country? The people appear honest, thrifty, and wedded to the soil, yet few make more than a bare livelihood; the country is full of commercial resources if it were possible to utilise them. Undoubtedly the country is being drained of its young men through the want of openings for their labour and enterprise. Whether or

not some of its best blood, after gathering experience amid other surroundings, will return and aid in its development, is a question which time only can decide. There are apparently no beggars, and even the children who opened the gates looked another way, evidently fearing that some one might tempt them to take a copper.

If the weather be fine no part of such a holiday as is here described is pleasanter than the voyage home. With a mind stored with all the marvels seen in mountainous Norway, reflection is easy and agreeable; and a body stimulated and strengthened by the invigorating air, which has gathered purity and health-giving properties from its surroundings, makes you feel that life is indeed worth living. On a well-equipped British steamer, amusements of all sorts are provided. Concerts, fancy-dress balls, dancing, sports among both passengers and crew, are a source of continual enjoyment; and so, with many regrets, you say good-bye to your temporary floating home and your new-found acquaintances, with the very sincere desire that it may soon be possible to repeat both holiday and voyage.

JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

A CRUISE ON THE INLAND SEA.

THE tender blue of the Inland Sea, fading into milky whiteness on the horizon, lies steeped in an intensity of dreamy calm which steals colour as well as sound from the motionless waters. A junk, with square-set orange sails, floats down a winding channel between fairy shores, and a brown fishing-boat, like "painted ship on painted ocean," mirrors itself in the glassy tide. Countless islands stud the tranquil reaches, and lie like emerald bosses on an azure shield, a dark fringe of pines on a narrow promontory whispering in shell-like murmurs to the listening sea. Myriad bays dimple the rocky coast, where fishermen mend their nets, or count the silver-scaled *tai*-fish lying in glittering heaps on the rim of yellow sand. Brown-thatched villages nestle in granite hollows, and miniature ricefields terrace the conical hills, wherever footing can be found for the Japanese staff of life. Islets, dark and pine-clad, or bare and mountainous, display fantastic form and enchanting colour. Purple headlands enclose land-locked lakes, and blue peaks crowned by black and white castles afford endless varieties of scenic beauty, the lofty columns and upcurved cross-bar of red *torii*, the distinctive gateways of Shinto temples, surmounting flights of mossy steps leading to sanctuaries hidden in shadowy groves. The velocity of the tides rushing through the maze of channels is shown by the junks heeling over from side to side as they swing from one point to another of the intricate course, and frequent lighthouses on outlying rocks warn the mariner off the shoals and quicksands which endanger the navigation of these poetic waters. Grotesque blocks of granite jut out in weird contours, ascribed by Japanese imagination to supernatural agencies which petrified the figures of gods and demons as the eternal guardians of the Inland Sea, and the architecture of monastic buildings gains enduring stability from the imperishable material quarried in the wave-washed cliffs. The towns and villages of the islands are innumerable, and the forests of tall green rushes at the water's edge supply employment for the women in making the ordinary house-mats of Japan.

The industry of the race is proverbial, and in a deep harbour protected by stone piers, all the anchors of the Inland Sea are manufactured. The village on the heights produces liqueurs flavoured with chrysanthemum and plum-blossom, the latter, as the emblem of long life, being considered efficacious in warding off age or death, and the precious elixir correspondingly valued amid the many perils of a seafaring community. Little shrines of Kwannon, the gentle Goddess of Mercy, perch on grey crags above whirlpool and shoal, that the fisherman may commend himself in the moment of danger to the divinity whose willingness to aid her votaries is symbolised by her thousand hands. In the centre of the Ondo Strait stands a giant lantern of grey and time-worn stone on a pedestal hung with green garlands of swaying seaweed. Tradition asserts that the channel, choked by rocks falling into it on each side, was newly excavated by Kyomori, a Shogun of the Taira line, who in the twelfth century removed the capital from Kyoto to Fukuwara, on the present site of Kobe, at the head of the Inland Sea. Impatiently he watched the slanting shadows and waning gold of the brief twilight as it faded into the night, which threatened to stop the progress of the work, and in his arrogance he ordered the sun to stand still until his task was completed. The presumptuous command was obeyed, but the great Goddess of the Sun, Ama-Terasu, avenged the insult offered her by exterminating this Japanese Joshua, and the lantern is regarded by the awe-struck fishermen as Kyomori's funeral pyre, eternally washed by the waves in the place where he defied the divine "Heaven-Shiner." Further on lies the beauteous island of Miyajima, sacred to a trio of Shinto goddesses, and regarded as one of the *sankei*, or three principal sights of Japan. The highest peak rises two thousand feet above the sea, and

rows of stone lanterns, eight hundred in number, and lighted at dusk, culminate in the colossal vanguard of the host, planted in the sea, and already throwing a steady gleam on the incoming tide. The first island sanctuary dates from the sixth century, but the earliest archives of Miyajima were destroyed by a great fire in A.D. 1548, and no authentic source of information is available until the twelfth century, when the Shogun Kyomori, the virtual ruler of the Empire, restored the ruined sanctuary, making it the noblest shrine in Western Japan. The boy Mikados, successive shadows of sovereignty, generally governed by the Shogun's kinswomen, vied with the Daimios of the neighbouring provinces in benefactions to the temple wherein they constantly worshipped. The Buddhist priests, who had usurped the sanctuaries of decaying Shintoism, were expelled from the shrines of the more ancient faith when Shinto was "purified" and exalted to fresh power in 1871. Although the religious upheaval wrought havoc on the artistic treasures which enriched the Buddhist altars, the temples, identical in design, and venerable from ages of history, were seldom in themselves antique, as the perishable woodwork needs constant renewal in a humid climate. Even in this granite-bound region of the Inland Sea the wooden architecture derived from the aboriginal hut, and retaining the contours of Mongolian tents, was strictly adhered to. The Chinese term "Shinto" signifies "Way of the Gods," the system combining Nature-worship with the cult of ancestors. This indigenous creed of ancient Japan ineffectively rivals Buddhism, fortified by philosophy, dogma, and ritual; for the innate immorality of Shinto doctrine, manifested in the maxim, "Fulfil all your natural impulses, and be loyal to the Mikado," leaves the practical direction of conduct in the hands of the Buddhist priesthood. Innumerable creeds are absorbed in the deep ocean of Buddhism, and assimilated with it. Mythological monsters, deities of India and China, prophets and sages of various nationalities, occupy niches in the world-embracing pantheon of the system which becomes all things to all men as it travels eastward. The subtleties of Cingalese and Burmese Buddhism, which suggest transmigration as a transference of character rather than of personality, solidify in Japan to actual reincarnation, a method of accepting Shinto gods as temporary manifestations of Buddhist saints. The orthodoxy which represents the *forces* liberated by death as re-entering the newly born, the last ebb of the receding waters becoming the first wave of the flowing tide, was too shadowy for common acceptance, and the materialism of supplementary teaching was readily conceded. The severe simplicity of the

Shinto temple is unique, and exemplifies the sole religious idea which borrows nothing from the overshadowing influence of China on Japanese thought. The Sun Goddess, traditional ancestress of the "Heaven-born" Mikados, is the supreme deity, and suggests the derivation of Shinto belief from that prehistoric Sun-worship which gilds the dim borderland of legend and myth. Gods of wind and sea, thunder and rain, fire and pestilence, alternate with deified heroes, their ranks continually added to, and their images guarded by priests traditionally descended from the divinities they serve. Apart from the offerings of rice and fruit, the sacred dances, and an occasional oration, Shinto has no services, the curtained sanctuary, magic mirror in which the worshipper only beholds himself, and paper *gohei* inscribed with formal prayers, accurately symbolising the forlorn dreariness of the hopeless creed. The plastic Japanese, even when professing adherence to the State religion, frequently combines it with the more congenial Buddhism which he formally renounces, for to the astute and secretive mind underlying the superficial candour of an artless manner the end generally justifies the means.

The colossal *torii* of indestructible camphorwood, which stands in the sea opposite the red colonnades and galleries of the great Miyajima temple, is a favourite subject for the artist's brush, and makes an imposing picture. The sacred gateway consecrates even the surrounding waters which ripple against the grey columns, and cast up fairy shells and feathery seaweed to hang in woven garlands round the base of each mighty pillar. The scarlet temple beyond, built out on wooden piles above the waves, seems at high tide to float upon the blue water, emphasising the red maze of slender shafts, bridges, and corridors leading to a gallery 700 feet long,

depths of that mysterious nature, lie forces and feelings incalculable and incomprehensible to an alien stock, but consolidated by the bloodstained centuries of the Japanese past. The dual temperament of the people has been fitly symbolised by the brilliant butterfly poised upon the bloody sword; and baffled thought glances off continually from the polished surface which suffers no penetration of the enigmatical character beneath. The passionate patriotism fostered by ages of national isolation from the modifying influences of the outside world, attains unique heights of fiery enthusiasm, for the military ardour of Japan inculcates not only absolute self-sacrifice, but the immolation, if need be, of all those nearest and dearest to the soldier's heart in the general holocaust, rather than one leaf should be lost from the laurels of glory. Women vie with men in ruthless adherence to a pagan ideal; and though the heart may break beneath the aspect of triumphant joy, the Japanese wife or mother scorns to lament husband and son slain in battle. "Once a Japanese, *always* a Japanese," said a pretty *mousmé*, checking her light laughter with sudden solemnity, as a stranger alluded to the marvellous adaptability of her nation; and for a moment the untamable soul of old Japan flashed through the almond eyes and banished the coquettish mirth of their normal expression, for this proverb, of universal application, is considered the safeguard and talisman of the race. The pines and camphor trees of the island paradise shelter herds of antlered deer, and contain supplementary temples in the green shades traditionally peopled by gods and fairies. Fanciful legends are told of sick deer roaming the woods with their mouths bound by the rice-straw ropes of Shinto shrines, and refusing food until recovery loosens the miraculous bandage. The innocent creatures follow the visitors with touching confidence, nestling their graceful heads against us, eating from our hands, and seeking caresses. Immemorial ages of security result in absolute fearlessness; dogs are forbidden on holy Miyajima, and the gentle herd affords a retrospective glimpse of unfallen Eden, before the animal world had lost the divine birthright of peace. The native designation of Miyajima is "The isle without death," and an ancient edict forbade either birth or death to occur on this sacred spot. If a child is born unexpectedly, the mother is banished for thirty days to the mainland; and though dying inhabitants are no longer removed *in extremis*, the dead are at once rowed across the strait for burial, the mourners also remaining in the mainland village for fifty days of ceremonial purification. Green avenues wind through parklike scenery to mountain tops, and paths beneath beech and pine skirt

the yellow cliffs, the white and russet sails of innumerable junks adding life and interest to the entrancing beauty of the Inland Sea. Dense woods mask a frowning fort, and the guns pointed in every direction across the labyrinth of channels bring this island of dreams and shadows within touch of that new civilisation wherewith modern Japan adds a materialistic framework to the myths and fancies of an earlier day. Success must be attained, even through seas of blood, and Buddhism, adapting itself to Japanese idiosyncrasy, asserts that whoever dies for his country is immediately reincarnated under more advantageous conditions than those of his present state. This doctrine, rooted in popular belief, affords the only consolation to many a troubled soul suffering dire straits of poverty and pain with a cheerful contentment which claims unqualified admiration. "Wisdom is justified of all her children," for though mists and shadows darken counsel, or veil the face of truth, rays of eternal light may pierce the sombre cloud hung between earth and heaven, the Divine compassion overflowing even into broken cisterns, that thirsting souls may sip the water of Life.

Beyond the great temple which dominates the waves rises the unpainted "Hall of a Thousand Mats," built by the Shogun Hideyoshi from the wood of a single camphor tree, to serve as his council-chamber when organising the Korean expedition in the sixteenth century. The mouldering hall is disfigured by thousands of copper rice-ladles hung up, as talismans of good luck, on the wooden walls and carved ceilings. A five-storied pagoda crowns a green mound outside, the picturesque memento of feudal days, and a gaily clad group of pilgrims occupies the scarlet-clad benches of a thatched tea-house, where a smiling *nesan* with flower-decked

minate woodland glades and reflect themselves in the sleeping sea, a white-robed band of little priestesses from a forest temple dances in weird measures to the sound of drum and flute, as a long procession with paper lanterns and glittering banners threads the dark aisles of pine and camphor trees. The childish faces are plastered with white lead, the eyebrows shaved, and the lower lips deeply crimsoned. On the highest peak of Miyajima the gathering dusk reveals the fitful flame of the sacred fire, traditionally lighted in the eighth century by Kobo Daishi, most famous of Buddhist saints, and never allowed to go out. This worker of miracles, equally distinguished as preacher, artist, scribe, and traveller, born with his hands folded in prayer, was attacked by dragons and sea-monsters on his voyage to Miyajima, but he drove them away by parting his lips to disclose the rays of the evening star, which fell from heaven into his mouth. Sent to China as a student in A.D. 804, he brought thence to Japan the tenets of the Shingon Buddhists, a sect of mystics, primarily inculcating magic spells, incantations, and the use of talismans. Japanese faith declares that death could not vanquish one so holy, and that Kobo Daishi merely sleeps in the vaulted tomb of the great abbey which he founded, awaiting in peace the advent of Miroku, the Buddhist Messiah.

The discomforts of a Japanese inn, spotlessly clean but bitterly cold, render a visit to Miyajima a mortification of the flesh, a diet of rice and green tea, to which the mysteries of the native *cuisine* eventually reduce us, proving insufficient to sustain the grovelling spirit. A greasy soup full of floating sprats, the malodorous *taikon*, a huge radish of appalling flavour, salted fruits and sugared fish, accompanied by sauces of unimaginable horror, soon satisfy our craving for new experiences, also modified by the embarrassment of chopsticks and the unwinking gaze of the kneeling *nesan* who places the little tray on the floor, and, after repeated prostrations, watches our feeble efforts from start to finish. After shivering through two nights between the cotton quilts which form the only bedding, and listening to the wind whistling through wooden *amadi* and paper *shoji* of a room furnished with two straw mats and a vase of chrysanthemums, we beat a retreat from these inhospitable shores, for sleepless nights are succeeded by backbreaking days in this chairless abode, where to lean against the paper walls of the fragile structure is to court burial beneath the ruins.

Izanagi and Izanami, the creative deities of Japan, are supposed to have given birth to the island archipelago of the Inland Sea, and Awazi is mentioned in the earliest legends as the first-born child of

the divine union which materialised the spiritual powers of Nature. The loveliness of the blue harbour, which gives distinctive character to this isle of enchantment, has been sung by generations of native poets. The temple, founded in A.D. 901, was built as an expiation for the involuntary crime of an archer who, on piercing a stag with his arrows, discovered it to be an incarnation of the divine Kwannon, whom he had unconsciously wounded. He became a monk, and a sanctuary dedicated to the outraged Goddess of Mercy was erected on the spot where the sacrilegious incident occurred. Another fantastic tradition belongs to the isle of Onogora. Izanagi and Izanami, standing on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, pushed a jewelled spear into the azure tide of the Inland Sea, stirring up the brine into foam. As they drew the shining lance heavenward, the white flakes dripping from the golden point piled themselves up into an island, and hardened into rock by the action of sun and wind. A sweetmeat of cinnamon, acorns, and sugar, manufactured on Awaji, is known as "Floating Bridge," and another made of plums, and called "Sound of the Lute," commemorates the music of the spheres which echoed across the waves as the miraculous island rose from the bosom of the deep. A red shrine in a green bed of rustling reeds marks the place where the creative deities first set foot on Japan, the ancient "Land of Reeds," a subject constantly represented in sketches on fan and tea-tray, *kakemono* and screen. Strange myths of gods and monsters haunt the tilted rocks and gnarled pines on the thousand isles of the Inland Sea ; the thunder of the waves echoed by reverberating caverns suggested the speech of appalling dragons and threatening monsters, for Balaam's ass would be the merest commonplace in the fantastic imagery of Japanese folklore. The dread typhoon which sweeps across the sky, bringing

the silvery cloud of mist raised by the incantations of this Eastern Undine, *terra firma* vanishes, and the hapless youth lays down his life at the siren's feet, a poetic picture of the perils pertaining to a fisherman's lot in a fog-bound sea.

The manners and customs of primitive Japan, considerably modified on the mainland by foreign influences, and in deference to Western ideas, remain unchanged in isolated districts. As our jinrickshas bowl gaily along the highway an elderly gentleman taking his afternoon bath by the wayside, to avoid splashing the spotless mats inside his house, bows politely to us from amidst the clouds of steam which rise from his wooden tub. The daily bath is universal, and the cleanliness of the working classes, perpetually boiling themselves in scalding water, is a notable proof of the ancient civilisation, which yet recognises no impropriety in public ablutions.

Before reaching the beautiful strait of Shimonoseki, broadening into a mountain-girt harbour, the steamer passes Danna-ora, the scene of the decisive naval battle in A.D. 1185, when the Taira line was defeated by the rival clan of Minamoto. A tragic incident immortalised the savage contest, giving it a permanent niche in Japanese history. In the train of the usurping Taira were the widow and daughter of the great Shogun Kyomori, the former a Buddhist nun, the latter the Dowager Empress, with her child the Mikado, then only six years old. As the tide of battle turned and the grandmother of the infant sovereign saw that all hope was lost, she clasped the royal child in her arms, and, wrenching herself from the agonised grasp of his distracted mother, cast herself with him into the sea. A rainy sunset flushes the violet peaks and stains the tranquil bay so often reddened with the blood of the brave *Samurai*, whose warlike annals form the eternal romance of ancient Japan. History repeated itself in modern days, when from the opposite bay eighteen foreign battleships shelled Shimonoseki with their combined fleet, to punish a haughty Daimio for daring to close the entrance to these landlocked waters. Seven strong forts now guard the blue straits, and preclude further attacks on the water-gate of Central and Eastern Japan. The rocky portals shut off from the hurrying world of modern life a fair realm of story and song, where imagination may still trace the footsteps of those gods and heroes who inspired the fantastic dreams dating from the dawn of time, and still lingering as potential influences on the haunted shores of the Inland Sea.

EMILY A. RICHINGS.

MEMOIRS OF THE SEDAN CHAIR.

IT is a characteristic of our very inquiring age to delve, as far as may be, into the origin of everything; and it is well that this should be, for of art, the drama, and literature the past is an indispensable handmaid, and those intellectual pleasures are the most enduring, the most gratifying to the human taste, which are based upon truth and fidelity, whether on the canvas of the painter, in the marble of the sculptor, or in the pencraft of the *littérateur*. Taste, says Goethe, can only be educated by contemplation, not of the tolerably good, but of the truly excellent. Where truth, the graceful "daughter of time," confers her radiant presence, there, sooner or later, will follow due appreciativeness. *Ubi mel, ibi apes.* If, for instance, one were to encounter the sedan chair on the stage amid accurately staged surroundings—not forgetting that the simplicity of the hired public chair was in marked contrast to the sumptuousness of the vehicle used by the noble and the rich—any favourable impression produced by the *mise-en-scène* in the mind of the spectator would certainly not be diminished by a knowledge of its true history and origin. For there is an erroneous notion abroad that this singular form of conveyance had its immediate origin in the affectation of French manners so fashionable in the seventeenth century,

"covered chair"—for they were rarely alluded to colloquially as "sedan" chairs—and were supported by means of resting the poles or shafts directly upon the shoulders of the bearers instead of by straps suspended from the shoulder. It was this method of support which was resented by the populace, who thought the innovation turned men into beasts of burden, one writer indeed referring to them as "man-mules."[1] In China, as a matter of fact, the "man-mule" may be seen to perfection, for the Chinese have a method of carrying heavy packages after the manner of the palanquin, the long poles having transverse supports affixed to them until a large number of men can be thus employed at one time. An illustration in Staunton's "Historical Account of the Embassy to the Emperor of China" (p. 297) shows a heavy package being carried thus by no fewer than thirty-two bearers, sixteen in front and sixteen behind. Another illustration in Sir George Staunton's work is of value in showing a contrivance which is believed to correspond closely to the Roman *sella gestatoria* and the modern sedan chair. This conveyance was attached to its carrying pole by a thong (as an oar is to its thowl), which was fastened down to the shaft like the back-band of a cart, and the carrying pole passed through it. This carrying pole, which is absent in the modern sedan, where the shafts or poles were grasped *by the hands* of the bearer, was raised, and supported the carriage by resting on the shoulders of the bearers. If the palanquin form was known in France contemporaneously with Buckingham's, I do not know any instance, but in Lacroix's "France in the Eighteenth Century" is an illustration of a scene in which a sedan chair figures prominently, the bearers having straps from the shoulders, while the costume of the lady about to enter, who wears a *fontange*, is of the time of Louis XIV. Massinger in the "Bondman" alludes to the palanquin form of the sedan chair as a "litter" when he makes Timagoras apologise for "a slave of strange aspect" belonging to his father :—

> Fit for his fortune ; 'tis a strong-limb'd knave :
> My father bought him for my sister's litter.
> O pride of women ! Coaches are too common—
> They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
> And ladies think they keep not state enough,
> If, for their pomp and ease, they are not borne
> In triumph on men's shoulders.[2]

For the remote origin of the portable covered chair we may look to Assyria and to Egypt. In a bas-relief of Tiglath-pileser in the Assyrian department of the British Museum is represented some

[1] Celestina in Shirley's play, *The Lady of Venice.* [2] Act i. sc. 1.

great personage being borne shoulder-high in a palanquin, which, however, resembles the sedan chair in that the position of the occupant is sedent, and not, as in a litter, recumbent. And in Champollion-le-Jeune's "Monuments de l'Egypte et de la Nubie" is represented, in plate cxi., a conveyance decidedly of the sedan-chair order rather than of the orientally derived *lectica* used especially for reclining upon during transportation. This is supported by twelve bearers, six before and six behind. The figure within is that of King Horus, and the bearers are, I think, said to be his military chiefs. The king is followed and preceded by two flabellifers. Incense is burnt before him, and soldiers conduct African and Asiatic prisoners. The trumpet proclaims the procession of the king, priests chant their eulogies, and all is intended to recall to the populace the triumph of their sovereign in Asia and Africa.[1] Of the Roman sedan chair, the *sella gestatoria*, no representation is extant, but its character can be readily imagined from details provided by Latin authors. These details suggest an extremely close resemblance to its seventeenth-century antitype. Unlike the accommodation afforded by the *lectica*, the inmate of the *sella gestatoria* was carried in a sitting instead of a recumbent position,[2] in just the same manner that the Pope is to this day conveyed to and from some ceremony in St. Peter's. Other points of resemblance were that the ancient Roman chair was covered with a roof,[3] and closed both in front and at the sides,[4] but not always so.[5]

Possibly it is to the palanquin method of use adopted by Buckingham that Randle Holme somewhat contemptuously alludes in his "Armoury" when he describes the sedan chair as "a thing in which sick and crazy persons are carried about by two lusty men." That it was at first regarded as something of a mark of effeminacy

Emperor that their health would not permit them to ride on horse-back, and it was considered as an established point that it was unbecoming for them to ride like women.[1]

There were in London allotted stations, such as at Temple Bar and Charing Cross, where the chairmen plied for hire at a guinea a week, eighteenpence an hour, or at a shilling a mile; and Gay, in his "Trivia," says:—

> At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands.

And as it was in London, so in ancient Rome there were particular stands in the city called *castra lecticariorum* where the palanquin bearers (*lecticarii*) grouped themselves while awaiting employment.[2] These litters, or covered chairs, provided room inside for one person, or two facing each other. An arched roof gave protection from the weather, and windows of Spanish mica admitted the light. The bearers, arranged in single file, were from two to eight in number, and were trained to an even pace.[3] They must have been fairly lofty vehicles, for one of the most prominent actors in the conspiracy against the life of Nero, headed by Piso Epicharis by name, hanged herself to avoid further torture by placing her head in a noose formed by her girdle, which she suspended from the canopy of the *sella gestatoria* in which she was being conveyed for a renewal of her sufferings.[4]

The London chairmen were a somewhat turbulent class of men, Irishmen generally, but often also Highlanders, especially in Edinburgh and Bath, for whom the excuse might be made that they were often transplanted suddenly from their native country to an uncongenial soil; but they derived from the nature of their occupation a thickness of leg and strength of calf that became proverbial. The chairs blocked the narrow thoroughfares, and in this respect pre-eminently they were always more or less a nuisance to that portion of the public who did not use them. In 1738 the grand jury for the City of London presented to the court then sitting at the Old Bailey, as a very great nuisance, the chairs set in the footway about the two Temple Gates in Fleet Street, where the chairmen plied for fares, "whereby the Way is so stopp'd, that People can't pass and repass about their lawful Business without great Danger of falling over their Poles, or of having their Pockets pick'd; the stopping up the Footway, and Quarrelling of the Chairmen, drawing

[1] See further Beckmann's *Hist. of Inventions: Coaches.*
[2] Peter Victorius, *De Reg. Urb. Rom.* iii. 49.
[3] Tacitus, *Annals* (trans. by Geo. D. Holbrook, M.A., 1882), bk. xv. c. 57, note.
[4] *Ibid.*

to that Neighbourhood more Pick-pockets, than in any other Part of London; that the Quarrelling and Swearing of the Chairmen before the Doors of the Inhabitants in that Neighbourhood, is not only a very great Annoyance and Disturbance to them, but it is a very bad Example to their Apprentices and Servants."[1]

Visiting and travelling in a sedan chair was, indeed, something more than powder, patches, and pleasure, and Cipriani panels, and hey! for Spring Gardens:

> That paradise of nymphs and grottoes
> Of fans and fiddles and ridottoes!

For the truculent bearers had their fares entirely at their mercy, their selection being guided far less with regard to their moral character than to their physical strength, "a lusty chairman" being an expression frequently met with in the news-sheets of the time. A startling experience to those concerned must have been the following: "Last Thursday, in the evening, the Lord Carteret, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State" (he was the successor of Mr. Secretary Craggs in that office), "passing through St. James's Square in his Chair, was met by the Lord Harley's Lady in another: a Dispute happen'd between the Footmen, about giving the way, which immediately turned to Blows; and the Chairmen and Footmen being desperately engaged with their Poles and Plants, my Lord got out of the chair, when one of the Lady's Footmen had the Insolence to assault his Lordship, for which he has been committed to Newgate, and two of the others are bound over to the next Sessions: My Lord Harley came the next day to the Lord Carteret, to excuse the Accident and to return his Lordship Thanks for the care he took of his Lady during the Disorder."[2] A relative of this Lord Carteret, Lady Louisa of that name, who married Lord Weymouth in 1733,

footmen alluded to in Lord Carteret's *contretemps*, who were, as a class, distinct from the chairmen, was to carry links or wax flambeaux at dark, which were extinguished at the link extinguishers, of which many examples still survive, affixed to the gates and entrances to houses in Berkeley Square and its neighbourhood, and in St. James's. They were also carried by the running footmen, to whom an order was issued "to exercise care in carrying them, and not to let the wax drop upon the King's coaches, which are observed to be much damaged by the same at the King's Mews, Charing Cross."[1]

A similar *émeute* to the foregoing occurred in Dublin on the night of February 21, 1732, but of a far more serious character in point of bloodshed: "About Nine o'clock there happened, at the new Musick Hall in Crow Street, a great Quarrel between the Gentlemen's Servants, Chairmen, and Mobb; the Soldiers, who were the Guard, could not quell them, but were repell'd, till reinforced from the Main Guard; the Army used all fair Means possible to disperse them, but in vain, and were obliged to fire in their own Defence: It is said three of the Mobb were kill'd and about ten wounded; a Chairman was shot through the Head, and now lies dead in Dirty Lane; the Windows and Lamps of the Musick Hall are broke to pieces."[2] Another serious riot, the sequel to a quarrel between two chairmen, occurred near the Haymarket one night in May 1720. On Wednesday night, about twelve, says the account, there was such a great riot in Windmill Street, near the Haymarket, that near a hundred gentlemen and others were all engaged at one time, some with swords and others with sticks and canes, wherein abundance were dangerously wounded. The watchmen that came to put an end to the affray were knocked down and barbarously used; at last the patrol of Horse Guards came, and finding them obdurate rode through them, cutting all the way with their swords; yet we hear of none that were killed on the spot, though many, it is thought, cannot recover of their wounds. When they saw their own time they gave over, and upon summing up the matter the quarrel began at first by two chairmen only.[3] But the chairmen, although so often concerned, were not invariably the cain-raisers in these tumults. On the evening of May 28 Captain Fitzgerald and three young men, his companions, met a lady in the Strand returning from St.

[1] *Pall Mall Magazine*, Jan. 1895, p. 113, "Concerning the Master of the Horse," by the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

[2] *London Evening Post*, Feb. 26, 1732.

[3] *Weekly Journal*, May 21, 1720.

James's, conveyed in a sedan chair. They immediately endeavoured to force her out, but were opposed by the chairmen, upon which they drew their swords and proceeded to demolish the vehicle. The noise brought a watchman to the spot, who instantly received a deadly wound through the back, and as instantly expired. This mighty son of Mars was secured, but the others fled from their foul deed, like true cowards.[1] Parties of paid-off sailors, sometimes with their pockets full of prize-money, used to roam the streets, and being *more majorum* "better with a fork than a rake," their purse-strings were more often loosened in the taverns than elsewhere, whence they sallied, "two" if not "three" sheets in the wind, resolved on mischief. The desire of their hearts was quickly realised on one occasion when they met with a party of chairmen equally inflamed with liquor. All had been drinking in honour of the election held in Covent Garden in March 1763. After the sailors and chairmen had abused each other with the usual language of vulgar irritation a challenge was offered by one of the latter to fight the best sailor present. This ended in the defeat of the Irishman, who was instantly reinforced by his brethren, when a general attack with pokers, tongs, fenders, &c. commenced on the sailors, who, supported by a party of unarmed soldiers, drove their antagonists from the field and immediately proceeded to demolish every chair they could find. These outrages continued till evening, and by that time a general muster of chairmen had taken place, who, exasperated to madness, beat down men, women, and children in their progress to the scene of action, where a dreadful conflict was prevented by a party of soldiers from the Savoy, by whose exertions some of the ringleaders were captured, but not before a soldier and a sailor and three other persons had been dangerously wounded, and the King's Head ale-house almost demolished.[2]

restored to liberty; and the officer in whose custody she was, knowing of the illegality of the arrest, complied. So far all was right; but the plaintiff (a chairman), despising the law of nations, watched at the ambassador's door, and as soon as he obtained a glimpse of his debtor claimed her *as his wife*, and under that claim compelled her to attend him to a public-house in the neighbourhood. Though the good lady strained every faculty in denying his assumed rights, her clamour, of no avail with the chairman, reached the ears of her fellow servants, who, melted with her distress, sallied forth and manfully released the captive from a number of the captor's brethren, whom he had wisely stationed at the public-house to assist him in his views. Thus defeated the creditor adopted a most certain method to carry his point. He assembled his *posse* in front of the ambassador's house and began his operations by loud complaints, intended for the ears of those who passed, that the servants of his Excellency had forcibly seized on his wife and conveyed her for some very dreadful purpose into his mansion where she was detained to his inexpressible grief and terror. A hint of this description was sufficient in those days. In a twinkling a crowd collected, expressions of resentment at injustice and oppression flew from mouth to mouth, with the result that there was an immediate resolve to execute summary "justice." A hundred voices demanded the woman; a hundred arms were lifted at the same moment with hands grasping dirt and stones, which they hurled at the inoffensive window without effect. At this moment a cry to burst the door was accompanied by a successful effort, and in rushed the mob; everything in the parlours that could be broken was demolished and used as weapons for forcing the besieged, now driven to the stairs-head of the first floor, where they appeared commanded by the ambassador and a gentleman armed with drawn sabres. Intimidated at the glances of the shining steel, the besiegers dared not ascend, but made a drawn battle of the affair. A cannonade of legs and arms of chairs and other articles of broken furniture succeeded, which no sooner reached the heads of those above than they were returned with additional velocity. Captain Woolaston of the Guards happened to pass through the square with a party of soldiers on his way to protect the sufferers from a fire then raging in Eagle Street, and attracted by the shouts of the contending forces examined into the affair, and soon dispersed the rioters, several of whom were afterwards apprehended by Justice Welch and committed to prison.

The difficulties of "sitting bodkin" in a hansom are hardly greater sometimes than those which attended a fare of either sex,

given to *embonpoint* who attempted to negotiate a chair without calculating its capacity. A story told of an Irish chairman presents their customary extortion in a somewhat ludicrous light. A certain Colonel Boden, who was extremely stout, on returning from the play one night hailed a chair. He was about to squeeze his portly person into the necessarily narrow vehicle when a friend, just stepping into his chariot, called out, "Boden, I go by your door, and will set you down." Thereupon the latter gave the men the regulation shilling, and prepared to depart when one of the rascals scratched his head and hoped his honour would make it a little more than a shilling. "For what, you scoundrel, when I never got into your chair?" said the Colonel. "Yes, your honour," said Pat, "but consider the fright you gave us!" The good and wondrous Catalani was usually conveyed in a "chair" from her lodgings to the stage-door of the Italian Opera-house in the Haymarket. A writer in the "Family Friend" (the time alluded to must have been the opera season of 1824, when the great *cantatrice* renewed her connection with London after an absence of ten years) remembered the strong glare of the attendant flambeaux upon the bejewelled lady as she sat in her stately manner dressed for her part in the night's opera. When King Charles I. was taken to his trial in Westminster Hall he was borne through the narrow King Street in a sedan chair, while people came forth from stalls and workshops to lament and pray for him. He was taken from Whitehall to Cotton House, where he returned to sleep each day during the trial. After this the King returned to Whitehall; but on the night before his execution he slept at St. James's. On January 30 he was "most barbarously murthered at his own door, about two o'clock in the afternoon."[1] The King appears not to have used the sedan on the fatal day, but to have walked from St. James's.

Walnut Tree" was the sign of John Browne, "Chair and Cabinet Maker, on the East Side of St. Paul's Churchyard, near the School, London." Here he sold "Spring Curtains, And Blinds for Windows, or for Gentlemen's Coaches and Chariots of a new Invention, Convenient to keep the Sun off in Summer, or the cold Wind from coming in between the Sashes in Winter, and particularly necessary in Rooms up Stairs in narrow Streets, where the opposite Windows overlook each other; being made so as to hang up when Company is present, or Persons are dressing, &c."[1] "The Three Chairs" was in the seventeenth century the sign of a famous tavern in the Piazza, Covent Garden, in a neighbourhood which was the Mayfair of the period, ere yet

> Mayfair has ceased to hold its fair in May
> And silent in Pall Mall 's the racket's sport.

The curtains of the sedan chair seem to have been considered worthy of the thief's attention: "Last Monday Charlton Hill was committed to New-Prison by John Fielding, Esq., for stealing several Curtains out of a Sedan Chair."[2] The chairs themselves were hardly so costly as one would have thought. Nell Gwynne's, for instance, cost no more than £34 11*s.*, and chair-hire, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*[3] But it was not the fittings alone that were the object of felonious designs. The occupant himself was well worth the attention of the Alsatian: "Last Wednesday Night a Chair, with a Gentleman in it, was stopp'd in Bloomsbury Square by two Footpads, who presented their Pistols, and the Gentleman readily gave them his Purse; but not being contented with that, they insisted on having his Sword and Watch; and he gave them his Watch, but begg'd they would not insist on having his Sword; on which they threw the Chairmen Half a Crown and made off."[4] Among the household furniture of the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Wentworth, deceased, to be sold by the famous auctioneer Mr. Cock, was her ladyship's sedan chair, "lin'd with green Velvet, and other valuable Effects."[5] There was a sign of "The Two Chairmen, in Warder Street, Old Soho," next door to which lived a Mr. Bacot, who advertises "Two Guineas Reward for a Silver Watch, Name Tavernier, with Silver Chain, Silver Seal, an Elephant, and a Steel Seal with cross Crosslets."[6] The sign of the "Two Chair-

[1] *Daily Advertiser*, December 21, 1741, where the sign is described as the "*Three Chairs* and Walnut Tree," and the same journal of July 15, 1742, where it is the "*Three Cover'd Chairs* and Walnut Tree."

[2] *Whitehall Evening Post*, July 15, 1756. [3] Bill among Exchequer Papers.

[4] *Whitehall Evening Post*, May 29, 1756. [5] *Daily Advertiser*, June 2, 1742.

[6] *London Journal*, May 26, 1722.

men," of which I think there are four surviving instances in London, owes its origin, no doubt, to their bibulous propensities as a class. Their work was certainly of a somewhat arduous nature, and it might be argued that they found liquid refreshment indispensable, for sometimes they travelled considerable distances. "Yesterday," says the "Daily Advertiser" of February 16, 1742, "the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Gotha went to Kew in an open Chair, and return'd to Carlton House to Dinner." However, it does not seem quite certain that a sedan is meant here, but longer distances than this are recorded. Princess Amelia was carried by eight chairmen from St. James's, London, to Bath between April 13 and April 19, 1728. The chairmen were relieved in their turns, a coach and six horses attending to carry the chairmen when not on service.[1] A sedan chair, to which wheels have been affixed, and known as the "push," is still used for visiting by residents in Hampton Court Palace. There was, if I remember right, an illustration of this in the "Antiquary" some time ago. As to the word "sedan," as applied to the "covered chair," Mr. G. L. Apperson in his interesting work, "Bygone London Life," says that there is practically nothing to prove any connection between the chair and the place. The authors of "Old and New London" seem to be in error in stating that hackney coaches "were at first often called 'hackney-chairs.'" In an Act of Parliament (9 Anne, c. 23, sect. 8) the hackney-chairs, as being "carried," are expressly differentiated from the hackney coaches, which were "driven." A business card in the Banks Collection of Shop Bills appertains to a sedan-chair maker in Marylebone Street, St. James's. The date is 1780. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, writing in the "Queen" some comparatively few years ago, but I do not know the date, stated that when, during part of his boyhood spent in the

blue great-coats, knee-breeches, and blue stockings. Mr. Tegetmeier recollected them quite well in the thirties, but doubted whether they extended into the fourth decade of the present century.

In 1694 sedan chairs were first taxed by Act of Parliament,[1] and by an Act of the ninth year of Queen Anne two hundred chairs were licensed at 10*s.* per annum,[2] and no person was obliged to pay for a hackney-chair more than the rate allowed by the Act for a hackney-coach driven two-third parts of the said distance.[3] By the said Act it was compulsory that every chair should have a distinct mark on each side, and altering such mark incurred a forfeiture of £5, half to the informer and half to the King (sect. 4). Nor was any person to carry for hire in a hackney-chair without licence, on pain of 40*s.* In the following year, the 10th of Queen Anne, the chairs were increased in number to three hundred,[4] and by the 12th of George I. to four hundred,[5] on account of the great increase of buildings to the westward. By 7th George III. a chairman might take, for any distance not exceeding one mile, 12*d.*; for any distance above one mile and not exceeding one mile and four furlongs, 1*s.* 6*d.*; for every further distance not exceeding four furlongs, 6*d.*; and by the hour 18*d.* for the first hour and 6*d.* for every half-hour after.[6] In the ninth year of Queen Anne a chairman guilty of misbehaviour by demanding more than his fare, or giving abusive language, or otherwise behaving rudely, forfeited, on conviction on oath, not exceeding 20*s.* to the poor, or was committed for seven days to Bridewell or some other house of correction,[7] and in the seventh year of George III. the commissioners had power to revoke his license or inflict on him a penalty not exceeding £3 to the poor; and on non-payment he was committed to hard labour in some house of correction for thirty days.[8]

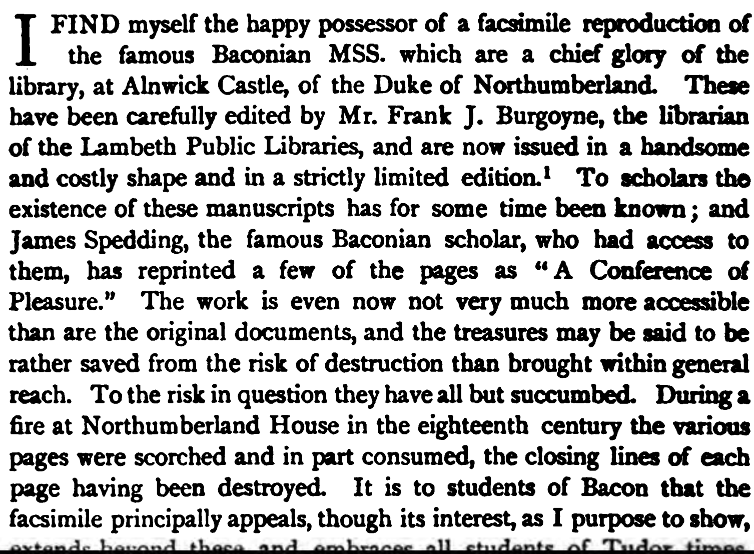
J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

[1] 5 and 6 W. and M. c. 22.
[2] 9 Anne, c. 23, sect. 8.
[3] 9 Anne, c. 23, sect. 3.
[4] 10 Anne, c 19, sect. 158.
[5] 12 Geo. I. c. 12.
[6] 7 Geo. III. c. 44, sect. 13.
[7] 9 Anne, c. 23.
[8] 7 Geo. III. c. 44, sect. 15.

TABLE TALK.

Alnwick Castle MSS.

I FIND myself the happy possessor of a facsimile reproduction of the famous Baconian MSS. which are a chief glory of the library, at Alnwick Castle, of the Duke of Northumberland. These have been carefully edited by Mr. Frank J. Burgoyne, the librarian of the Lambeth Public Libraries, and are now issued in a handsome and costly shape and in a strictly limited edition.[1] To scholars the existence of these manuscripts has for some time been known; and James Spedding, the famous Baconian scholar, who had access to them, has reprinted a few of the pages as "A Conference of Pleasure." The work is even now not very much more accessible than are the original documents, and the treasures may be said to be rather saved from the risk of destruction than brought within general reach. To the risk in question they have all but succumbed. During a fire at Northumberland House in the eighteenth century the various pages were scorched and in part consumed, the closing lines of each page having been destroyed. It is to students of Bacon that the facsimile principally appeals, though its interest, as I purpose to show, extends beyond these and embraces all students of Tudor times



ORIGINAL CONTENTS OF THE MSS.

SUCH are the main features of the work now printed. An external page, still surviving and carefully reproduced, serves as an index of contents, shows that a portion only of the MSS. exists, and suggests that the portion destroyed or lost was of immeasurably greater interest than that which is preserved. This portion comprised nine items in all, whereof I will dismiss five. One consisted of *Asmund and Cornelia*, presumed to be a play, of which nothing whatever is known; Shakespeare's *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*; and *The Isle of Dogs*, a play by Thomas Nashe. Concerning *The Isle of Dogs* we have little information. It was written in 1597, the presumable date of the copying of the MSS., and roused the anger of the Privy Council, who withdrew the licence from the theatre and imprisoned not only Nashe himself, but, as it appears, some of the actors. One or two references to it are found in writings of the time, and a portrait of its author in fetters is given in Harvey's *Trim[m]ing of Thomas Nashe.* What was the nature of the "very seditious and sclanderous matter" which, according to the minutes of the Privy Council for August 15, 1597, it contained, is now not likely to be discovered. It is in the two plays of Shakespeare that the main interest centres. That manuscript copies of two of Shakespeare's masterpieces were in existence and within reach, and were allowed to be lost, though it is scarcely surprising, strikes one with a feeling of dismay. I am not for one moment assuming that these were the originals. Evidence points the other way, since it seems certain that the surviving MSS., now reproduced, were due to a literary workshop or professional writers' establishment of a kind in which Bacon and his brother Anthony seem at one time to have been concerned.

FEATURES OF THE INDEX PAGE OF THE MSS.

INNUMERABLE points of interest manifest themselves as I turn over again and again these curious and pregnant pages. Upon these and upon the history of the documents which were once in the hands of Bishop Percy, the editor of the famous *Reliques*, and were brought to general knowledge in 1869 by Mr. John Bruce, a well-known antiquary commissioned by the Duke of Northumberland to report upon his literary treasures, it is forbidden me to speak. At one thing, however, I must glance. My reader must remember that the genuineness of these scripts has never been contested. No John Payne Collier had access to them to sophisticate the record.

The date is the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the period, almost to a certainty, antecedent to 1598. Such testimony as they furnish, then is in its way not to be controverted. I have said already that the surviving MSS. are prefaced by a title-page or index of contents. This has suffered much from time and dust, and has been scribbled over in a manner equally curious and interesting. This page is twice reproduced, once in ancient and once in modern script. The significance of much of the writing is not apparent. At the head, on the left side (of the reader), is the name Nevill, together with the punning motto of that family, *Ne Vile Velis.* On the opposite side is "Mr. ffrauncis Bacon of Tribute; or, Giving what is dew." After the title of other works appears again "By Mr. ffrauncis Bacon of Greis Inn." The eye is struck by a rimed Latin quatrain—

> Multis annis iam transactis
> Nulla fides est in pactis
> Mell in ore Verba lactis
> ffell in Corde ffraus in factis—

followed by the word *honorificabilitudine*, which, in a slightly altered shape, is found in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Coupled with and slightly preceding the titles of Shakespeare's two historical plays comes "By Mr. ffrauncis William Shakespeare." The name of Shakespeare —sometimes abridged to Shak, Shakspe, Shakespe, &c., and sometimes written in full, then appears several times, and once as "your William Shakespeare."

I have neither capacity nor disposition to hunt on the scent thus supplied. I cannot doubt, however, that the work now reprinted, and this curious page in especial, with but a few of the features on which I have dwelt, will be an object of close and persistent study, and will be fruitful of controversy.

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LOVE, THE CONQUEROR.

BY MARY S. HANCOCK.

CHAPTER I.

"IT was the meanest thing in the world, to be sure," said Janet Deans' mother to the greatest of her cronies, old Mrs. Johnson; "but, when all's said and done, our Janet's that plain——"

An expressive pause came, and the other woman nodded.

"Ay, she does not favour you one bit," she murmured. "She is like her father's folk, thin and peaked-looking."

Mrs. Deans got up and poked the fire.

"All she's got from *my* side is her health," she asserted sternly. "She is strong, is our Janet. That's her good point, and it is *something*, as I tell her always."

"Ay, health is a mercy, as I know well to my cost, being but an ailing body myself. Well, good-day to you, Mrs. Deans. I am sure I wish you well through this business. I make no doubt it bothers you a bit."

But when she went away, Janet Deans' mother made no effort to bestir herself.

"It *was* a mean thing to do," she repeated angrily. "I'll say it as oft as I like; for, eh, I did wish to see Janet settled before it came to my time for going."

Words were, however, of no avail. The "mean thing" had been done, and Janet had to pay the penalty.

"I doubt she's cut out for an old maid," said her mother, with a little groan. It was not at all what she had desired or hoped; but she "could make no better of it," as she said ruefully over her fire.

In due time Janet herself appeared, and began to prepare the tea; her mother interposing wearisome sighs meanwhile, until Janet became irritated.

"Why ever are you sighing and 'greetin',' mother?" she asked testily. "What ever is the matter?"

"Matter enough! It's along of Ted Willis, girl——," but Janet held up her hand.

"Least *said*, soonest mended; mother, remember *that*! Ted has pleased himself, as was only natural; and his wife is a pretty young woman."

"A poor weakly creature."

But Janet was out of hearing, for she had gone to fill the kettle from the tap in the back kitchen.

"It is hard to bear one's own burden," thought the girl bitterly, "and have other folks' grumblings thrown in as well."

She knew that Ted Willis had deserted her in favour of a more "taking" face, and her heart had been well-nigh crushed by the pain and the agony it had borne; but she could endure this better in silence, and she felt stronger when the subject was left in the background, without Mrs. Deans' sighs and groans to boot.

But it was difficult to repress Mrs. Deans. She began again the moment poor Janet reappeared with the kettle.

"Ay, you can just go on toiling and moiling, you can! A factory hand you are, and a factory hand you'll *be* to the end of the chapter. There's nowt else in store for the likes of you."

Janet turned her face to the fire, and for a second or two it seemed to vie with it in colour; but her voice was perfectly steady when she replied:

"Oh, that's all right. No one can say as I'm afraid of work;

living. On the left were the hills whose strength and steadfastness acted like tonics to the girl's mental nature. She looked towards them now, her eyes full of unshed tears, her lips quivering. There was nothing but pain in her heart, pain, and a dull feeling as if all the spring had gone out of her life. And down the road, half whistling, half singing, a boy's clear treble voice came ringing as he sang some words probably from an anthem he had been learning—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills—the hills—whence cometh, whence cometh—my help." The strain went on, the words, sweet, fresh, and pure, swelled out upon the air as the boy passed on and went out of sight. It was like an answer to her cry; strength in time of weakness, help in time of need.

Janet's mood passed from her somehow, and she turned back into the house. She washed up the tea-things and took her knitting, nerving herself to bear whatever misery her mother's want of perception might compel her to endure.

Mrs. Deans was one of those who liked to talk. She loved the sound of her own voice, and she liked to prolong this sort of conversation.

"Where have they gone?" she questioned, knowing full well that for both of them "they" could only mean the erring Ted Willis and his new wife. Nor did Janet affect to misunderstand her.

"They have gone to Stranton," she said quietly.

"To Stranton, for a day or two! Well! And to think it might have been—it *ought* to have been *you*! Eh, girl; I don't know *how* you can sit and bear it so still like."

"What can I do, mother? Is it not wiser to be quiet?"

But this her mother would not allow. "He shall not never come nigh my house again, I promise you. I'll teach him something," cried Mrs. Deans, her wrath getting uppermost now. "If you've no self-respect, I have." And she forgot that there was a finer "self-respect," which did not "wear its heart upon its sleeve," nor advertise its insults to those who had eyes to see.

Janet sat and knitted hard, praying for the night.

And the night came—and God knew the rest.

As a "factory-hand" Janet had work enough by day. And for this she was thankful.

In Mrs. Browning's words she might have said:

> Get leave to work
> In this world, 'tis the best you get at all.
> For God in cursing gave us better gifts
> Than men in benediction, God says "Sweat

For foreheads"; men say "crowns," and so we are crowned
—Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get work.
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

"It is well that I have it to go to," she told herself. "Work hurts no one, and it is a grand consoler."

In her way the plain and homely girl could be philosophical. She was, moreover, a good workwoman, and the Manager knew her worth.

Thanks to Mrs. Deans' tongue, not a few people had heard of Ted Willis' conduct—the Manager amongst others, though *he* was not exactly sorry.

"What is one man's loss is another's gain," he said serenely. "I shall make her a forewoman at once, for she is useful to me, and I do not mind how unattractive she is, for looks count for nothing in a place like ours. She's a nice, pleasant-spoken young woman, and she has a head upon her shoulders."

So it came to pass that one gleam of pleasure shot athwart Janet's darkened sky, for she felt that the Manager trusted her, and she knew that the "Firm" appreciated her labours. This piece of good fortune came most opportunely. It changed Mrs. Deans' tune at home. From moans and groans she passed to triumphant rejoicing, and vehement crowing over Ted Willis.

"Now he'll see what he has lost," she croaked; "now he'll find out what others think of you—ay, and those others his betters, too."

To Janet her glorying was perhaps worse than her moaning, for the girl had no wish to triumph over anybody. She felt consoled in a way by her preferment, for it diverted her thoughts, but that was all. And as for Ted Willis, he had passed out of her circle at once by his marriage. She did not want to think of him any more.

And so the months of summer came and went. Winter drew on apace—and a terrible winter it was, too, with ice and snow galore. In a town like Minchester, ice and snow have no romance about them. They are solid facts, uncomfortable, melancholy realities that bring in their train sickness, misery, hunger—perchance even death.

Janet lived in Harperley Street, Number 4; Ted Willis had commenced his married life in Harperley Street, Number 51. It was a long street, and the two houses were far enough from each other. Houses were not, as a rule, very easily found in the town. They were seldom empty, and new ones were not built with the prompti-

tude that kept pace with the increase of population. Had houses been easier to obtain, Ted would not willingly have chosen this one, for, though he did not dread Janet at all, he had a wholesome fear of her mother, and would have preferred to keep out of her way.

Nevertheless, Number 51 being all he could find when he married, Harperley Street had to contain the two households—greatly to Mrs. Deans' disgust.

She soon found, however, that what with her own espionage, and by the thoughtfulness of those who wished to perpetuate strife, she could manage to keep an eye upon the sayings and doings at Number 51, and this was eminently agreeable to her. She seemed to find out everything that went on there, and insisted on retailing her news to Janet, whether she liked it or not.

"Ted Willis has gotten his hands full with that feckless wife of his," she announced one day, a flood of pleasure on her face at the thought of trouble "over yonder."

Janet, however, looked up wearily. She knew she was expected to make some reply.

"Why?" she asked coldly.

"Oh, she's ill already. I could have told him that her pink and white complexion meant mischief. It was none so natural, you see, and I knew full well that she would not *wear*."

"Who told you she was ill?"

"Why, everybody. The doctor goes repeatedly, and folks say——" But Janet had left the room, and the widow stayed her words and smiled meaningly.

"Maybe he'll be soon wanting wife Number Two," she thought, as she stirred the coals to a glow. "If it were any other body but our Janet—you can never answer for her, or tell which way she'll be going; she has that little self-respect. No one kens *what* she'll be doing now."

Nor did they.

Janet never stayed to disclose her plans. She put on her work-day cloak and hat, and slipped quietly out of the back-door, while her mother was staring out of the parlour-window to see the doctor's carriage pass.

The coachman had just had the audacity to flick his whip at two playful urchins who had thrown their caps at the high-spirited horse and nearly made him run away, and Mrs. Deans' wrath had risen on the spot.

"Such an impident young man as the doctor has for a coach-man, I never did see!" she commented. "My word, what I could

tell his master!" The "Master" was safe in some one else's house, and Janet, to whom she had confided her opinion, was far from hearing; though Mrs. Deans did not suspect this until tea-time came and went, without bringing her daughter.

Then Mrs. Deans began to wonder. In the meanwhile Janet had hurried along the back-way, and round again to the front. In five minutes more she had astonished Ted Willis by knocking at his door.

"It's never *you*, Janet, is it?" he asked in amazement.

"Ay, it's me. Is Nellie really ill?"

He nodded silently. "What did this visit mean?" he asked himself; then aloud he said gravely, "It's a kind of a judgment on me, Janet, I warrant."

She was going rapidly along the passage and made no reply; perhaps she had not even heard him.

"I'm—I'm blessed!" said Ted Willis, rubbing his eyes stupidly. "Whatever can have brought her, I wonder? It fair beats me, it do."

The houses were all built alike, so Janet knew at once where to find Nellie's room; and after a quick tap she entered, going straight up to the bed where lay the sick woman, whose pale face moved restlessly upon the tumbled pillows.

"Janet!" murmured the tired voice. "Is it—really—Janet?"

"Ay; it's me."

"Why—what's brought you?" There was wonder mingled with incredulity in Nellie's tones. Janet had certainly startled her, and a slight flush mounted to the temples as Nellie gazed at her visitor.

"What's brought you—here?"

"You!" replied Janet pleasantly. "It's about time someone

about the room; still more comfortable to enjoy the luxury of being cared for by her.

Nellie closed her eyes and sighed. She had been very miserable before. But she could not understand Janet. She watched her furtively, and racked her feeble brains for a motive.

She had set herself to win Janet's "young man," and had succeeded. She had wrecked Janet's happiness, and probably her life.

What did Janet mean by coming, and "being good" to her?

"If anyone had served *me* as I served *her*, I'd—I'd have *hated* that person," said Nellie under her breath. "She might die, and welcome, for all I'd care."

When Janet had made the beef-tea for the night, and left it by the fire, she went home again.

"I've my work in the morn's morn," she said to Nellie; "so good-night to you. I'll be round to-morrow."

"Coming every day—is she!" murmured Nellie, still lost in wonderment. "Folks don't do things for nothing——"

In the night she caught Ted's hand in her burning ones.

"Ted!" she cried hoarsely. "Don't ye go and marry Janet when I'm gone. That's what she's after, I know. I couldn't make it out before, but now it's clear to me—she's looking after *you*."

Ted's brow grew cloudy.

"Dinna get such notions into your head," he told her, not unkindly. "Janet's a good-hearted soul all through; she is thinking only of you."

But Nellie would not be pacified.

"You'll see," she cried tearfully. "She'll try to get you back when I've gone. Say you'll never think of her, Ted; I'll not be satisfied till you do."

"Was there ever such a tormentor?" said Ted slowly. "Bless the girl! anyone, to hear you, would fancy Ted was some great catch."

"So you are. There are hundreds of women as would jump at you."

"Ay, scores would marry a stick in trousers," muttered Ted scornfully. "But Janet's not one of these."

"Then—promise me!"

Ted got little sleep. What with Janet's "designs" and Nellie's cough, he scarcely closed his eyes, and when day came, he was almost worn out.

"If you look like that, I'll have to take a turn at night-nursing,"

said Janet when she saw him the next morning. "I fear you have had a bad night."

They were in the passage of the factory, and the Manager passed them near enough to overhear her words. He gave her a kindly nod and went on, leaving Ted feeling angry—he knew not *why*, "He nods as if he were a bit of a *friend*," he grumbled; but Janet laughed as she replied:

"Oh, he has done me one or two good turns. And I dare say he thinks kindly of—us."

There was a slight flush on her cheek as she spoke, but this Ted did not see. He only noted how neat and becoming her dress was, and how pleasantly she smiled. Then she passed on to her post as forewoman, and he went into the engine-shed. Their tasks lay in different directions now.

"I ain't going to make silly promises to Nellie," said Ted to himself, as he walked away. "I'm going to wait—*and see.* Manager thinks a deal of her, and so did I—once. More fool I now, to be sure."

There was no unkindness intended to Nellie—none at all. It was just a little prudent forethought on his own account, he felt, as he made this resolution to wait.

"Janet's a well-thought-of woman, seemingly," he decided; "and I warrant she'll be putting by a canny bit, now she's forewoman. A man might easily go further, and fare worse."

Amid the whirr of the machinery these things kept revolving through his brain. He was by no means unfaithful to Nellie—not at all. He would have scouted such a notion, and almost "felled" the person who said so. But he was a man who wanted to "take Time by the forelock"; and he came to the conclusion that there was really "no harm in keeping his eye on Janet—because of *after-*

It seemed to Janet that she had always pitied Nellie—first, as one unfitted for life and its battles; and then as one for whom the struggle of *living* was too great.

To help her to do something—anything—by way of alleviating her sufferings, or fitting her to meet the Beyond—this was what Janet wanted. This alone.

And yet Nellie's finite little soul worried and fretted for other reasons, which did not exist.

Chapter II.

"Janet, would you mind telling me what brought you here first?"

It was that same afternoon at dusk. Janet stood by the bed, her labours of love ended.

The faint voice, the thin fingers catching at her arm, the quiver of the pale lips arrested her attention. She smiled down at Nellie, as one might smile at a sick child.

"I came—because——" Her own lips quivered suddenly, and bending she kissed Nellie.

It was the first time she had done so, and both faces crimsoned slightly. "Because somewhere I read of a Love that forgives—*as we forgive*, and I wanted so much to help you. That is all."

Nellie's eyes never moved from Janet's face. This—if it were true—was beyond comprehension.

"And your mother?" she asked, coming at once to more familiar ground. "What does your mother say?"

Janet's lips framed themselves into a smile; she knew that even poor, finite little Nellie could very easily tell what Mrs. Deans would be likely to say, and how much would be said.

"Oh, my mother does not understand," she replied, trying to speak lightly and easily about the matter.

Nellie's hands fell on the coverlet.

"Neither do I, Janet; I don't 'understand' one bit—for, you know, you ought to have hated me."

"Ought I, dear? I don't want to hate anyone, and I—I think I love you—poor little Nell!"

Her hands smoothed the damp hair, and rested tenderly on the delicate brow. Nellie's eyes still followed her wistfully.

"Janet," she whispered painfully, "when I am gone, don't let Ted—forget—me!"

Janet's start of surprise did not escape the keen glance.

"I will do my best to help Ted, dear;—but——"

"Janet, stoop down, I want to say something." She stretched out her thin arms, and the tall girl bent her head until her face almost touched Nellie's lips.

"Janet!" came the quick, panting murmur, "I shall not really mind it so much—if——"

"If *what*, dear?"

Janet was surely dull this evening.

"If you and—*he*—make it up—between you."

It was out now! Nellie's absorbing thought, her one idea of reparation for a great wrong, her attempt at atonement. She would give up—Ted! Give him up—to Janet—the woman whom she had supplanted.

Her eyes burned, a bright spot rose on either cheek. She looked at Janet expectantly.

But now was Janet's turn for amazement. She lifted her head in the air, and for an instant her face wore a colder expression.

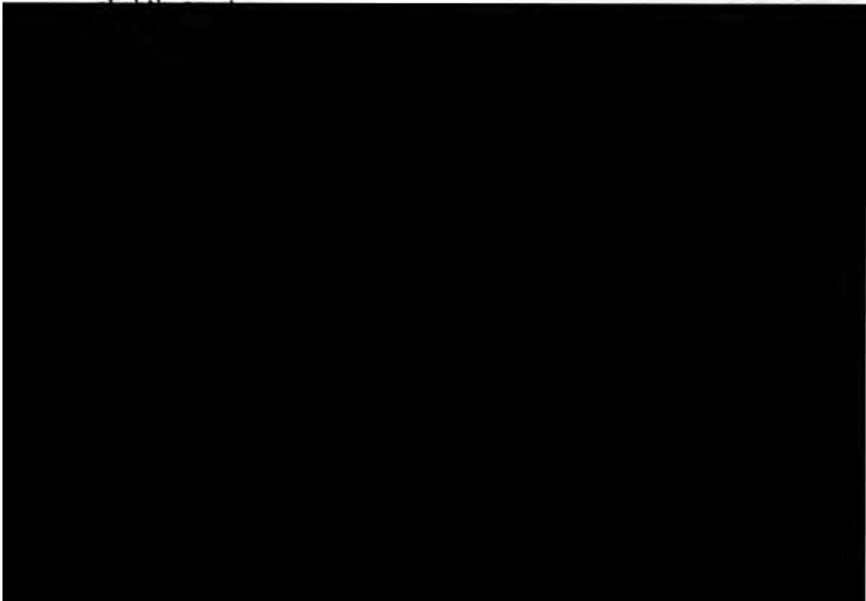
"And did you think, you poor little thing, that this was why I came? Oh, Nellie, Nellie!"

There were tears in Janet's eyes, in Janet's voice. Nellie had hurt her cruelly.

The frail hands caught her sleeve imploringly.

"Janet—forgive me," she pleaded.

"You measured me by yourself, Nell." And she drew herself



"Nellie!" And Janet laughed a little unsteadily as though contending with divers emotions. "No, no, my Nellie," she went on more quietly, after a moment. "You must not say such things! But, believe me, I came to *you* because my own heart had been touched with a sense of Divine love, and my infinite littleness; and I wanted to *do* something—to help *some one*. Now, do you understand?"

Yes, Nellie understood; but it was more than Ted Willis did, or Mrs. Deans either. Two revelations had come to Mrs. Deans in these later days—one was, first, that Janet was a "foolish" as well as a "plain body." And when she had "got over" this, there came the still more surprising discovery that even "plain" people have their value in some eyes.

"To marry the Manager!" said Mrs. Deans, big with importance at the thought. It was far beyond her wildest imaginings, and she almost held her breath at the idea, and went about, in the reflected grandeur, with her head so high that the neighbours began to comment on her "pride."

"It have fair turned Martha Deans' head, it have!" they complained somewhat bitterly. "Janet Deans has twice the sense of yon old body, bless you; *she* gives herself no airs—she leaves those for her mother!"

The time to come will tax Mrs. Deans' comprehension still more fully, for she will learn why it is that so many rise up to call Janet "blessed," upon whom the shadow of her daughter falls.

Poor Nell sleeps in the churchyard now, having gone on to learn the fuller mystery of that Higher Love, of which Janet had taught her the beginning; and Ted Willis has left to find work elsewhere; but strong, true-hearted Janet remains a power in the land. Hers is "a name to conjure by," and her influence is an abiding one for good.

"Who'd have thought our Janet had it in her?" queries Mrs. Deans more and more as time rolls on, but Mr. Lennox taps himself significantly upon the shoulder as he replies: "I am the one to find out hidden treasure, and in my wife I have one who is simply above rubies."

And Mrs. Deans, vanquished, subdued, and astonished, can only say meekly, "Ay, handsome *is* as handsome *does*, and our Janet's a lady—God bless her!" There is no question of the "plain woman" *now*.

OPHELIA: A NEW THEORY OF HER CHARACTER.

IN a recent book of Shakespearean criticism ("Shakespeare's Story of his Life," by C. Creighton, M.D.: Grant Richards, 1904) a theory of Ophelia, and consequently more or less of the whole play of "Hamlet," is propounded, which caused the writer, a frequent reader, even somewhat of a student of "Hamlet," literally as well as metaphorically, to "sit up." Dr. Creighton, after truly remarking that "Ophelia is a creation unlike any other in Shakespeare's gallery of women, and unlike any other stage heroine whomsoever," proceeds to electrify all, and doubtless shock most, lovers of "Hamlet" by the following assertion, under which, indeed, it is not easy to sit still:

"Avert our eyes as we may, and as all the commentators have done, there is no doubt about the fact: Ophelia had a mishap; she bore a child, and Hamlet was not the father of it."

All the numerous, complicated, and much criticised embassies and expeditions, which so greatly annoyed and perplexed the soul of Goethe that he would have cut them all out, and for whose return the action of the play must necessarily be delayed, are needed, says

when, Tieck having dared to state his heretical theory, an Englishman challenged him to a duel. Indeed, the feeling on reading Dr. Creighton's statement for the first time is as if some person—someone with undeniable reason to know what he was talking about—came boldly up to one and made a similar statement about one's sister. At first undoubtedly most people will want to hit Dr. Creighton in the eye; and perhaps, if they read this article, they will want to hit its writer in the eye, too.

But is there not, after all, a great deal of evidence in favour of such a theory of Ophelia? And do not certain passages in the play, notably part of the Play scene, the "To a Nunnery go" scene, and even Ophelia's madness—explained, certainly, but never adequately explained—become at once far more intelligible when read in the light of this theory? This will more clearly appear if one takes the trouble to compare some of the oldest extant copies of "Hamlet" in the British Museum with a good modern edition. Certainly the older, original versions of "Hamlet" tend, not perhaps very much, but still undoubtedly do tend, to bear out Dr. Creighton's contention.

The long intervals in the play, he thinks, cover a space of not less than seven months altogether. These long intervals, this despatching of embassies for an object sufficiently obscure to have been pronounced non-existent, all these waits and delays are on account of Ophelia, "the central figure of the tragedy," to whom everything is subordinated. When the play opens, it is certainly summer, for in spite of "a nipping and an eager air," which bit shrewdly the men on watch on the battlements of Elsinore, the nights were very short; and the ghost, who appears between midnight and one in the morning, soon thinks he scents the morning air, and it cannot be much after three when

> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

The mention of the glow-worm, Dr. Creighton thinks, means that the action begins not later than July. The Play scene, as is plain from Ophelia's words, is four months after Hamlet's father's death (iii. 2), that is, a little over four months from the opening of the play. After this scene, Hamlet is sent to England and Ophelia disappears, to reappear after a long interval with her fennel, columbines, pansies, rosemary and rue—surely more late May or early June than April blossoms, as Dr. Creighton says. The willows by the brook which carried her to muddy death were in full leaf, and

her fantastic garlands of crowflowers (a kind of wild pink, I believe), nettles, daisies and long purples (orchids) are also surely more like May or June than April. In this long interval Ophelia's child had been born, had died, and been buried. That, at least, is the theory.

The fact of Polonius attributing Hamlet's madness to his love of Ophelia is, most readers will probably agree, evidence rather against than for Hamlet having cared very deeply for Ophelia. Polonius, says Dr. Creighton, was made to put people on a wrong scent. True; he was too hopelessly respectable. One is tempted to ask one's self how far the whole tragedy came about through his meddlesomeness, and how far through Ophelia's weakness. Ophelia is certainly a most difficult character to read. How much feeling, if any, is concealed behind her submissive, demure answers to her father? "So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet"—we can almost see the meek expression, the downcast eyes, the faint, scarcely perceptible blush. "I do not know, my lord, what I should think." Does any other of Shakespeare's heroines answer so in such circumstances? And when Laertes says to her:

> For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
> Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
> A violet in the youth of primy nature,
> Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
> The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
> No more.

and she replies, "No more but so?" is it calm indifference or the impassivity of crushing, paralysing sorrow? Does any other of Shakespeare's heroines give her lover away at the bidding of anyone, even of her father?

But there is little of the meek, almost aggravatingly demure

> I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> Could not with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum. (V. i.)

She was certainly not a strong character, yet is there evidence to show that even her father's death, of the true circumstances of which she had been kept in ignorance, and Hamlet's treatment of her, brutal as it was at times, were enough of themselves to cause her to lose her reason? The writer thinks certainly they were not. It is merely one woman's judgment about another, but in spite of the proverbial uncharity of woman to woman, it can hardly be seriously denied that on some points a woman must of necessity be a better judge than a man.

On the theory of Ophelia's maiden motherhood, however, her madness is far more easy to explain. Hamlet's desertion, her father's death and burial "in hugger-mugger," together with her own shame, and the loss of her child (which, if it is not straining certain of her snatches of song, she would have loved), all these troubles coming on her in battalions might have been sufficient to unhinge a mind far better balanced than Ophelia's. For merely physiological reasons, too, I think I am not wrong in saying that on this theory she would in every way have been far more likely to have lost her reason.

The common theory, of course, is that her madness was due to her father's mysterious death, preying on a mind already crushed by disappointed love. Yet in her madness she never seems to think of Hamlet, although she does sing of "your true love," a song which Dr. Creighton interprets as in no way referring to him. She does, however, seem to refer to her father, and, as Dr. Creighton points out, although his interpretation of certain passages is perhaps rather far-fetched, much of what she says is more applicable to a little child than to an old man.

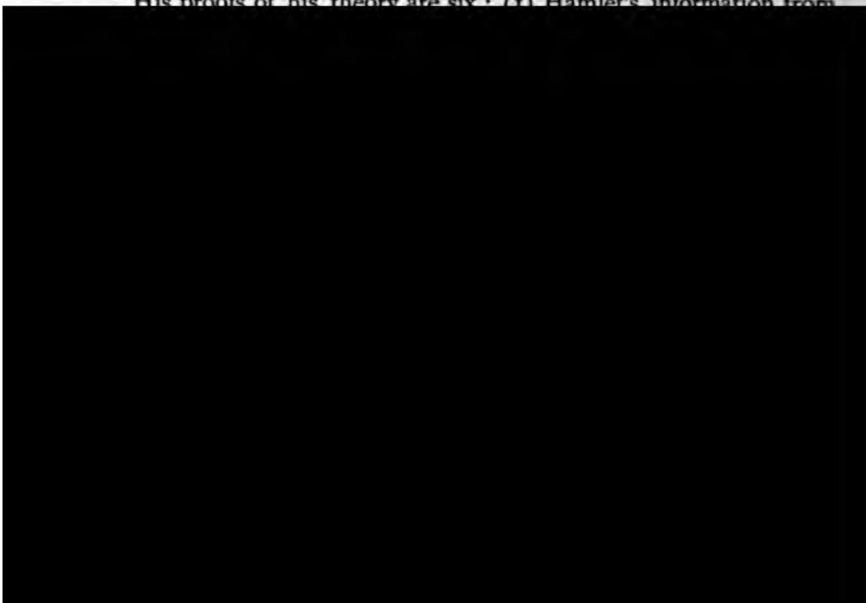
> Larded with sweet flowers,
> Which bewept to the grave did go,
> With true-love showers.

And if the old reading "did *not* go" (in the 1604 and 1625 editions, for meddling with which Dr. Creighton is so angry with Pope) be really correct, the reference to an unwept because unwanted child becomes still clearer. Certainly the extreme difficulty of reading Ophelia's character would be much lessened if, like most of Shakespeare's heroines, she had had some woman friend or attendant in whom she confided. She had none, and hence it is all the more likely that the accident Polonius and Laertes seem to have dreaded with Hamlet should have happened to a lonely, motherless girl, in

the midst of a Court society probably sufficiently corrupt. Though the Queen was kind to her, mourned her death, and strewed flowers on her grave, there is nothing to show that Ophelia ever confided in her.

Doubtless in such circumstances she preyed upon herself, upon her own vitality. Her very isolation during her long months of waiting would tend to help her to lose her reason. She had probably been persistently suppressed, and had not been strong enough to rebel against such suppression. When Hamlet breaks in upon her sewing, "she is as imperturbable as the Sphinx: in the first quarto he actually feels her pulse to discover whether she is agitated or not. She had a perfect recollection of Hamlet's own agitation, and was able to relate it to her father with a minuteness which speaks volumes for her presence of mind. Here we have one of Shakespeare's master strokes, correct in art, true to nature: she shows the self-control of women in a marvellous degree, and then her mind snaps with the strain, so that she loses her reason."

Ophelia's secret, says her critic, "is revealed by degrees and in four different ways: first, by the ghost to Hamlet in an unrecorded interview; secondly, by Hamlet in three separate innuendoes aimed at herself during the Play scene; thirdly, by her mad songs, artless talk, and language of flowers; and lastly, by the churlish priest at her funeral."



between Hamlet and the ghost, his father's spirit told him the truth about Ophelia, but whether this is the tale which should "freeze thy young blood" is not clear. Unless Hamlet had cared very deeply for Ophelia, it would not have been so excessively shocking to him. On this theory it was immediately after the ghost's revelation, and while he could still only half believe it, that

> Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
> No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
> Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle,
> Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,

came before Ophelia, took her by the wrist, and held her hard, as it were asking could this be true?

"Ophelia," says her critic, "was equal to the occasion; she never winced. . . . Neither of them spoke a word." Does her outwardly impassive behaviour point to her guilt or not? Let pyschologists decide.

Be that as it may, on the supposition that Hamlet believed Ophelia to have been unchaste, many of his speeches to her, of which the writer at any rate could never get any satisfactory explanation, become, if not absolutely clear, at least much clearer. In the Play scene, for instance, for the grossness of which Shakespeare has been severely blamed, why, if he attributed to Ophelia anything short of unchastity, should Hamlet have absolutely insulted her? Admitting the coarseness of the age, did it allow any man, let alone one of Hamlet's breeding, to speak such words, to make such suggestive allusions, not merely before but actually *to* a young girl? That he thought her weak and faithless is not sufficient explanation of his insulting her. And in the scene (iii. 1) where Hamlet meets Ophelia, apparently by chance, not really, when she begins, "My lord, I have remembrances of yours," why should Hamlet, supposed to be mad but with so much method in his madness, say, "Ha, ha, are you honest?"

"My Lord?" Ophelia answers, tremblingly, we are sure, but whether from guilt or pained surprise who shall say? Dr. Creighton, strange to say, does not comment on this scene. Again:

Ham. Are you honest?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty."

And again:

"Get thee to a nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of

sinners? . . Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery go, and quickly too."

From Ophelia's answers nothing is clearer than that she thinks Hamlet's reason shaken; and, as the writer wishes to face all round the question, it must be admitted that, if Ophelia can answer Hamlet as she does, and yet be all the time conscious of a guilty secret such as is imputed to her, she must be a consummate dissembler. And if she felt the innuendoes in Hamlet's speech, would she, alone and left to herself, have spoken thus?

> O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

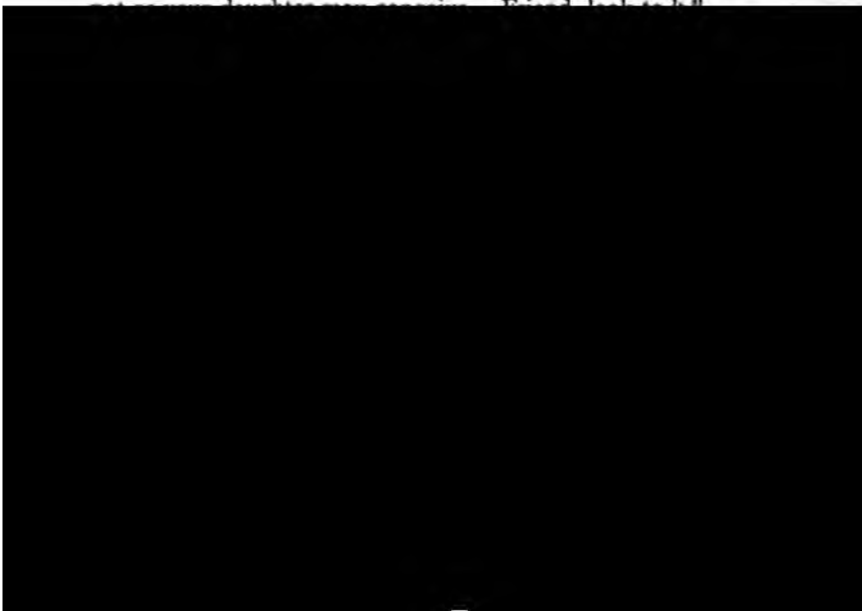
Had she carried a guilty secret within her, surely, alone and at such a time, she would have alluded to it.

Yet why should Hamlet, not long after his silent meeting with Ophelia in her closet, say suddenly to Polonius (ii. 2):

"Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing, but



father, "passing from the one to the other by those rapid and inconsequent transitions of thought which are peculiar to the insane."

In his interpretation of the song, "How should I your true love know?" many may think Dr. Creighton strains his points, and he certainly conjectures much, and equally certainly makes out a very good case for himself. Undoubtedly, in Ophelia's mad talk, it is easy to trace a confusion of thought between an old man and an infant, as for instance:

> His beard as white as snow,
> All flaxen was his poll.

"I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i' the cold ground." Does Ophelia refer to her father or her child? Or to both?

"If they ask you," says Dr. Creighton, "what the story of the owl and the baker's daughter means, it is the sequel to a plain tale of seduction. . . . We owe the explanation of that to the excellent antiquary, Francis Douce, whose account of the legend contains the relevant particular, although he has not made the application of it. In Gloucestershire the country folk had a legend that our Saviour entered a bakery and asked for a loaf. The baker's wife took a large piece of dough to place in the oven, but her thrifty daughter thought a small portion of it would be enough; when, lo! as if to rebuke her, the small piece of dough swelled in the baking to an enormous size. For her grudging spirit, our Saviour changed her into an owl, fluffy without and meagre within. Ophelia is elliptical in recalling the story by its conclusion only. 'Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be:' we may change portentously from being 'in the oven.'"

All which also, though interesting, seems slightly far-fetched. However, it is only to certain of Dr. Creighton's criticisms that such a term can be applied.

So, too, "the false steward that stole his master's daughter" seems one more sign of the trend Ophelia's thoughts were taking.

Naturally it will be asked how could such trouble befall Ophelia, without the whole Court knowing? Certainly no idea of anything of the kind ever occurred to Laertes, who speaks of his sister as "Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,

> O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
> Should be as mortal as an old man's life?"

But then, while she sang her song of seduction, Laertes was not present, only the King, the Queen, and Horatio, who may all have

known, yet in the presence of one another it is not surprising that all should have feigned not to know and kept silent. Also in the graveyard scene, Laertes, had he had any idea of Ophelia's loss of virginity, would hardly have said :

> And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring !

But when Horatio says to the Queen that Ophelia

> Speaks things in doubt
> That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
> Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
> The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
> And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,

does he refer to Ophelia's troubling about her father interred "in hugger-mugger," or was he afraid of her revealing something else, hitherto concealed from all but a few ?

In the interpretation of the scene in which Ophelia distributes her flowers, Dr. Creighton, though always interesting, is perhaps more inclined to strain his points than elsewhere. Of the daisy that she picks up, and gives to no one, he says that a hint of its significance is probably to be found in Green's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" :

"Next them grew the dissembling daisie, to warn such light-o'-love wenches not to trust every false promise that such amorous bachelors make them."

Finally there is the scene in the graveyard, the funeral with such maimed rites :

> This doth betoken
> The corse they follow did with desperate hand

"It is to be observed," says Dr. Creighton, "that the priest's complaint in both quartos is that she has been buried with the rites due to a chaste virgin. He was clearly of opinion that she was not chaste, and, as parish priest of Elsinore, he may have had means of knowing. . . . The priest does not distinguish clearly in his own mind between suicide and the loss of maidenhood. Probably in his parish experiences of young women found drowned, the two things were so commonly associated as to be inseparable in his thought."

Much might be urged against this theory of Ophelia; there is still more, it seems to me, to be said in its favour. At any rate, it surely cannot be denied that it throws a new light on many puzzling passages. The difficulty is to answer the question—Is there any case of a similar obscurity in Shakespeare, and if not, is it likely that there is this one and only instance?

CONSTANCE A. BARNICOAT.

WILLOUGHBY WATERLESS

THE beautiful town of Leamington Spa can scarcely trace its origin further back than 1790. It had been known since Queen Elizabeth's reign, at any rate, that the waters of the village then called Leamington Priors, or some of them, were medicinal, but their quality appears only to have recommended them for the salting of meat. However, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, some notoriety was gained for the springs, which were reported to be good in cases of scrofulitic disease, and a public dipper was appointed, presumably by Lord Aylesford. The dipper's bath, curiously enough, as we learn, was chiefly employed for cases of hydrophobia; and in 1766 no fewer than 190 cures were alleged to have been effected. But nothing can show better that this statement was fanciful and absurd, than the fact that, no sooner was the subject of the waters taken up by a scientific man, Dr. Kerr of Northampton,

was not calculated to excite great expectations, except in the minds of sanguine speculators. The fact that a resemblance was found to Harrogate waters will account for the singular appellation of the village which at one time prevailed amongst the peasantry. Waterless the place can never have been, in a strict sense of the word, for plenty of fresh springs existed, besides the mineral ones. But in certain parts of the village a suggestion of Harrogate in taste and smell may well have rendered the pumps undesirable for domestic purposes.

One of the devices for calling attention to Willoughby was the publication of its history. This was drawn up by Mr. Thomas Deacon,[1] a fully qualified person, who spared no pains in his researches, and was permitted to peruse the MSS. of the eminent antiquary, Sir W. Dugdale, by Mr. W. Hamper, in whose possession they then were. He pursued inquiries, too, in the British Museum and the Ashmolean Library, and had the great advantage of assistance from two men of recognised local knowledge in their day, Sharp of Coventry and Bloxam of Rugby.

It is encouraging to the students of village lore, that the accident of an advertisement being required to ventilate a speculation should have ended in the discovery that an obscure parish had once been a place of some importance, though its record is not found in history. And several small items of information were elicited, not devoid of interest to the curious, and in their character not alien from the ancient spirit of this magazine. First then, with regard to the name Willoughby, Dugdale considered that it might be explained in this manner. "The last syllable (bye) in the old English, signified a village, as we use it in the same sense to this day, calling those orders which are made in a court baron bye-laws—*id est* the town laws—and Willough imports that divers of such trees did grow there."

The worthy Deacon, however, is not quite satisfied with this etymology, and in view of the fact that Roman antiquities have been found in the neighbourhood, and that traces exist of an earthwork, apparently intended for fortification, within a furlong of the church, is inclined to think that Wilebere (a form of the name appearing in Domesday) may be interpreted Villabury. And he adds that the Saxon terminations of bury, burgh and borough are met with in connection with places of Roman origin, and thus used signify a fortification or wall.

With regard to the manor, certainty as to its possession can

[1] *History of Willoughby*, by Thomas Deacon. London, W. Clark, 60 Paternoster Row 1828.

scarcely be ascertained till the year 1100, when it is found in the hands of Henry I., and that monarch enfeoffed one Wigan, his servant, of twelve yards of land (which, at 48 acres to a yard, comes to 576 acres) in what was called *petit serjeanty*, and for this land and other in the vicinity, Wigan was expected to supply, at his proper cost, a man in harness for the king's service, with two horses, in every army of his within England and Wales.

The manor remained in the Wigan family till the year 1232, when Thurstane Wigan, the then possessor, granted the whole manor, with the advowson of the church, to the Hospital of St. John without the Great Gate in Oxford, which Henry III. was founding for the succour of the sick and strangers. The master of the hospital hereafter called himself "de Wyleby," as being lord of the manor, and in this capacity he bought in or near the village some further plots of land. And there is a curious document extant, issued by Edward I., and dated January 3, 1285, at Bristol, which seems to have been a license to hold certain lands and tenements which the Master and Brethren had bought, after the passing of the celebrated Statute of Mortmain. This law took effect from 1279, but the king, as a particular favour (*volentes gratiam facere specialem*), overlooked their neglect to obtain his permission, and sanctioned their retaining their purchase.

In 1447,[1] the college of Magdalen at Oxford was founded by William Patten, surnamed Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, and the site chosen was that of our Hospital of St. John. Building, however, in consequence of the troubled times, did not commence till 1473. There are a few remains of the ancient fabric. In the south wall it is stated the "pilgrims' wicket" is still traceable. These pilgrims to the shrine of St. Frideswide were admitted to the Hospital as part

Henry VII. to the middle of the eighteenth century, the lessees had been members of the Clarke family; and as residents of Willoughby, at any rate, the same stock is found, under the name of Hamund, as early as the first of John, 1199. This family of Clarke branched into other counties and connected itself with local gentry of ancient lineage. To the direct Willoughby line belonged Sir John Clarke, Kt., who distinguished himself as a soldier in Henry VIII.'s time. He was present with the king at the Battle of the Spurs in 1513, and made a prisoner of Louis, Duc de Longueville. For his behaviour on this occasion, he was allowed to carry the Fleur de Lis as a crest in addition to his own family bearings. This symbol is still to be seen on the porch of the south aisle in Willoughby church. Sir John is also reported to have introduced the orange tree from France, and grown it in his garden at the manor house. The date of the orange (*Citrus Aurantium*) is usually given as 1595, but if the Willoughby story is correct, Sir John's orange must have been many years earlier.

The church dedicated to St. Nicholas is not considered, in its present form, to have been built before the latter part of the fifteenth century; the chancel, indeed, certainly, and the south aisle probably, were erected only in 1622 and of these, again, the chancel was rebuilt in 1779. Of six bells, the great one has an inscription, which, as such things are interesting, may be mentioned:

> My mournful sound doth warning give
> That here men cannot always live.

There are several monuments in the church to the Clarke family, but there does not seem to be any memorial of Sir John Clarke, the soldier. There were, however, certain flat gravestones, the inscriptions on which have become obliterated. When Mr. Deacon wrote, the parish chest in the vestry contained an immense number of parchments, mostly leases and conveyances, but with some other documents, dating from the reign of Edward III. to recent times. In the list of vicars occurs the name of John Stokesley (Dugdale calls him *Richard*, but his tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral said *John*). He, it appears, held the living of Willoughby from 1505 to 1521. After endless pluralitics, he was made Bishop of London in 1530. He was a thick and thin supporter of Henry VIII. in his ecclesiastical proceedings. He died in 1539, and was buried in the Chapel of St. George and Our Lady in Old St. Paul's, afterwards destroyed by fire. There are two significant entries in the list. One is that of a vicar named Thomas Gardiner, who in 1562 was *deprived* of the

living, doubtless being unwilling to accept the supremacy of Queen Elizabeth as head of the Church of England. The other entry is that of Gideon Hancock, who was presented by the President and Scholars of Magdalen, 1578, and presented over again in 1585 by the Queen.

Amongst other bequests, for the benefit chiefly of the poor of the parish, one contained the condition that a lamp should be kept burning in the church for ever. This was dated in the twelfth of Henry VI., and the lamp burnt, presumably, till the Reformation, when it was blown out for good.

There is every reason to suppose (as has been said) that Willoughby was a place of more importance than its present condition would lead anyone to suppose. The Master and Brethren of the old Hospital at Oxford had been a very few years in possession of their manor, before they obtained a charter for a weekly market and an annual fair, to last two days. Not far from the church stands a small hamlet (two or three houses), occupying the site of a large building, and called Pie Court. This is believed to mark the place where one of the old Pie Powder Courts existed. These were, apparently, summary tribunals, where disputes likely to arise in the transactions of the fairs and markets were dealt with offhand. "Pie Powder" is a survival from the old French *pieds pouldrés*, in Latin *pedes pulverisati*, and the picturesque explanation of these terms is, according to Pauli, that "the complainant and the accused were supposed not to have shaken the dust from off their feet." There is a field in the west of the village called the Gaol Close, and many years back, part of the foundations of the ancient fabric was discovered by labourers digging for gravel. In several of the fields surrounding Willoughby mounds are observed which are undoubtedly the remains of spacious mansions; and near one, in the midst of a plot of open ground, a fine apple tree stood, called the Bowling Apple, and tradition declares it to mark a bowling-green belonging to some member of the Clarke family. If the manor house itself was that of the Rev. Andrew Miers, who, in 1717, married the last of the Willoughby Clarkes, it was pulled down about 1780. When Mr. Deacon wrote, old people could recollect the building as having a most antique appearance.

All these facts go to prove that there was once a place of some extent where the present village stands; and it is curious that the belief in hidden treasure in some of the old heaps is firmly held (or was held in the last century) by the resident peasantry. Roman traces, in pavements, coins, implements, and the like, have been unearthed in the neighbourhood, but neither in former times, nor in periods

more falling within our knowledge, can any historical associations be said to cluster round this unfrequented locality.

The writer lived at Willoughby, as a boy, in the years 1835–37, and ventures to add a few items from memory which may serve to illustrate his subject. The object of being there was education; and that was conducted by a clergyman of the name of Chambers, who was curate-in-charge, his superior being Dr. Nathaniel Bridges, D.D., a member of the Northamptonshire family which provided an historian for the county. This reverend gentleman had held the parish since 1791, and was highly respected for his piety and eloquence. Under the strange distribution of patronage then in vogue, the Doctor, who resided at Clifton, was Lecturer at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; rector of Hatton, near Warwick (where for many years the well-known Dr. Parr was his curate), and vicar of Willoughby.

During the writer's residence the old man paid one visit to our village, and stayed with the curate, whose house, indeed, had been built by the vicar. To us he seemed antediluvian; but boys are always on the lookout for fun, and this was supplied by the behaviour of his valet—also quite old. This functionary was exceedingly insolent; but the immovable gravity of his face and the emotionless tones of his voice disarmed offence, as far as we could judge.

The toast at breakfast was grossly burned, and as the valet prepared it, the Vicar asked him what could have produced such a result. The servant, pausing, with an upward look, as if reflecting, remarked, in the calmest manner, "I expect it was the—fire."

Our house was the Doctor's property, and, situated on the London and Birmingham road, commanded a view of the constant traffic. There were twenty-four coaches passing and repassing every day, not to mention post-chaises and gentlemen's carriages and carts and waggons, including Pickford's vans. The coaching and posting business was at its very apogee in the middle 'thirties; every effort was made to increase speed; the vehicles were neat and correct in all particulars, the horses excellent, and the coachmen first-rate drivers, while the postillions gloried in yellow or blue jackets. But on this road the coachmen were not the enormously fat men, in low-crowned hats with large flat brims, as represented in the illustrations to Dickens's earlier works, but sporting-farmer-looking individuals, well-dressed and respectable, if not exhibiting quite the "bang-up" air introduced by Mr. Stevenson on the Brighton highway. Mr. Willcocks, of the "Wonder," had the

aspect of a well-to-do innkeeper. There was a small garden-terrace running above the road, with a summer-house standing on it—a place from which the drama of life could be observed. It amused us boys to think that the coaches were, so to speak, moving shelves full of romances, if anyone to read them to us could have been available. It seemed natural, if one awoke in the night, to run to the window on the chance of a night coach; only sliding lamps if it was dark, or a spectral vehicle in the moonlight. Not much noise (or perhaps our ears got hard of hearing from habit), but a subdued rumble, the chink of pole-chains, the beat of trotting horses, mixed into one moderate call on the attention, was all that is remembered. But, besides the vehicles, there were foot passengers of a most miscellaneous order. Private life relations to the amusers and exhibitors who are dependent on the favour of the public, though those relations may be of the slenderest description, are always welcome to youths. The whole set who wept over the death of Tigellius would have been our delight; and, as it was, to have exchanged from our terrace a few friendly words with a conjurer, a fire-eater, or a clown, was held a distinction to be long boasted of.

By the middle 'thirties the idea of making a second Leamington of Willoughby had faded away. A small bath had been built, with some sort of apartment connected with it, on the public road, a short distance from our garden; and a few invalids had actually visited the place, and had found accommodation at the inn, or in the village. But the mineral waters had, perhaps, scarcely a sufficiently marked character to attract people to a rough life and rather desolate surroundings, in the pursuit of a doubtful remedy. At some distance, however, from the village, and near the cross-road to Grandborough, closer, also, to the river Leam, a more ambitious attempt

Our fancy also dictated that we should decide that the designer was a single individual, whose plan we had reason to hope we had divined. Our school-books had told us of cities in the desert still recognisable by a tower or by temple pillars; travellers related their finding cities choked up by tropical jungle, nay, cities overwhelmed by the sea returned in dim glimpses, folk-lore said, when tides were low and waters clear. And in such cases the pathos was evoked by the recollection that in these localities men had worked and women had loved, and both in their due time had died and disappeared.

But, to pass from great to small, to us the mounds and blocks in these Willoughby fields were full of an interest all their own. They were thoughts, not things. They recalled no human associations, except such as might attach to the solitary dreamer whose castle in Spain had been doomed to evanescence and failure.

The inn at Willoughby, standing near the spot where the village lane debouched into the highway, was a substantial two-storeyed building, with stables on one side and a garden at the back, and was called the Four Crosses. Many old inns have been called the Three Crosses, and, belonging to days when Biblical allusions were not uncommon on signs, referred of course to what took place on Calvary. The reason why our inn had an additional cross is thus related.

It would appear that the celebrated Dean Swift was in the habit of using this tavern in his journeys to and from Ireland. The Dean's mother at one time resided in Leicestershire, and Willoughby would have been a suitable place at which to turn aside in her direction. It is related that on one occasion, arriving at the Crosses, he found the landlady out of temper; whether hampered by pressure of travellers or irritated by incapacity on the part of her maids, cannot now be ascertained. But the Dean is said to have been offended by delay in serving up his dinner, and, sitting in the window, in a peevish mood, took off his diamond ring and wrote on a pane of the casement the following distich:—

> There are three Crosses at your door;
> Hang up your wife, and you'll count four.

The lines bear the hall-mark of the satirist, and testify to their own authenticity. But, more than this, in 1837 the actual ancient diamond pane, of yellow and inferior glass, was carefully preserved by Mr. Crupper, the landlord, who was also a farmer and in good

circumstances. This gentleman, it is believed, did not long retain his position of innkeeper; the traffic of the road was menaced by the extinction which awaited it, for the railway was progressing rapidly, and, indeed, its opening was only retarded by the difficulties which had arisen over the tunnel at Kilsby, a village some two or three miles distant. And when Mr. Crupper gave up the Crosses, rumour further related that he sold the relic of the Dean. It is doubtless in some museum or private collection at the present moment.

There is no date that can be assigned to the incident supplying the anecdote; but Swift's last visit to England appears to have taken place in 1727, when he was sixty years old. His epigram, therefore, cannot have been written on the window after that year, but may have been many years earlier.

The Deanery was bestowed in 1713. Local tradition, the pane of glass, the couplet itself, and the fact that the Three Crosses became the Four Crosses (though no one knows when that change took place), all combine to offer better evidence in favour of the truth of the tale than can generally be brought in support of a narrative of the kind.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" for November 1819, amongst accounts of the origins of signs, had a ballad on the Four Crosses at Willoughby. But as this production is not quite up to the usual calibre of our venerable mother, a single stanza, by way of sample, will perhaps be enough :

> 'Tis said that Swift, St. Patrick's dean—
> That old satiric sinner—
> When on his journey to the North (?)
> Here stopped and took his dinner.

Teeth and tusks of the mammoth had been found in the neighbourhood; and during the 'twenties a large tusk of the same extinct animal had been dug up in the Gaol Close, and lay on a shelf in our schoolroom. Then we had the drama of the coaches—the moving show of human characters in their passengers; and the motley pedestrians of the footpath. And there was the château which had mouldered to broken walls and rockwork, smothered in grass and coarse flowers or clad in ivy owning no decay—and scattered in the solitary fields: both a dream and an awakening. And, lastly, we could gaze on the window-seat which no less a person had occupied than the author of "Gulliver's Travels" and the creator of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, countries of whose history we never wearied.

J. W. SHERER.

MARY STUART AND THE MURDER AT KIRK O' FIELD.

DOES the Queen of Scots stand convicted of the murder of her husband, and was she aware of the conspiracy to put him to death? Upon the answer to these questions hangs the reputation of a woman who, dying more than three hundred years ago, yet lives in memory to be loved and pitied, hated and scorned, more than any other character in history. Her detractors assign, as a motive for her complicity, her desire to marry Bothwell, and with some show of reason, since that was the accusation brought against her by Moray, Lennox, and the whole conclave; and on those lines, and those lines only, ran the so-called trial. A crime terrible enough to make all Europe ring with the horror of it, even in those days; yet we read of no universal horror of the royal murderess, no general upheaval of indignation! Partisan writing there was, nothing more. Why? Because there was no real belief in it. Current circumstances, then fresh and well known, pointed to the real perpetrators of the crime, men who hoped to profit by it, as indeed they did.

If the Queen's position in her own country and in Europe generally is taken into consideration, it will be seen that the crime was not difficult to accomplish by those whose object it was to get rid of Darnley, and the obstacles in the way of fastening it on Mary's shoulders were not insuperable; though in the event that task, as they set about it, gave no small trouble, nor was it ever wholly successful. In France, Austria, and Spain, Mary was only reckoned as a card to be played in the political game; to Elizabeth, she was a hated rival, both as a woman and a Sovereign: and not unnaturally, since as a woman she was deemed the most beautiful of her day, and as a Sovereign she was looked upon by many of Elizabeth's subjects as their legitimate ruler, and that alone was cause enough for Elizabeth's hatred and endless plotting. The Protestants of both countries eyed her with suspicion—she was regarded by the Pope as his one hope for the restoration of the Roman Church in

England and Scotland; for this cause the ministers of the Reformed Church of Scotland thought proper to hurl at her every possible insult, inciting the people against her, and even encouraging the idea of her removal. The men who should have been her support, the most influential of her nobles, were weaving around her incessant intrigues for their own aggrandisement—money, lands, or vengeance, whichever came uppermost in their desires.

In the year 1566, after Moray's rebellion, and after the pardon of himself and Lethington had been obtained, the combination of the nobles against Darnley reached its height. He was powerless; his father Lennox was in disgrace and his following scattered; the Douglases (kinsmen whom Darnley had imbued with the deepest hatred) were at hand to take his life at the first opportunity, not alone for fear of him, but to avenge themselves for the threat of Darnley's vengeance "if once his foot was on their necks." Any husband of Mary Stuart at this time would have carried his life in his hand. Darnley had sown the seed for his destruction in a ripe soil and with a willing hand: his removal was a certainty. His one safety lay in the Queen. To separate them the lords had done their best, and, through Darnley's weakness, had partially succeeded.

At this juncture a reconciliation was more to be dreaded than anything. Darnley, left alone in his vanity, haughtiness, and violent temper, would run his own head into the noose, but if reconciled to his wife, and submitting to be guided by her, the Queen must be reckoned with, and that, though difficult, was not an overmastering obstacle, for her character was well known. One of Mary's latest and most talented historians says, "Mary was of a nature so large and unsuspicious that on the strength of a ring and a promise she trusted herself to Elizabeth, contrary to the advice of her staunchest adherents. She was no natural dissembler, and with difficulty came to understand that others could be false." They had only to appear sincere, not a hard task for those who undertook it.

The work began with the offer of procuring a divorce from Darnley, an offer that would appear in no ways remarkable to Mary. She knew, none better, the almost insurmountable difficulties of government, and of maintaining any sort of peace among the endless factions, with Darnley ever at her heels constantly stirring up strife with all and sundry—in the council, in private feuds, in the household, anywhere and everywhere. For the country this state of affairs was hopeless; peace there could be none. On these grounds a divorce was suggested to Mary at Craigmillar, November 1566. The Queen refused the divorce, and it was then proposed that Darnley should be

impeached for high treason, imprisoned, or exiled. Mary "negatived the conspiracy at every point."[1] If Mary hated Darnley at this time (four months before the murder), her actions belied her heart most unnecessarily. To give one instance out of many. In the preceding September the Queen left Stirling for Edinburgh, asking Darnley to accompany her. He would not, but remained at Stirling, where Lennox visited him. Two days after, he came to Edinburgh, and on arriving at Holyrood refused to enter, as three or four of the lords were in attendance. The Queen actually went out to him, dismissed the lords, and, taking him by the hand, led him to her room, where he remained that night. Next day she called a Council in order that he might state his grievances and, if possible, have them remedied. The Council expressed themselves "ready to submit ourselves in anything reasonable; and as for her Majesty, it was impossible that she should have given him cause for discontent, but on the contrary he had all the reason in the world to praise God for having given him a wife so wise and virtuous as she has shown herself in all her actions."[2] (This statement as to Mary's stainless reputation was made and attested by all the members of the Privy Council, and was not gainsaid by Darnley then or at any time.) The Queen then took his hand and besought him to declare whether she had given him occasion for this resolution (he had threatened to leave the country), begging him "to speak, and not to spare her."[3] He would answer nothing, but left Edinburgh in a fit of sulkiness, leaving a letter for Mary, in which he again hinted at leaving Scotland, complaining that he had no regal authority, and that the nobles avoided him. Darnley says no word of complaint to the Council of his wife's coldness, still less of her infidelity towards him, nor does he mention it in his letter. In his frequent intercourse with Du Croc he expressed the like grievance as before: "He was not allowed the same share of power as in the first days of his marriage"; to which Du Croc answered, "He ought to be well content with the honour and good cheer she gave him, honouring him and treating him as the King her husband, and supplying his household with all manner of good things."

At this very time (September 1566) almost all the lords, including Moray, had already signed a "band" against Darnley. The evidence of this comes from Randolph, Claude Nau, Archibald Douglas, and Moray himself. In excuse for signing this "band," Moray, in London, January 19, 1569, three years later, said he

[1] Report of Spanish Ambassador.—Lingard.
[2] Letter of Lords of Privy Council.—Teulet.
[3] Du Croc to Catherine de Médicis.

"was contrenit to make promis" (sign the "band") "before I could be admitted to the Queen's presence or have any show of her faveur."[1] The "band," according to his showing, was signed October 25, 1566. Randolph, writing to Cecil six months earlier (April 25), says Moray was come to Court: "I hear his credit shall be good"—"The Queen wills that all controversies shall be taken up." Even five days earlier (April 21), Moray had been received at the castle by the Queen. This lie, attempting to show Mary's desire for Darnley's removal so great that she would not even receive Moray until he had promised to band himself against Darnley, speaks for itself.

To come back to the divorce conference, November 1566, two months after the signing of the "band." So far as the good of the country was concerned, the suggestion was not lacking in reason and good sense, and if Mary wished to be rid of her husband, here was a door open, and one through which she could have passed scatheless. If she desired another husband, why had she any scruple? She, divorced from Darnley, could have been as surely married to Bothwell as Bothwell, divorced from his wife, could have been married to her. Yet, despite the persuasions of Huntly, Argyll, Bothwell, and Lethington, "she altogidder refusit, as is manifestlie knawin."[2] The Queen's own words, her wish that Darnley should be "let be," that he had been led by evil counsel and "peradventure he might change,"[3] are all too well known for repetition. It was said this tempting offer was put forward as an inducement for Mary to pardon Morton. It had not the desired result; the Queen neither recalled Morton at that time, nor would she be divorced, not even when urged by Bothwell, and with the promise from Lethington that Moray "would look through his fingers," and a way would be found "good and approved by Parliament." The answer was ever the same: "Ye, believing to do me a service, may possibly turn to my hurt and *displeasure*." Nothing was to be done "whereto any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience."[4] Conceivably, Mary's conscience would suffer less after a murder!

Anent this divorce conference, Lennox, in his indictment, asserts that at Craigmillar the Queen and certain of her Council "*had concluded* upon an enterprise to the great peril and danger of his Majesty's person."[5] He gives three versions of this story, but they are entirely lacking in consistency; and though he says he has been "credibly informed," he cites neither name nor authority for his

[1] Bain, ii. 599–600. [2] Goodall, ii. 359. [3] Anderson.
[4] Ibid. [5] Lennox MSS.

statements. As to what really occurred at Craigmillar, Mary on January 5, 1569 (then a prisoner in England), required a true statement from Huntly and Argyll. Huntly had told Bishop Lesley the story of the conference, including all that passed before the lords were admitted to the Queen's presence; and Mary, writing apparently from Lesley's report, sent her paper to Huntly and Argyll, asking them to revise, omit, or add to her paper as their memories served them, sign the document, and return it to her to be used for her defence.[1] Unfortunately for Mary, neither Huntly nor Argyll ever saw the paper; it was intercepted, and now proves Mary's fearlessness for the actual truth of the transaction being known. At York and Westminster, Moray and others averred that they offered to procure a divorce, to induce the Queen to pardon Morton. The pardon was not obtained then, or by them, but by Bedford, acting as ambassador for Elizabeth at the christening of the child prince, December 17, 1566. Not only Morton was pardoned, but many other outlaws. Sixteen years later Archibald Douglas, writing to Mary, says, "I returned to Stirling" (at the time of the christening), "when at the request of the most Christian King and the Queen's Majesty of England, by their ambassadors present, your Majesty's gracious pardon was granted to them all." Bedford, writing to Cecil, December 1566, says, "The Earl of Morton having now obtained his dress" (redress), "doth think himself much beholden unto you for your favour and good will therein." Thus Mary, unable to resist the combination of England and France, and the oft-repeated petitions of her own subjects, in evil hour consented to a general amnesty, and let loose about her a set of ruffians, thirsting for her husband's blood, and plotting to shield themselves by making her appear as the criminal, at their head a fitting leader, Morton.

From Lennox, and Lennox only, comes an account of a quarrel

might have aroused Mary's suspicions; that she was ill, and miserable in private, we find from Du Croc. In a letter to Beaton he says the Queen had sent for him, and that he "found her in bed and weeping sore," adding, "I am much grieved at the many troubles and vexations she meets with." If Mary desired Darnley's removal she had small cause to weep, for he was playing her hand to perfection. Not content with alienating himself from her and rousing the nobles to a pitch of revengeful fury, he was full of such crazy projects as the capture of Scarborough or the Scilly Isles, and was in frequent communication with the Catholics of the north-west of England, a sufficient cause in itself for Elizabeth and her Councillors to allow the conspiracy for his murder to take its course, if not to aid and abet it! It is worthy of note that Drury, writing to Cecil from Berwick after the murder, remarks that "the King was long of dying," a detail which he could only have learnt from one of the murderers. This communication was not made till after the arrival of Moray at Berwick, April 24, 1567. The rumour of some plot against Mary was known by Archbishop Beaton in Paris at the end of the year 1566. He wrote to warn her, but the warning came too late, February 18, 1567. Darnley had been dead nine days. On December 24, after the christening, Darnley left Stirling and rode to Glasgow to his father. Three reasons may be given for this move on his part: the affront given him by Elizabeth through Bedford, his knowledge of the report of his evil projects by Hiegate, or the fact that Morton and the Rizzio murderers had been pardoned. As he, though a party to that murder, had betrayed them, his fear of them was well grounded. The story of his being poisoned at Stirling, and that he fell ill directly he left the town, is exploded by the Lennox MSS., no mention being made of such an occurrence, which would have been eagerly seized upon. The date of his illness is given as a few days after his arrival at Glasgow. Lennox states that the Queen did not write to Darnley until January 14, when she excused herself and offered to visit him, which letter he answered with an insulting verbal message. This implies that Mary wrote only once and Darnley not at all—only sending her an angry message. This agrees but ill with the evidence of Lennox's own man, Crawford. Mary arrived at Glasgow to visit Darnley, January 23, 1567. In Crawford's deposition we read of an interview between them—"She asked him of his *letters*," and further that Mary "will not accept of my" (Darnley's) "offers of repentance," meaning she had not in their correspondence accepted his offers of repentance. The deposition, as is shown later, was probably genuine. It does not incriminate the Queen until Crawford adds his own

reflections; and these might well have been genuine too, as far as he was concerned, since his opinions would take colour from Lennox—or they might have been added later (unknown to Crawford) to bolster up the case against the Queen. Crawford was not allowed to give verbal evidence. Immediately after so tender an interview as described in the deposition, Darnley was not likely to suggest that he misdoubted his wife, but would go with her "even tho' she were to cut his throat." In Buchanan and "The Book of Articles" we are told that Mary "would not suffer so much as a physician to come at him." Bedford, in a letter to Cecil, January 9, 1567, says, "The King is now at Glasgow with his father, and there lyeth full of the small pockes, to whom the Queen hath sent her physician."

On January 27, Mary left Glasgow with Darnley, he in a litter she had provided for his comfort. Proceeding by easy stages, they arrived at Edinburgh and the fatal Kirk o' Field on January 30. Did Mary know of the conspiracy, or did she not? It has been asserted that, whether she wrote the Casket Letters or not, she must have been aware of a plot against Darnley; even one of her most talented defenders comes to the conclusion that she was "not entirely unaware of the measures which were being taken" for the removal of Darnley, and "though she did not sanction the enterprise, she failed firmly and promptly to forbid its execution." Her knowledge is of course based on the divorce conference, which "altogether her Majesty refused, as is manifestly known." It may be argued that, though she refused to have anything to do with it, she was willing that others should accomplish the divorce, or adopt any other method to rid her of Darnley, she tacitly consenting. Against that theory stand her own words: "I pray *you*" (the lords), "rather let the matter be in the state it is, abiding till God puts remedy thereto; that ye believing to do me a service, may possibly turn to my hurt—and displeasure."[1] "She negatived the conspiracy at every point."[2]

That was in November 1566. On January 18 or 19 she was again approached on the subject by Bothwell and Lethington, accompanied by Archibald Douglas, sent by Morton, who refused to conspire unless he had "the Queen's hand write to me of that matter for a warrant." He affirmed that Bothwell persuaded him to take part, "because it was the Queen's mind to have it done," and on the face of that declares that the meeting was broken off because he could not obtain the warrant from the Queen. No one had this desirable warrant, and Bothwell and Lethington were sent to procure it. The answer

[1] Anderson. [2] Report of Spanish Ambassador.

they received from Mary was, "Schaw to the Earl Morton that the Queen will have no speech of the matter appointed to him." Except from Lennox, whose reports are confused, inconsistent, and without authority, there is no evidence to show that the conspirators approached Mary between November and January. As in November she entirely refused to have Darnley interfered with in any way, warning them also of her displeasure if they did not desist, it is reasonable to suppose that she concluded the controversy at an end; and whatever her suspicions might have been as to Darnley's safety we have no evidence (Lennox's excepted) that any hint of murder was so much as whispered in the Queen's presence. Morton says that Bothwell told him it was the "Queen's mind": her answer belies the statement. The particular warrant which he desired, and which he says he never had from the Queen, was presumably to arrest Darnley for treason or remove him from the country. In modern phraseology the words "Show to the Earl Morton that the Queen will have no speech of the matter appointed to him," may have one of two meanings, either "Tell Earl Morton the Queen will not have such a thing even spoken of," or, "Tell Earl Morton the Queen will not speak of or be drawn into the matter." If Mary spoke in the latter sense, her goodwill towards Archibald Douglas, obtained after a letter written by him to her in 1583, is a mystery. He reminds Mary of his visit to her, with Bothwell and Lethington, in January 1567, anent the warrant desired by Morton, and repeats her answer that she would have "no speech" of it. In order to obtain favour, which he did, he would not have reminded her of an equivocal remark of hers, for which she was, and had been, suffering sixteen years! On the other hand, a reminder of her innocence was sweet enough in bitter captivity to win Archibald's pardon. If in the Queen's answer we read innocence, it also shows indignation at being again questioned on a subject which she had before so decidedly negatived.

Exception may be taken as to Mary being unaware of the intended murder, in that in the lords' offer of divorce or to convict of treason, or that Darnley "should leave the realm," [1] the words occur "or in what other ways to dispeche him," which she "altogidder refused." Now, "to dispatch" has two meanings: to "put to death" or to "send away." Following the suggestion that Darnley "should leave the realm," it is clear that the words were used to give to the Queen the sense of "what other ways to send him away." If Mary winked at murder, why did she do her utmost

[1] Anderson.

to restore her victim to health in Glasgow, nursing him with her own hands, sending him her own physician—he already had one—in order to escort him to Edinburgh to be murdered? If Mary so desired Darnley's death, one cannot but reflect on the disobliging conduct of her physician!

Why did she bring him to Kirk o' Field? Because Darnley, after Crawford's suggestions, refused to go to Craigmillar. When Mary had told him they would go to Craigmillar, he had replied "he would goe with her where she pleised." Crawford, on the part of Lennox, in inspiring Darnley with suspicions as to his being taken to Craigmillar, had kindled fresh sparks of discontent in his mind. Lennox, in his frantic ambition for his son to be joint ruler with Mary, and to gain that end inciting Darnley to resent any shadow of authority from his wife as Queen, drove him to Kirk o' Field as surely as his murderers led him to his death. To those who have been fortunate enough to spend a few hours in the now partially ruined castle of Craigmillar, the choice of such a place for an invalid will be understood. If sunshine there be, then is the castle bathed in its glow; sheltered from bleak winds, not too high to be cold nor too low to be damp, a more cheerful spot would be hard to find within easy reach of Edinburgh.

Kirk o' Field was recommended by Moray "as a place highly situate, in good air, environed with pleasant gardens, and removed from the noise of the people."[1] For once Moray spoke the truth; the place was all he said of it. Further, he reminded the Queen that "Lord Brothwick, whose life had been despaired of, had recovered his health in consequence of residing there."[2] Once more did Darnley play into the hands of his enemies, and allowed them—not Mary—to select the house to which he should go.

As to Mary's conduct towards her husband during those last days at Kirk o' Field, we cannot do better than cite Darnley's own feelings as expressed in a letter to his father three days before his death. "My Lord, I have thought good to write to you by this bearer, of my good health, I thank God which is the sooner come thro' the good treatment of such as hath this good while concealed their goodwill; I mean my love, the Queen, which I assure you hath all this while, and yet doth use herself like a natural and loving wife. I hope yet that God will lighten our hearts with joy that have been so long time afflicted with trouble. As I in this letter do write unto your Lordship, so I trust this bearer can satisfy you the like. Thus thanking Almighty God of our good hap, I commend your Lordship into His protection. From Edin: the vii day of February—Your loving and obedient son, Henry Rex."[1] This letter was written partly in the Queen's presence; Darnley handed it to her to read, she read it and kissed him—"as Judas did the Lord and Master" is explained by Lennox, for obvious reasons. We do not hear that the "bearer's" report differed from the letter, or gave a hint of danger in any sense. The testimony of Nelson, Darnley's servant, as to Mary causing Darnley's bed to be removed the night before the murder, and a meaner one substituted, is a distinct falsehood, fabricated to prove complicity on the part of the Queen. As neither he nor Crawford was allowed to make verbal depositions, each being provided with his story written down for him, to the truth of which they swore, and in the absence of Mary's Commissioners, it is possible that Nelson was not so great a perjurer as he appears. The bed blown up in the explosion was one which had belonged to Mary of Guise, given by Mary to her husband in the preceding autumn. It was a costly bed, draped with "violet brown velvet"[2] "passemented" with gold and silver. "In February 1567, the said bed was tint (lost) in his (Darnley's) lodgings."[3]

Mary twice slept at Kirk o' Field, probably on February 5 and 7. On the night of the 7th she is supposed to have written one of the Casket Letters on the following incident. On this day, February 7, Lord Robert Stuart warned Darnley that there was a plot against his life. Darnley immediately told this to Mary; she sent for Lord Robert to come back and explain himself: he denied having warned Darnley, whereat Darnley told him he lied, a fierce altercation ensued, both half drew their daggers, and the Queen, terrified, called Moray in to part them.[4] Had the Queen refrained

[1] Lennox MSS.
[2] Royal Wardrobe Inventories.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Lennox, Buchanan.

from calling Moray to the rescue, much gunpowder might have been saved. Darnley, weak from recent illness, could have been no match for Stuart, and his death might have been compassed with the greatest ease. Truly, Mary never made the most of her opportunities!

This occurrence probably hurried on the deed of darkness to avoid judicial inquiry. If we accept the statement of Bothwell's servant Powrie, the gunpowder was put in the house two days after (February 9). On the fatal night the Queen remained with Darnley later than usual, and, on bidding him good-night, drew a "goodly ring" from her finger and placed it on his.[1] Clernault, the French envoy, says if she had not made a promise to attend the bridal of one of her gentlemen (Sebastian), "it is believed she would have stayed with him till 12 or 1 o'clock, seeing the good understanding and union" existing between them. Lennox asserts that the excuse given for not staying the night was that Bothwell and others reminded Mary of an early ride to Seton, which she intended to take, and that Darnley was "minded to ride at the same hour." Both reasons are equally natural; but as Sebastian was married that night, and Mary was there, the former is the more credible.

In order to prove the Queen's knowledge of the intended murder, a statement of Nau's is quoted, viz. that as she left Kirk o' Field on the night of the explosion she said to Paris, "Jesu, Paris! how begrimed you are!" or, according to Blackwood, Mary asked "Why Paris smelled so of gunpowder?" Assuredly this is strange evidence wherewith to support the theory that to Mary the secret was an open one! Is the Queen then an arrant fool as well as a consummate knave? If she noticed a smell of gunpowder about Paris or that he was "begrimed," would she, if *in the least* aware of the plot, or with any desire that it should be uninterruptedly carried out, have given away the whole scheme by calling the attention of all those about her to the state of Paris's clothes? The incident may be true, and Mary, if innocent, might well have made the remark; but if the depositions of Paris have one iota of truth in them, he could have had neither grime nor gunpowder about him, since he avers that Bothwell bade him go to the Queen's room in Kirk o' Field on this Sunday night, "and when Bowton, Sala, and Ormiston shall have entered and done what they want to do" (lay the powder), "you are to leave the room and come into the King's room, and then go where you like"—"the rest can do without you." In his first deposition he makes mention of going to Darnley's room, accompanied by Bothwell, where Argyll silently gave him a

[1] Lennox.

dig in the ribs. Are we to suppose that Paris carried his gunpowder-begrimed person into the presence of the intended victim?

To enter into the many and conflicting stories of the murder would be out of place, for they do not actually bear upon Mary's innocence or the reverse. Suffice it to say the deed was done in the small hours of Monday morning, February 10, 1567. In the first contemporary narratives of the crime the Queen is not implicated, but when her accusers (some of them the actual accomplices, and nearly all accessory) came to give or hear evidence, the conspiracy was gradually narrowed down to Bothwell and the Queen, they (the accusers) selecting or omitting items as best served their turn. The depositions of Paris are seized upon as fatal to Mary's cause. His so-called confession "was never used so long as Moray, Lethington, and Morton were working together for Mary's destruction. It was taken August 9 and 10, 1569,[1] and not seen by the English Commissioner till October of the same year. By this time Moray and Lethington had quarrelled. Paris had implicated Lethington, and Moray used this witness against him. On August 9, Paris implicated Moray, Bothwell, Huntly, Morton, Lethington, and Lindsay, but said no word of the Queen, ending, "And that is all I know about the matter." Next day he was reminded by torture that he must refresh his memory and incriminate the Queen. He then remembered carrying a letter from Mary to Bothwell in January 1567 (according to official dates this statement is false, as will be seen later), also that he told the Queen of the intended murder, an item he later on contradicted by the statement that Mary asked him "aloud" about the missing keys of her room at Kirk o' Field; if he had told her of the gunpowder plot she would know why he had the keys, and would not openly have questioned him as to their whereabouts. Finally he states that he carried a letter from Mary bidding Bothwell send Lord Robert Stuart to Darnley's room on the Saturday evening. By that time the incident to which this alludes was over; it occurred on Saturday morning. On the scaffold "Paris took God to record that this murder was by your" (the lords') "council, invention, and drift committed," declaring that "he never knew the Queen to be participant or ware thereof."[2] These depositions were not published at the time; they were withheld (by Cecil) when asked for by Wilson (who was writing up the case against the Queen); and as to who heard them made, history is silent.

A favourite argument against Mary is that she made no effort to avenge her husband. A Council was held on the matter of the

[1] Bain, ii. 698. [2] Lesley.

murder some few hours after Darnley's death. Out of a council numbering fourteen, eight were either accomplices or accessories more or less, three doubtful, and three only loyal friends of the Queen—viz. Lord Livingstone, Lesley, Bishop of Ross, and Lord Fleming—men who certainly would never *knowingly* have sat at a Council composed chiefly of murderers. It should be remembered that not until after the abduction by Bothwell were the names of the murderers known, and then only in the form of rumour. The present knowledge of their names comes from the light of extant evidence as to the proceedings against Mary, knowledge at that time never made public. Possibly the Queen cast doubt on the would-be contrivers of the divorce, members of her Privy Council. To arraign them meant to accuse of murder at one fell swoop eight Privy Councillors, including among them Moray, the Justice General of Scotland, the commander of the whole military force, the Secretary of State, and the Chief Justice Clerk! Had she done so she would not have been allowed to live another day. Bothwell was brought to trial two months later by Mary's desire, though with only the denunciation of an anonymous placard as proof of his guilt, and, as is *now* known, with all his confederates at his back. Of course he was acquitted. Lennox at the last moment complained that the trial was not delayed. On February 26 he had written to the Queen urging her to expedite matters, saying that "it ought to be immediately pursued with all dilligence and expedition."[1] His letter was read at the trial. On the night after the trial "Ainslie's Band" was signed by eight earls and eleven barons, peers of Parliament, in which they bound themselves to defend Bothwell and advance his marriage with the Queen. If Mary was a consenting party, what need of this "band," and why should the signers have afterwards implored her pardon for signing the same?

The Queen's abduction by Bothwell took place April 24, 1567. Lethington was carried a prisoner with the Queen to Dunbar. If he, the most subtle and far-seeing man of his time, was unsuspecting, Mary might reasonably be ignorant of the plot to carry her off. On the other hand, as Lethington hated Bothwell, only pretending friendship at this time, it is much more likely that he was the man selected to lead Mary into the trap. Marriage with Bothwell was ruin to the Queen, and equal ruin to Bothwell. We have seen that no fewer than nineteen earls and barons signed the "band" urging Bothwell to marry the Queen. Moray was not in Scotland when the "band" was signed by the others; but on an existing copy of the signatories,

[1] Keith, Anderson.

written by John Read for Cecil, stands Moray's name! Possibly Moray only "looked through his fingers" and did not sign; but the fact that his name appears in the copy goes far to show that at the time his complicity was pre-supposed, and there is nothing to show that Cecil raised any question on the subject. Is it conceivable to suppose that these nineteen lords (even excluding Moray) seriously intended Bothwell to rule over them as the husband of the Queen? No sooner was Mary in Bothwell's power than Lethington (an apparent prisoner) set afoot the confederation of the nobles against him, including, of course, the very men who had signed the band to defend him and advance his marriage. In a day Bothwell's sworn friends cared not a rush what became of him! A few weeks later these men rose in arms, stating as their reason the rescue of the Queen, representing her as Bothwell's helpless captive, and denouncing him as a murderer and ravisher. At Carberry Hill, their first victory, no attempt was made to capture Bothwell (he was a ruined man and useless), while the Queen within twenty-four hours was carried a prisoner to Loch Leven. The excuse given for this movement was that Mary would not abandon Bothwell; yet at the first opportunity she left him, to put herself in their hands. Away from Scylla into Charybdis she must have suspected she was going—apparently even Charybdis was preferable.

Later it was found that an excuse must be made for the obvious contradiction of words and deeds. Until this juncture the Queen had not been officially implicated—this must be done. The Casket Letters were "discovered" June 20, 1567, *and the Queen is a murderess and adulteress!* At Westminster, December 1568, Morton told the story of the discovery. He was dining with Lethington in Edinburgh Castle on June 19, when "a certain man" informed him that Hepburn, Dalgleish (Bothwell's valet), and John Cockburn had entered the castle. Morton sent Archibald Douglas to seize the men. Dalgleish was caught in Potter's Row, but only charters of Bothwell's lands were found on him; next day he was put to torture, when he asked leave to go to Potter's Row, where he revealed the casket. The following day the letters were inspected, and given into his (Morton's) keeping in the presence of eleven witnesses. These witnesses were never examined; two of them, Sanquhar and Tullibardine, were evidently not impressed by the contents of the casket, since they afterwards took oath to deliver the Queen from Loch Leven. As the casket was taken from the castle, it had been in the castle; so had Lethington and James Balfour, the Governor, and there is nothing to prove that they had not seen and tampered with

its contents before June 21. Three years later (1570), both Cecil and Randolph suspected that Lethington had done so. One month after the "discovery" (July 21), the lords assured Elizabeth that Mary was forced to become Bothwell's wife "by fear and other unlawful means"! The earliest reference to any incriminating letter is July 12, 1567, by De Silva, Spanish Ambassador in London. This letter, though quoted by Moray and Lennox, was afterwards suppressed. The Casket Letters were not produced till December 1568. Though during the year 1567 the lords had published throughout Europe rumours of Mary's discreditable letters, publicly they upheld her.

The letters were said to have been shown, as we have seen, in December; the event took place at a Parliament in Edinburgh. Mary, still a prisoner, demanded to be heard, and of "her free will" submit to all the rigour of the law.[1] The letters were denounced by the Queen's party. At York the letters were not shown in June, but in October the copies, in Scots, by John Wood (Moray's secretary) were shown. Elizabeth, having seen extracts from them, removed the Commission to Westminster, ordering Norfolk to give Mary to understand that her restoration would be arranged. Of the English commissioners who saw these copies, Norfolk espoused Mary's cause (weakly, from fear of Elizabeth), while Westmorland and Northumberland, after seeing the *originals* at Westminster, took up arms in her defence. Before John Wood's copies were shown, Moray asked that these Scots copies may first (to use his own words) "be considered of the judges that shall have the examination," and if the Scots copies agreed with the French originals, would this be considered as sufficient evidence, viz. of the crime with which they charged the Queen? If the French originals were genuine, why use Scots copies? Before playing their last card—viz. the Casket Letters—their determination to make sure of an adverse judgment on Mary is obvious, and in no ways convincing of much faith in the strength of their evidence. The dishonesty of the transaction needs no comment.

At Westminster, December 6, 1568, Moray produced as evidence of the Queen's guilt "The Book of Articles" and the Act of Parliament of December 1567. On the 7th he hoped the English Commissioners were satisfied; they were not, and, at last, the casket was brought forth, and Morton told the characteristic story of its discovery. The letters will be considered in sequence.

Letter I. seems rather to be a sequel to Letter II than the reverse.

[1] Nau, pp. 71-73.

It deals with Mary's hatred for Darnley, and may have been given priority as a proof of her desire for the murder, as spoken of in Letter II. It was not stated that either letter was copied in French from a French original, though the originals were said to have been in French. If we accept the dates given by the lords—Lennox's and those in Cecil's journal, the only official dates—both letters are forgeries. According to these, Mary left Edinburgh for Glasgow on Tuesday, January 21, and arrived at Glasgow, January 23. Letter II. could not by its own evidence have been concluded till late on Mary's second night in Glasgow, January 24, and could not have reached Bothwell in Edinburgh the day before he started for Liddesdale, as Paris, the alleged bearer, stated. Bothwell left Edinburgh on the 24th, hours before the letter was finished in Glasgow. Letter I. is dated "From Glasgow this Saturday morning," viz. January 25, according to which date Letter II. was still unfinished by the 25th. The alternative dates, which if correct would make the despatch of the letters just possible, are from two private diaries, "Birrel's" and the "Diurnal of Occurrents." The former is not a daily record, and has only twenty-four entries for 1567, differing from the "Diurnal" in seven cases out of twenty-four between the dates August 1561 and June 1567—all important and well-known occurrences. Both diaries give January 20 as the day of Mary's departure for Glasgow. Drury, writing from Berwick, gives it as the 22nd, a day *later* than the official date. The diaries would not usually be regarded as reliable records.

Letter II., as it stands and as it was shown to the Commissioners, is the most incriminating of the series. It may, in part, be authentic, for though in places it coincides, almost word for word, with Crawford's deposition both may be genuine. It is not improbable that both were written from memory, and on the same night. On the other hand, the letter might have been written partly from Crawford's deposition or Crawford supplied with evidence from the letter: in that case either the letter was a forgery or the deposition a perjury. To take the other possibility, if the Queen wrote a diary letter of her interview with Darnley, and Crawford, for Lennox, also took notes of all Darnley told him of the conversation, each writing on the same night, the words would naturally be more or less the same and the substance identical. On the supposition that Mary's account of the interview is authentic, Bothwell, as her lover, is the last person to whom she would have written a recital of Darnley's love and faith, and of her own promise "on the faith of her body" to love him as her husband, nor if guilty of his intended murder would she have

written it at all. Is it credible that any woman, however wicked, would deliberately, *and for no reason*, expatiate on the love and tenderness of her victim to the man who was her lover and accomplice? Moreover, the cold-blooded cruelty in recounting Darnley's love-passages is singularly out of keeping with the latter part of the letter, depicting as it does a horror-stricken conscience, remorse, and abject fear, a combination scarcely possible in one letter written continuously by one person. From quotations from the suppressed letter before alluded to, it had much in common with the one now under consideration. If an original account of the interview, written by Mary, was found and used as evidence of her guilt as a murderess and adulteress, it would seem that the mark was over-stepped, and that part of Letter II. was more likely to prove innocence on both counts.

Letter III. was said to refer to the plot for Darnley's assassination by Lord Robert Stuart. To understand it in that sense is impossible, unless the alleged facts are read into it, and the names suppositiously supplied. The date given is two days before the murder. The style of writing is stilted and affected, unlike any known letter of the Queen's. If forged, it was probably done at a different date, and not by the writer of the other letters.

Letter IV. concerns the dismissal of a maid whom someone dislikes. The tone is that of great affection and desire to give pleasure to the recipient. It proves nothing against the Queen, and as evidence was useless. Possibly it is an original letter from Mary to Darnley.

Letter V. is intended to prove complicity in the abduction, and reference is made to the "Ainslie Band." A warrant for the "band" signed by the Queen was shown at York, and thrown out as too obvious a forgery.

Letter VI. deals with the "gude will" of the lords towards Bothwell, and has much in common with the letter written by Lethington, as Secretary of State, to the Bishop of Dunblane anent the marriage with Bothwell.

Letter VII. is in Scots; no French or English copy is known. It contains an unfortunate mistake. Huntly is mentioned as "your brother-in-law *that was*." As Bothwell was not divorced till after the letter could have been written, Huntly was still his brother-in-law.

Letter VIII. was not shown at Westminster. If it were an original letter, the allusions to a private marriage could not refer to Bothwell but would to Darnley, nor are the contents consistent with

any elsewhere stated circumstances of Mary's relations with Bothwell.

Of the sonnets, numbering eleven, if they are authentic and written to Bothwell, they and two letters were written in two days, April 21 and 22. A remarkable literary effort—160 lines of sonnet and two long letters, written, in stress of ill-health, travel, endless business, and unequalled anxiety, in forty-eight hours! Brantôme and Ronsard, poets who had both seen and read many verses of Mary's, some hastily written and unpolished, discredited these sonnets with the remark that they were "too rude and unpolished to be hers," and entirely unlike any verses which they knew as authentic. As the tone of the letters and sonnets agrees, the phrases being often identical, one would be led to the conclusion that the sonnets were composed from the letters or the converse. The lines, "Entre ses mains et en son plein pouvoir je metz mon filz, mon honneur, et ma vie," are in strange contradiction to facts. Mary certainly never put her son into Bothwell's hands, or into anybody's keeping but that of Lord Mar, to whom she had entrusted him. The writer of the letters and sonnets is the passionate lover of the person addressed—a man of whom the writer is jealous, a man who is cold and indifferent, a breaker of promises, always negligent, suspicious, and having a preference for another woman. If the recipient was so cold and indifferent, constantly being pursued, even caring more for someone else, and the writer so ardent and devoted, it is somewhat contrary to human nature for the former to keep the letters, while the devoted lover apparently destroyed the replies, which must have been the most treasured missives!—a show of caution little in keeping with Kirkcaldy's information that Mary had openly said "she would go with him" (Bothwell) "to the world's end in a white petticoat rather than lose him." No letter, no token of love from Bothwell to Mary was ever produced, and none has been found to this day.

Some few out of the many inconsistencies in the letters and sonnets have been noticed. Had it been possible to prove undoubtedly that Letter I. was authentic, therein was sufficient proof of complicity in the murder and lawless love; but it was of course seen that with that sole evidence there was no possible shelter for others concerned in the crime. Mary must be made wholly responsible, and to obtain that end she must appear to *insist* on the carrying out of the murder and her own abduction; hence the necessity for the other letters. The first letter, suppressed, but alluded to by Moray and Lennox, given as of January 1567, was useless; it disagreed with

Bowton's confession put in as evidence *after* the finding of the casket! Though the allusions to this letter differ considerably, they have similar points to Letter II.; one may be a version of the other, and re-written to suit the evidence. From paragraphs two to eleven in Letter II. there is nothing incriminating; it deals entirely with the reconciliation interview with Darnley, and accords with Crawford's deposition. Was the whole letter made up from a diary letter of Mary's to someone unknown and parts of the suppressed letter? To whom would Mary have written a detailed account of her conversation with her husband, an account teeming with his love and faith in his wife, lingering over all his endearments, and yearning for the old relations as between man and wife? On the argument that Mary was a fiend in human form gloating over her victim, wherein lay the *necessity* for such minute details being reported to Bothwell?

Reference is made in this letter to Lord Livingstone's acquiescence in the guilty love for Bothwell. He was never questioned as to his knowledge of the same, valuable as the evidence would have been, and to the day of his death was one of the Queen's staunchest supporters and avowers of her innocence. It is arguable that it was Livingstone's clear duty to refute the statement unasked. Did he know such an anecdote was in existence? The letters were said to have been shown in Edinburgh, December 15, 1567. Some incriminating documents were shown and denounced by the Queen's party. In England, when the "originals" were produced, none of Mary's lords were present, nor were they ever permitted to compare them with those shown in Edinburgh, or indeed to see them at all! As in the several translated copies extant sentences are omitted or inserted, it is more than probable that Livingstone never saw the reference to himself, and therefore could not contradict it. Lennox, about October 1568, demanded that Livingstone should be examined on the subject. It was never done. It is noteworthy that Lennox did not refer to this incident until eighteen months after the production of these precious letters, of which he had copies.

The letters were, and are, the only evidence to prove Mary's guilt; they have not proved it to this day. The suppressed letter the Queen certainly never wrote; yet it was to the same purpose as those produced, breathing the like sentiments. If original documents existed, why forge one letter on the lines of the originals, suppress the forgery, and fall back on the originals? Or are we to suppose that *after* forging a letter the lords were fortunate enough to find authentic letters relating the identical sentiments of their forgery? The genuineness of the letters was taken on Morton's oath alone; no

witnesses were brought forward to attest the oath. Mary was never allowed to see even one of the letters, nor yet a copy of one, neither were her Commissioners after their production in Edinburgh. Moreover, unless we accept the statements of the lords, who unblushingly gave themselves the lie, not once nor twice only, there is no proof that the Edinburgh papers and those shown in England were the same. When all the accumulated evidence, including the copies of the letters and the originals, had been shown, the verdict pronounced was that "there had been nothing sufficient produced nor shown by them (the lords) against their Sovereign whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen her good sister, for anything she had yet seen."[1] It should be borne in mind that this verdict was made on the hearing of the prosecution only; Mary's defence was suppressed, it was given literally against their own side.

It may be said that it was a matter of policy to leave Mary in an equivocal position, neither "guilty" nor "not guilty," as indeed it was, and that therefore the verdict does not prove the letters a fraud. Against that argument stands the fact that Elizabeth, Norfolk, and Randolph were all suspicious of forgery. Norfolk's doubts we have noticed; Elizabeth's suspicions appeared in a conversation with De Silva, July 21, 1567; Randolph's in a letter to Kirkcaldy and Lethington as late as the autumn of 1570, two years after the letters were produced in England. As to the possible forger or forgers, almost any number might be suggested. It was well known that Mary's writing could and had been counterfeited, and the fact admitted by friends and foes. Mary herself mentions it in her instructions to her Commissioners, September 9, 1568. Lesley notes the fact in a letter to Elizabeth: "Divers others of your Highnesse's Court has seen sundry letters sent here" (London) "from Scotland which would not be known from her own hand writing."[2] Lethington had privately hinted, at York, that he had counterfeited the Queen's hand frequently.[3] True, no doubt, but in the case of the Casket Letters it is hardly probable that he was the actual penman; his admission at the time of their examination would have been too risky had he been the writer.

Yet if forgery there was, Lethington was the man in all ways equipped for the scheme. He, Mary's secretary, could write, or dictate, her usual expressions, style, and tone as easily as his own. Mary more than suspected him; Elizabeth told De Silva Lethington "had behaved badly in the matter" of the letters; Randolph accused

[1] Goodall, Labanoff, Chalmers. [2] Goodall. [3] Camden.

him of tampering with the letters before June 21, 1567. No one but he would so easily have access to the private papers, and, if he chose, work original letters into a fraudulent document. Mary Fleming was the Queen's favourite, with whom she corresponded—she was Lethington's wife! It is probable that if Mary wrote the account of her interview with Darnley, the letter was addressed to some intimate and sympathetic friend. Was it addressed to Mary Fleming? If so, Lethington would find it easily—but not in the casket, and the account of the interview becomes a natural communication from one woman to another. If Mary knew those fatal letters were hers, or copies, and that the originals could be produced, would she have persistently demanded an open trial? She might, in the hope of saving herself by revealing the guilt of her accusers. Could she so save herself? If the Casket Letters were genuine, they were so hopelessly vile that no evidence of guilt which Mary could have produced against her enemies could possibly have done away with the guilt of the writer, and if genuine, no charge she could have brought would have counterbalanced the enormous weight of evidence the lords would have been able to bring to prove their authenticity.

Mary Stuart was never proved guilty on the evidence of the Casket Letters or any indictment read, or written for and not read in Commission, by the English Commissioners. We have no other evidence of her complicity in Darnley's murder, or the reason assigned for the crime. Nineteen years later she fell a victim, not to her guilt as a murderess, but to bogus plots, arranged for her entanglement and final destruction by those politicians who from the hour of her birth had been weaving the net around her, and who now, in fear of their lives, brought her at last to the scaffold at Fotheringay.

THE LONDON HIGHWAYMAN IN THE LIGHT OF HIS OWN NEWSPAPER.

THE pike, surviving to-day in the lance, carried by our horse-soldier, appears to have preceded the pistol as the highwayman's weapon of offence. In John Lilly's pleasant comedy of "Mother Bombie," "plaied by the Children of Powles" (*i.e.* of St. Paul's School), Memphio says:—"Boy, there are three thinges that make my life miserable, a threadbare purse, a curst wife, and a foole to my heire," to which Dromio replies, "Why then, sir, there are three medicines for these three maladies, a pike-staffe to take a purse on the highway, a holy wand to brush cholar from my mistres tong, and a young wench for my young master." Robin Hood, prince of highwaymen, was well acquainted with the use of both pike and pikestaff, although the Pindar o' Wakefield once gave him a smart lesson in the use of the latter. But there is historical evidence of highwaymanry having been, long before the hero of Sherwood Forest's time, rife among the class represented by both the Saxon "eorl" and the Norman noble, the exploits of outlaws like Robin Hood and Sir Gosselin Denville, indeed, being but the dying echoes of feudal ravages, and of a co-operative system of robbery in which, as yet, the individual horseman found little scope for his enterprise. But the possession of a formidable weapon like the pistol at a later period made him more self-reliant, for the path of the highway transgressor of earlier times was strewn with thorns, and he was more frequently than not compelled, as a guarantee of safety, to join some organised fraternity of robbers controlled by a master-mind. Nevertheless, as Hallam points out, highway robbery was from the earliest times a sort of national crime.[1] But that is another matter, and what one is now more closely concerned with is the London-bred ruffian who so coolly appropriated other people's property, and

[1] *State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, ii. 376.

with equal sangfroid gave them their quietus if they ventured to put on any frills about the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. Strictly speaking, the London highwayman was of the class known as the "footpad," so called from the necessity that he was under—through being unable for financial and other reasons to rise to the dignity of a horse—of "padding the hoof" in quest of prey. Escape on a horse was less probable in the crowded streets of London, where, when the hue and cry was raised, he might be winged in his flight from an open window, and thus serve as a new illustration of the proverb that "a running horse is an open sepulchre." This type of delinquent was, in fact, known generally in the newspaper accounts of the period, not as a "highwayman," but as a "Street Robber," with two capital letters, in contradistinction to his more ambitious cotemporary, the rogue who was mounted.

But for the purposes of this narrative the mounted highwayman, in so far as he infested the suburbs of the great city, was essentially a London product. He sallied forth in the "'tween lights" just like any ordinary citizen bound for his rural retreat, and it was often that very confiding citizen that he had ear-marked as game worthy of his enterprise. The thriftless highwayman had no "counting-board," however, like his victim, and his unproductive labour resulted in his taking back with him, to spend in debauchery, counted or not counted, the results of not only his victim's industry, but, less directly, of the industry of those whom his victim employed. In 1722, to revert for a moment to the deeds of the common footpad, robberies in the streets had become so numerous in the cities of London and Westminster that the citizens began to put their heads together in search of the cause. It was then found that they occurred only in the summer-time. Then woe betide the wayfarer, unless he found himself in the neighbourhood of some congeries of miserably lighted private lamps, for in the summer the public lamps were taken down, in spite of the fact that the people were taxed for their upkeep throughout the year,[1] for many a summer night was as dark as a wolf's mouth, and the victim of the footpad might as well be travelling in a dense fog, for any personal safety the authorities guaranteed him. The narrow lanes and alleys in which they hid awaiting their prey afforded equal facilities for their escape unmolested, after they had stripped and in many cases murdered those whom they had plundered of everything portable. But lamps or no lamps, according to one account and another, the greater part of the eighteenth century presented a picture of moral degradation more

[1] See *The Weekly Journal*, July 28, 1722.

lurid, if possible, in its repulsiveness than that of the greater part of the seventeenth. As late as George III.'s time the insolence, licentiousness and ferocity of the people, especially in the capital, were such as a traveller would hardly now encounter in the most remote and savage regions of the globe. No well-dressed person, of either sex, as a well-qualified writer has observed, could walk the streets of London without risk of insult.[1] The following is a typical week's record of crimes of violence in the metropolis and its immediate suburbs, taken from the "Craftsman" for August 24, 1728. And it is to be noted that this is but a drop in the bucket, owing to the absence of any organised police system, of undiscovered felonies:—

"On Sunday Morning between one and two a Gentleman was attack'd by several Street-Robbers in Fleet Street, who took about 12 Guineas and some Silver, and then went off down Water-lane, firing a Pistol to terrify the Watch. That Evening at North-End, near Hampstead, a Person was robb'd, by Foot-Pads, of five Shillings and stripp'd of his Cloaths.[2] Captain Gough's House at Highgate was broke open, and Plate and other Things of a considerable Value taken away; one Henry Wilkins was taken and committed to Surrey Gaol for the Fact on Saturday last; as was also that Morning one Tho. Matthews for stealing a Mare. The same Day two Gentlewomen coming from Highgate, were robb'd between the Pindar of Wakefield and Gray's-Inn-Lane of 32 Guineas. On Saturday last Mr. Slater Linnen-Draper in Cornhill, his wife and Mr. Brooke his Partner, were robb'd in a coach near Sir Gilbert Heathcote's on Epping Forest, by one Highwayman. On Monday Night two Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen were robb'd in a Hackney Coach going through Queen's Street, Holborn, by four Street-Robbers. The same Night a Gentleman was stopp'd in a Coach in Hosier-Lane, the Coach Door was open'd and a Street-Robber got in, but the Gentleman forced his Way out and escaped. On Wednesday a Gentleman and a Lady coming in a Coach from Harrow, were robb'd by one Highwayman of their Watches and Money. That Night about 9 a Clock a Gentleman was stopt in a Hackney Coach between Hide-Park Corner and Knights-bridge, by two Foot Pads, who

[1] *History of England under George III.*, by the Rt. Hon. Wm. Massey, 1865, ii. pp. 64–65.

[2] This stripping of clothes illustrates the etymology of the word "rob" itself. Anciently robbers took away only the *robes* of travellers. The French *robe* was formerly also *robbe*. The Middle High German *roub* and the Old High German *raup* (German *raub*) = booty, spoil; hence a garment taken from the slain, clothing, which are cognate. The same with the word "rover," to *bereave*, &c. See further Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*.

robb'd him of 5 Guineas and his Watch. Another Gentleman was stopt afterwards by the same Men, but making some resistance they fled without robbing him."[1] It was not considered, except by the hot-headed few, derogatory to one's reputation for courage to submit to the toll of the highwayman, exacted, as it was, *in terrorem*. In "A System of Etiquette," by the Rev. Dr. John Trusler, and printed at Bath in 1804, the author evidently represents a sound prevalent opinion on this matter when he says:—"Let no man suppose that not resisting a robber on the highway is a mark of cowardice; what man in his senses would stand a pistol shot for a few guineas, or risk his life in a cause where his honour is not at stake?"

Perhaps the earliest recorded example of the capture, conviction and hanging of a London highway-robber is supplied by the indictment of Thomas de Blurtone in the year 1345. At a delivery of Infangthef before the Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs and Coroner of London, "Thomas Harmere of Sussex, and Thomas de Blurtone of Roberdsbrigge, were taken at the suit of Stephen de Popiltone, servant of John Fynche, of Winchilse, with the mainour (theft) of one grey horse, and a bridle, with a saddle, value 10*s.*; one male [*i.e.* travelling bag or portmanteau; hence our present word 'mail'[2]] with divers surcoats furred, and coats, and five hoods of divers colours, and one lavatory [set of articles probably for washing], value 20*s.*; from him [*i.e.* from Stephen de Popiltone] these articles were stolen by Harmere and Blurtone, without Bishopsgate, in the suburbs of London, on the Friday next after the Feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist [29 August] . . . with two other horses . . . 156 shield florins, fermails, rings, and other jewels of gold and silver, and other goods and chattels to the value of 20*l*. The same two highwaymen were taken at the suit of John Whitheued, of Wynchilse, with the mainour of one bay horse, with saddle and bridle, value 10*s.* . . . without Bishopsgate . . . together with one male, with 4 pounds in silver, and one set of vestments, value 6 pounds. . . .

"And hereupon the two being asked as to that felony . . . Thomas Harmere said that he was a clerk. He therefore claimed benefit of clergy, as being able to read," and as the benefit of clergy extended

[1] *Craftsman*, August 24, 1728.

[2] In a manuscript of as early as the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.) a traveller is represented as taking his repose under a tree while a robber in the form of a monkey is emptying his "male" or travelling trunk. The word appears to be derived from the old French "male," later "malle," a bag or trunk.

later to all who were able to read, apart from their being in holy orders—in fact, only unlettered persons were hanged—Thomas Harmere probably went scot free, or at all events only suffered a nominal imprisonment, while de Blurtone was hanged.[1] In the "Paston Letters," one dated either 1455 or 1460 contains a wish expressed by Margaret Paston that her husband, then in London, would pay a certain debt, because on account of the robbers who beset the road money could not be sent safely from Norfolk to the capital.

Holinshed says that no fewer than 22,000 criminals, mostly those who had committed petty robberies, were hanged during the reign of Henry VIII., and other accounts, anterior to that king's reign, of robberies on the highway, show that such felonies were by no means a new feature in the social history of the two following centuries.

The cult of the highwayman, in fact, although one of the many social evils aggravated by but not born of the unrest which characterised the period immediately following the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century, was, after all, only the old crime of robbery on horseback, fostered in its development by the perfecting of the old wheel-lock pistol such as that used by the German cavalry in the sixteenth century, of the double-barrelled wheel-lock pistol at the beginning, and of the flint-lock pistol at the end of the seventeenth century, both of which are, or were, represented by examples preserved in the Tower of London.[2] The astonishment of the old traveller, who fancied himself well under the protection of St. Julian, when he had a miniature arquebus poked in his face, accompanied by the usual request for his money or his life, must have been quite as great as that of the French soldiers at the battle of Renty in 1554. This was

[1] See Letter Book F. ccxx. and ccxxi., quoted in Riley's *Memorials of London*, 1868, pp. 229-230.

[2] The wheel-lock was a little solid wheel of steel, fixed against the plate of the lock of the pistol. It had an axis that pierced it in its centre; at the interior end of this axis, which went into the lock, a chain was fastened, which twisted round it on the wheel being turned, and bent the spring by which it was held. To bend this spring a key was made use of, into which the exterior end of the axis was inserted. By turning this key from left to right, the wheel was made to revolve, and by this movement a little slider of copper, which covered the pan with the priming, retired. And by the same movement the cock, armed with a flint like the cock of a fusil, was ready to be discharged, on pulling the trigger with the finger, like an ordinary pistol. The cock then falling on the wheel produced fire, and communicated it to the priming. There used to be some dispute as to the origin of the word "pistol," but it is now conceded on all hands that it is from Pistoia, a town in Tuscany where it was first made.

the occasion on which the first practical use was made of the pistol in open warfare. The German cavalry charged the French infantry in deep squadrons, and at some paces from the enemy halted and fired, rank by rank, and then turned bridle. The horsemen charged in line, having the support of both second and third lines, each one at its proper interval. It was soon after this that we find the highway robber had adapted the new invention to his own nefarious purposes, albeit he often found himself when his pistol missed fire in the position of the biter bit. On December 9, 1721, Justice Dennet was attacked near Walthamstow by a single highwayman, but as he stood on one side of the coach making his demands, the Justice alighted at the other door and, drawing his sword, disputed the matter. The highwayman thereupon attempted to fire his pistol at his would-be victim's head, but it flashed in the pan, and "he very civilly marched off the Premisses, and did not think fit to renew the attack."[1] One eminent lawyer was himself suspected, in his younger days, to have been a "knight of the road"—Chief Justice Popham, of whom James I. said, "Remember that, in the time of Chief Justice Popham, there was not a wandering beggar to be found in all Somersetshire." It was his rule, with regard to all such "vagabonds," to pop them into the houses of correction. Yet this same Chief Justice prevented many notorious robbers from being pardoned by the King. His general character was held in little esteem, and Anthony Wood says that he "was well acquainted with their ways and courses in his younger days."[2] One is reminded of Dryden's lines on Tyburn:

> O Tyburn! could'st thou reason and dispute,
> Could'st thou but judge as well as execute;
> How often would'st thou change the felon's doom,
> And truss some stern Chief Justice in his room.[3]

A German proverb says, "While petty thieves are hanged people take off their hats to great ones," and this seems to have troubled the fine ruffianly hero of the "Beggar's Opera," who sings:

> Since laws were made for every degree,
> To curb vice in others as well as in me,
> I wonder we ha'n't better company
> Upon Tyburn tree.

The London coach to Cirencester had not proceeded one May morning in 1733 further than Turnham Green, when it was stopped

[1] *Weekly Journal*, December 9, 1721.
[2] Timbs's *Things not Generally Known*, 2nd series, 1861, p. 97.
[3] Dryden's *Miscellaneous Poems*, ed. 1727, v. 126.

by two highwaymen, who were making off, after rifling the passengers, when a servant behind the coach discharged a blunderbuss and shot one of them dead upon the spot. The other robber dismounted and rifled his dead companion's pockets, and taking his horse also in his hand, rode away. The corpse was exposed to view in the Turnham Green round-house.[1] On another occasion as a Mr. Michael Bourke, an eminent merchant in Hatton Garden, was riding over Finchley Common, he was attacked about 10 o'clock in the evening by a single highwayman, well mounted, who "clapt a Pistol to his Breast, and demanded his Watch and Money"; but on Mr. Bourke's refusing to comply, he snapped his pistol at him. It, however, missed fire, and again the to-be-bitten fell on the biter with his whip, mauling him over the face to such a degree that the latter was obliged to retire without his booty.[2] The following shows that two footpads might be good company, but that an unwelcome addition of three extra gentlemen was worse than none at all. A Mr. Allen, of Dulwich, was robbed in his chaise, near Stockwell, by two footpads; but before they could get out of sight, three gentlemen chancing by on horseback and hearing what had happened, pursued them immediately, which obliged the rogues to betake themselves over hedge and ditch into the fields. Upon which two of the gentlemen alighted and pursued a-foot, the third holding their horses. The men were both taken, one at Nine Elms, and the other in a garden near Vauxhall. About half an hour after several coaches were robbed in the same place by two highwaymen.[3]

The custom of assembling in a body, on the part of travellers, when setting out on a journey, did not have its origin in the popular apprehension as to the dangers in store from the *pistol*-equipped highwayman, for even in Anglo-Saxon times merchants congregated together in parties or small caravans, both for companionship and as a measure of mutual defence against robbers. So risky, indeed, was travelling by oneself that the traveller was always in danger of himself being taken for a robber, and one of the earlier Anglo-Saxon codes of laws, that of King Wihtraed, directed that "if a man come from afar, or a stranger go out of the highway, and he then neither shout nor blow a horn, he is to be accounted a thief, either to be slain or to be redeemed."[4] In Kensington, with the ugly reputations possessed by the Knightsbridge Road and the Gravel Pits on the one hand, and the rural thoroughfares of Hammersmith and Turn-

[1] *London Evening Post*, May 12, 1733.
[2] *Whitehall Evening Post*, March 18, 1756. [3] *Weekly Journal*, Oct. 19, 1723.
[4] *Manners and Sentiments of the Middle Ages*, by Thos. Wright, 1862, p. 77.

ham Green on the other, it was customary, as late as the beginning of the last century, on Sunday evenings, to ring a bell at intervals to enable pleasure-seekers from London to assemble in sufficient numbers to return in safety. And so late as 1799 it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington. Even the King himself, taking the air immediately outside the walls of his own palace in the court suburb, was not immune. William IV. was accustomed to relate how his great-grandfather, George II., when walking alone in Kensington Gardens, was robbed by a single highwayman, who climbed over the wall, and, pleading his great distress, and with a manner of much deference, deprived the King of his purse, his watch, and his buckles. Collusion between the wayside innkeeper and the "Toby-man,"[1] as the highwayman was called, was a matter of common knowledge, and the Boniface of the "Half-way House" at Knightsbridge was not as Cæsar's innkeepers should be. It was at such public resorts that information was obtained, and highwaymen were generally found haunting the neighbourhood of such inns. The poor market-gardener even, on his sleepy way to Covent Garden, was not exempt. One Thursday morning, between two and three o'clock, a Joseph Priest, who was driving his cart to the market, was stopped by four footpads between the "Hand and Flower" (still standing, though rebuilt, opposite what was formerly Lee's Nursery of world-wide fame) and the "Dun Cow" (now better known as the "Red Cow," Hammersmith Road). With dreadful imprecations his assailants swore they would rob him. But when, on searching him, they found that he had no money about him, they beat him in a most cruel manner with thick bludgeons, with which each of them was armed.[2] Again, on one Tuesday morning in May 1731,[3] between five and six o'clock, a highwayman stopped three waggons

towards Kensington. But stopping at "a House," evidently a *public*-house, to drink some Geneva, a pistol was perceived in his breast, whereupon he was, with the assistance of a baker's servant, secured and carried to the watch-house, taken before a magistrate, and committed to Newgate. Here a pair of St. Pulchre's boots[1] was provided for him until the time should come for him to "ride up Holborn Hill," and duly mount "the mare that was foaled of an acorn."[2] But as a rule the mounted gentry who carried a pistol did not condescend to such small fry as a market-garden waggoner, who was therefore generally exempt, and the latter, when he arrived in Covent Garden, had only to go a few feet from his waggon to read in St. Paul's Church the epitaph of one who had the reputation for not robbing the poor, but who was only a refined edition of the scoundrel that went on foot:

> Here lies Du Vall: Reader, if male thou art,
> Look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart:
> Much havock has he made for both; for all
> Men he made stand, and women he made fall.
> The second conqu'ror of the Norman race;
> Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face;
> Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief,
> Du Vall, the ladies' joy; Du Vall, the ladies' grief.[3]

It was considered the safest plan sometimes to send money concealed in the carrier's cart or waggon. If there is one thing more than another that our needy hero—with "the deadly never-green" at Tyburn looming in the ultimate distance—avoided, it was delay in his marauding exploits as a land-pirate. As a rule one only had to show fight and he was off—he had no time to waste in searching waggons for possible loot when the law might be at his very heels. His fears were so great that on one instance he stopped a coach between seven and eight in the evening which had got so far as Cambridge Heath on the way to Hackney. He had relieved five persons in the vehicle of their valuables when a woman sitting on the opposite side would not reach over to him to surrender her possessions. This, after his easy acquisitions from the others, so excited his suspicions that he rode off hastily without the lady's contributions.[4] The "knight of the road" who attempted one fine

[1] The manacles worn, in allusion to St. Pulchre's, or St. Sepulchre's Church outside Newgate, whose clock until recently used to regulate the execution of criminals at Newgate.

[2] *I.e.* the "Triple Tree," the "deadly never-green," which was made of oak.

[3] *Harleian Miscellany*, iii. p. 314.

[4] *Evening Post*, September 19, 1729.

Sunday to exploit a gentleman and his wife as they were coming in a chaise from Kensington to Knightsbridge, verily had a wolf by the ears. It was at night, and the miscreant opened the ball by striking their horse over the nose. Upon being asked why he did so he drew pistol and bid the man deliver. At this the gentleman rose and threw himself upon the highwayman, whose pistol fell from his hand, but the latter being the stronger, after being himself first thrown down, turned his antagonist over. The latter, however, twisted his fingers in the fellow's hair, and held him close, calling to his wife to come and stab him with her penknife. Being afraid that she would do so, the fellow surrendered, and his hands were then tied, and they brought him to St. James's round-house.[1] One Wednesday evening in March 1738, between six and seven o'clock, a Mr. Mead, coming from Uxbridge to London, was attacked between Kensington Gravel Pits and Bayswater by a single highwayman, who took from him two guineas and some silver. He then cut the bridle of the traveller's horse and rode off towards the Gravel Pits.[2] This cutting the bridle was a common device; sometimes the girth also was severed. A Mr. How, an eminent wine-merchant in the City, was going from London to Holly-Port in Bucks, when he was attacked under the park wall, between Staines Bridge and Windsor, by a single highwayman, who, after robbing him of about £4, dismounted him, and cut his horse's bridle and girth. A poor old man came up during the robbery with a boy, whereupon the highwayman threw down a shilling, and bid them go about their business, which they accordingly did.[3] In the case of a woman a more barbarous expedient was resorted to, to ensure safety. Four footpads attacked a poor woman, who sold handkerchiefs about the country, in Epping Forest—at that time notorious for such crimes—robbing her of £3 in money and of goods to the same value. Remonstrances on her part led the wretches to cut off a piece of the woman's tongue.[4] The Gravel Pits alluded to above were formed by the excavations of the gravel for which Kensington is still famous, and the place was indeed once as recognised a health resort as Bath, Tunbridge Wells, or Hampstead, though in a minor way, and at a later time constituted a hamlet in the parish of Kensington. The name at one time comprised an area beginning on the west side of what is now Queen's Road, and extending some distance past Clanricarde Gardens, which are built on the site of the village—a village settled upon what was formerly nothing but gravel pits.

[1] *Evening Post*, September 12, 1728.
[2] *Daily Gazetteer*, March 17, 17
[3] *Craftsman*, 1735.
[4] *Weekly Journal*, April 21, 17

To those who are accustomed to associate with the "knighthood" of the road the gallantries of Claude Duval, Captain Macheath, William Nevison, and Maclean, who is said to have been the son of an Irish Dean and the brother of a Calvinist minister in great esteem at The Hague—it would come as a surprise to read of many of the ignominious exploits of their would-be imitators in the news-sheets of the time. It is nearly always the social life of the well-to-do that we read of in the novels, diaries, and letters of the period covered by the highwayman. But it is not there that one will find his true picture. Neither will you find him in Belsham, Hume, nor in Smollett. Lecky, while accurate, does not, in his "Eighteenth Century" adequately chronicle the flagrant vices of the time, especially that of highwaymanry, when, as Horace Walpole says, "One was forced to travel, even at noon, as if one were going to battle."[1] Good old Dr. Lettsom tells of a young man whom he turned from the error of ways that had been adopted on some slight reverse of fortune. Dissipation was responsible for many young men going "on the road": so too was failure in business through less culpable causes. Lecky is responsible for the story of a London print-cutter who was stopped by a single highwayman on the road to Enfield. The tradesman recognised his assailant, whom he addressed by name. The detected robber at once blew out his brains. But for ludicrousness the following will be voted excellent:—"Last week Mr. John Snow, who keeps the King's Arms at Fulham, was attack'd by two Highwaymen by Bloody Bridge on the King's Road between Chelsea and Fulham; he happened to know the Person that stopt him, and said, *Billy, I hope you don't follow these Practises*, upon which the other fired a Pistol at him but miss'd him, the noise whereof so frightened the Horse, that he flung Mr. Snow into the Dirt; the Rogues seeing him fall, imagined they had kill'd him, and made off, whereupon he remounted his Horse and got safe home;[2] but as Quarles says:

> Falls have their risings, wanings have their primes,
> And desperate sorrows wait for better times."

Horace Walpole escaped once from a situation quite as dangerous—even more so, although he suffered no contusions—when he gave the highwayman a prearranged purse containing only bad money, which he carried on purpose. But he was for some time in terror, lest the man who had robbed him should discover the deception and return. I remember another case of deception in which a traveller who had

[1] *Letters*, ii. p. 281. [2] *Craftsman*, December 15, 1733.

been accosted by a highwayman protested that he had no valuables on his person at all. This proved to be the case when he was searched. But the robber was not satisfied, and happening to find that his prey had put up at an inn, he also took a room near him. At bedtime he watched through his unconscious neighbour's keyhole, and observed him put his boots under his pillow. He went downstairs with his flint and tinder, and arranged some hay so that it could be set alight and create a formidable blaze. Pretending to have just perceived it he shouted "Fire!" upon which the man who had placed his boots under his pillow issued with haste, like the other inmates, from his room. Assuring himself that the coast was clear, the highwayman hurriedly entered and snatched the boots from under the pillow. Taking them to his room he was again disappointed on finding that there was nothing in them. But he suddenly bethought him to prize the heels off, when he found them filled with gold coins. Then, to horse and away.

A favourite trick of the highway pest was to be mounted and ostensibly on a journey, and to be seized with a sudden desire for companionship. Poor Mr. Silk was hastening to his home in Peckham from London one evening in November when he was overtaken in the "North Field" by two men who asked him whether he was going to Peckham. Upon his saying that he was, they desired to join company with him. As soon as they had got to the middle of the field, one of them ran full against him, and the fellow "being asked what he meant, answer'd—'What d'ye think? D—n you, give me your money,' and presented a pistol. The other cried 'Shoot the dog!' on which the villain fired at him, and the ball grazed along Mr. Silk's head, wounding him seriously. The other rogue immediately drew a hanger, and cut him down the face in a most barbarous manner, robbing him of his coat, hat, and wig, and about six shillings in money. They then threatened to blind him, but on his begging hard, and promising he would not follow them, they desisted, and went off, cursing him meanwhile for their disappointment. It was believed that their victim had been mistaken for a farmer near the place, who had that day been to London to receive money." Mr. Silk continued dangerously ill from his wounds, but whether his adventure terminated fatally or not, we are left uninformed.[1]

The exploits of the Toby-man were often, it is true, of a hair-raising character, but in a different sense from that which is presented in the flame-coloured literature of the British errand-boy, or even in

[1] *London Evening Post*, November 4, 1738.

the mendacious heroics of that thorough-paced scamp, Richard Turpin. The hair-raising was literally executed. No man's wig of any pretensions in the perruquier's art was safe, and the fine head-dresses of the women of fashion were equally a source of temptation to the street robber, who cut holes through the backs of carriages at least as early as 1717.[1] And the trick was a common one, not confined to wig-stealing, down to as late as 1821. As the carriage of Colonel Wyndham was proceeding one evening in January of that year to the house of the Earl of Egremont, in Grosvenor Place, a trunk containing a quantity of valuable articles was cut from behind the carriage by two men, with which they were making off, but on their being pursued instantly they left the property behind. The toll collector at Hyde Park Corner, hearing of the circumstances, immediately sent to the Earl of Egremont's, and the stolen trunk, with the whole of its contents, was safely delivered to the Colonel. At this time scarcely a night passed that depredations of a similar description were not committed.[2] In 1738 robberies were so frequent in London that it was dangerous matter to stir out of doors at any time during the night or day without a brace of pistols, a ball from which was about the only thing in the way of property that these street-gentry found it difficult to dispose of; moreover, it was a discomforting thought that it could not be passed on to the receivers of stolen property with which the metropolis swarmed. Even at a time later in the century, the inefficiency of the watchmen and of the whole police administration, as it was in its incipiency, was such that there were believed by the political economist Patrick Colquhoun to be more than 3,000 receivers of stolen goods in London alone, and an equal proportion all over the country.[3] The full and detailed account which Colquhoun, who was made a police magistrate in 1794, has given of the state of crime in London a short time after his appointment, shows to what a terrible magnitude offences against property had then attained. He speaks of it as an incontestable fact that there was much more crime in proportion to the population, and especially much more crime against property, in England than in France, Flanders, Holland, and some other northern countries.

Transportation to the American colonies, which lasted from 1718 to the beginning of the American war in 1775, effected no improve-

[1] *Weekly Journal*, March 30, 1717.

[2] The *Globe*, January 16, 1821. Three similar robberies are described in the *Globe* for January 11, 1810.

[3] See *Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis*, 1797.

ment in the morals of the highwayman. On the contrary, it made him a more confirmed criminal. In 1738, for instance, many robberies were committed by one convict unaided, who had twice undergone transportation. This, however, was not, says a newspaper paragraph of that year, "the Person call'd Lord Vaughan; tho' he has return'd from Transportation, as Numbers do every Year, who commit continual Robberies; for a Highwayman, or other Robber, seldom returns improv'd for the better, or indeed at all mended, by his Travels."[1] In the same year it was suggested that "if the Houses that harbour Highwaymen, Street Robbers, &c. were prosecuted at the *public charge*, these Villains would not so easily find Shelter as at present; *but every Body's Business is no Body's*, so they go unmolested; for if a public-spirited Person was to prosecute at his own *Charge* such Houses, &c. your Macray's and Wreathock's of the Law would find out so many *Quibbles or Flaws* in the Proceedings, that he would bring off his Client *per Trickum Legis*, and an honest Man be left in the Lurch to pay his Costs; and perhaps have some Piece of Villainy trump'd up against him into the Bargain."[2] The fact is that though there was a small minority, the nucleus of which was formed by those who had themselves suffered the loss of property, and had sustained personal injury at the hands of some desperate jailbird, the popular sympathy—a sympathy by no means confined to the riff-raff—was with the highwayman, especially if he posed as a fine gentleman whose necessities had driven him into the course he had taken. Maclean had a lodging in St. James's Street, and his manners were those of a polished gentleman, while the interest he excited was so great that the day before his execution, in 1750, no fewer than 3,000 persons visited his cell.[3] Walpole, who narrates this, had himself been robbed by Maclean.

But sooner or later, unless he forsook his crooked ways and returned to honest citizenship, the highwayman's loving attachment to his mare and his barking-irons, or popps, as he called them, ended in an involuntary divorce. They had been all along, and he knew it, as fatal as the Shirt of Nessus to Hercules. He must wear that "only remedy for the incurable, the Anodyne Necklace."[4] And the

[1] *London Evening Post*, November 2, 1738.

[2] *Ibid.* November 4-7, 1738.

[3] *Walpole's Letters to Mann*, August 1750.

[4] The Anodyne Necklace was a quack remedy of the day, similar in its pretensions to some Electric Belts, and quite as fraudulent, only it was worn round the neck instead of round the waist. The hangman's rope was also called a "riding knot an inch below the ear;" the "Tyburn tippet;" a "Tyburn check." To be hanged was to be "stabbed with a Bridport dagger," Bridport

authorities seem to have done all they could to render his journey to the gallows as theatrical as possible. It was not till towards the end of the eighteenth century that the custom of presenting a nosegay to every criminal on his way to Tyburn was abolished. "Sixteen-stringed Jack," *alias* John Rann, who was executed in 1774 for robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell, in Gunnersbury Lane, was one of the last. He wore it in his buttonhole. Candidates for the rope, of all degrees, were primed with drink so that it was customary to arrive at the gallows drunk, until the execution of Lord Ferrers in 1760, when the earl was refused wine and water, because "by the late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk."[1] The custom of offering the condemned a parting cup at various stages along the road, however degenerate it afterwards became, had its origin, as is well known, in Catholic times, and in a genuine pity for the poor wretches who were to be executed. The unseemly hilarity of the people on their way to "Paddington Fair," as a hanging was called, is well known, and the criminal often made a still more repulsive exhibition of himself. One day in June 1735 a man named Gregory was hanged in chains after execution at Tyburn, near Edgware Bury. He had refused and ridiculed the Sacrament, and at the Crown tavern, by St. Giles's Pound, he swore that he valued no more being hanged than he did the drinking of a glass of wine. After the minister had left him at the gallows, he turned to the spectators laughing, and was "so hardened that his countenance was not perceiv'd in the least to alter. He laughed heartily just before he was turn'd off."[2] The frivolous bearing of the populace was not peculiar to the public executions at Tyburn. Reminiscences of such behaviour were common for some time after it became the custom to hedge the grim vengeance of the law with greater privacy. An old Dorset shepherd, for instance, pointing to where the gibbet stood on the wild downs near Cranbourne, said, "A hanging was a pretty sight when I were a boy, for the sheriff and javelin men came a-horseback, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn near by, as they'd come a long way, and we all had a drink." "And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?" "Lord! yes,

having been famous for its hemp manufacture, the hangman's halter being known as a "Bridport dagger." Other vulgar expressions for hanging were to "kick the wind," to "dance upon nothing," and "to die of a hempen fever."

[1] *Walpole to Mann*, May 7, 1760.

[2] *Grub Street Journal*, June 12, 1735.

sir, as much strong beer as he liked, and we all drank his health; and then they hanged he, and buried him by the gibbet."[1]

Bad as things were at these executions, they were not quite so bad as Rogers, the poet, painted them in his "Table Talk." He says:— "When I was a lad, I recollect seeing a whole cartful of young girls, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn. They had been condemned, on one indictment, for having been concerned in—that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of—the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots. It was quite horrible." But this cartload of young girls were on their way to witness an execution, as is pointed out by a writer in "Notes and Queries," who quotes the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1780, where it is stated that only two women were executed. Certainly it was customary, at all events in 1735, to hang criminals in batches, and this is doubtless how the mistake arose. There was a curious traffic engaged in after an execution. Two elderly women dressed in black crape pretended to be the mothers or grandmothers of some of the prisoners, so that they carried away two or three bodies at every execution, which they sold to the surgeons to be "atomised."[2]

But sometimes the surgeon as well as the hangman was cheated of his dues. I do not know when the first instance occurred, but the discovery was made by someone that it was possible to preserve life, even when suspended from the gallows, by introducing into an incision in the windpipe a hollow tube of sufficient diameter to allow of a passage of air. An early instance seems to be as follows. It was currently reported and believed that when one Gordon, a notorious highwayman, was to be executed, an attempt was made to save his life by making such an incision in his trachea, and inserting a little silver pipe through which he might breathe at the tightening of the halter. This, it was said, in 1731, was founded on an experiment made on a dog, who hung several hours before dying. The like experiment succeeded so well in Gordon's case, that being carried to an ale-house after he was cut down, and blooded in a warm bed, he bled ten ounces. But he then gave a groan and expired.[3]

Whether it be possible to survive the suspension by the rope without such artificial means one cannot say, for although there is no mention of it, it is quite possible that such a means was employed

[1] See the *Cornhill Magazine* for August 1900.

[2] See the *Queen*, May 30, 1896, where there is a vivid account by Sir Walter Besant of the cold-blooded horrors of a day at "Paddington Fair" (*The Voice of the Flying Day*).

[3] *Craftsman*, May 5, 1731.

in the following instance, as it certainly was, sometimes quite successfully, in others. One Dewell, executed for rape, being brought to Surgeons' Hall for anatomy, had been stripped and laid on the board, when one of the servants, who was washing the body preparatory to dissection, perceived life in it, and found breath coming quicker and quicker. Whereupon the surgeon bled him, and in about two hours he came to himself enough to sit up in a chair, groaned very much, and seemed in great agitation, but could not speak. He was, however, committed to Newgate, and in the morning was so well as to take some refreshment. Eleanor Mumpman, who was executed with the said Dewell, was carried to an alehouse in Whitecross Street, where she also came to life.[1]

In the "ride up Holborn Hill," the principal seat in the cart, to which the highwayman had an inalienable right as the place of "honour," was vacated by him in favour of the plunderer of the mails, on whose head was placed a reward of £200. A typical instance of mail-robbery occured in December 1756, when a footpad stopped a postboy at Shepherd's Bush. After making him dismount, he accompanied him and his horse down a neighbouring lane into a field. Here he took everything that was of any value from the letters, which were from Campden, Chipping Norton, Evesham, Burford, Whitney, Woodstock, Oxford, Ludlow, Bromyard, Worcester, Thame, Southall, Gerrard's Cross, Uxbridge, High Wickham, and Beaconsfield. The course the rascal then pursued testifies to the care necessary for such a dangerous enterprise. He mounted the postboy's horse and set off towards Acton, the same horse being found at eight the same morning near the Turnpike at Hyde Park Corner. Once free of his horse, he "put off several Bank Notes to several innkeepers on the road to Caxton, by travelling Post in Post Chaises with four Horses, by the way of Barnet, Hatfield, Stevenage and Bugden, and returning from Caxton, by the Way of Royston, Ware, and Enfield to London, where he was set down at Gray's Inn Gate, in Gray's Inn Lane, about Twelve o'Clock at Noon, on Tuesday the 14th instant," the robbery having been committed on Sunday morning of the 12th, between four and five o'clock. The highwayman is described as being rather above the middle size, of a brown complexion, very thin in visage and body, with an effeminate voice. He had on a silver-laced hat with cockade, blue surtout coat with brass buttons, a dark-brown, close-bodied coat underneath, a pair of breeches with silver gartering at the knees, his wig or hair, or both, being mixed with a dark brown, and tied behind with a ribbon.

[1] *St. James's Evening Post*, November 25, 1740.

The reward for his apprehension advertised by the Postmaster-General was "Two Hundred Pounds over and above the Reward given by Act of Parliament for apprehending Highwaymen,"[1] which was £40. The robbery of the Brighton mail in 1792 was not the stopping of a mail-coach by dashing highwaymen, but the obstructing of a lad of fifteen years of age by a couple of loafing footpads, who were duly hanged, and the circumstance of the mother of one of them, named Rooke, going night after night to the gibbet to collect the bones as they were blown down by the wind suggested the poem "Rizpah."[2]

I possess an engraving of a perspective view of the execution of Lord Ferrers at Tyburn, May 5, 1760, for the murder of his steward. On this occasion the "drop" was used for the first time instead of the cart.[3] The earl's landau, in which he was drawn by six horses from the Tower, escorted by military, police, and civil dignitaries, and dressed in a suit of light-coloured clothes embroidered with silver, said to have been his wedding suit, stands on the right of the picture. On each side are stands for the spectators, or such of them, one may suppose, as were able to pay, that on the left resembling a modern stand such as one sees at a great event in the world of sport. Horse-soldiers are drawn up in a circle round the gallows, which consists simply of a transverse beam, supported by two upright posts, one at each end. Steps lead to the platform, and behind appears to be the object which had been removed from under the feet of the condemned. Gin is being hawked about by a woman with a glass, which she hands to the lookers-on. The executioners, it is stated in one account, quarrelled before the very face of the unfortunate earl for £5 which he gave to the assistant instead of to the chief; and when he was dead they fought for the silken rope with which it had been his privilege as a nobleman to be hanged, while the mob tore the black baize from the scaffold as relics. The hearse with six horses is drawn up near the landau, ready for his departure from the scene of execution for burial.

J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

[1] *Whitehall Evening Post*, December 25, 1756. See also the *London Evening Post*, April 25, 1732 (or 3); the *St. James's Evening Post*, September 26, 1738, &c.

[2] The *Daily Telegraph*, August 4, 1896.

[3] In 1784, what was called the New Drop was introduced, whereby much of the horror of these executions was obviated. On its first use no fewer than fifteen criminals were executed, June 23, 1784, and during the period from February to December 1 of the following year no fewer than ninety-six individuals suffered at Newgate by this novel process. (*History of St. Giles.*)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MURDER IN MODERN FICTION.

THE change in manners that the progress of civilisation brings about in a community has a necessary reaction on the character of its crime; the cruder forms of delinquency, which in rougher times were the natural methods of the intelligent scoundrel, give place to more polite, if not more moral, ways, or, if they linger on, lose all but their pathological element, and become the monopoly of the madman.

A clear instance of this truism is the modern decadence of murder. In the legal or extra-legal struggle for existence skill or fraud has gradually been substituted for violence, so that the impulses of acquisitiveness have been almost excluded from the motives of homicide, and it is, of course, these impulses of the expansive temperament that are answerable for the bulk of sane crime. And while in this way the murder from calculated interest tends to disappear, the murder from passion has become a rarer and more anomalous phenomenon. Impulses of aggression, it is true, are involved in the very essence of the emotions of hate, revenge, jealousy; but in a civilised modern they do not go beyond the rudimentary stage; that they should issue in actual murderous violence implies an intensity in the impulse or a feebleness in the power of restraint rarely found, except as the result of disease Murder, in short, under modern social conditions, even those that prevail in the least civilised classes, is becoming obsolete as a sane act.

This altered conception of homicide, which has entered into the common stock of ideas, has necessarily been reflected by literary art in its treatment of crime, and most clearly, of course, by those forms of art that take social life and manners as their subject-matter. In a modern novel or a modern drama, to represent murder as a conceivable act for a sane individual would require a piling up of motive or a manipulation of circumstance which would destroy all appearance of probability. And, in fact, outside of the few hackneyed situations

of the duel or the killing of the unfaithful wife, the sane homicide is hardly to be found in present-day fiction. Take, for example, that panorama of modern social life, the "Comédie Humaine": in its pages there are scarce half a dozen scenes of murderous violence, and every one of these belongs to the *roman-feuilleton* part of Balzac's work, and has no more pretension to probability than have his introductions of the supernatural. When there is murder to be done, he models an assassin frankly on the heroes of Transpontine drama, like the pirate in "La Femme de Trente Ans," or the Brazilian lover of Valérie Marneffe in "La Cousine Bette"; he never thinks of allotting the crime to a personage of real life. This, most assuredly, is not because there is any lack of forcefulness of character in his marvellous incarnations of passion, of ambition, hate, avarice; it is simply because he recognises—as, indeed, he says explicitly more than once—that in the world he paints the circumstances which would make homicide possible are too exceptional to be admitted in art, whose limitations in these matters are necessarily stricter than those of reality.

And yet murder is far too important a situation of tragedy to be wholly excluded from literature. The impulses of which it is the extreme expression are at the root of the passions of deepest dramatic interest; and, naturally, the artist working in these passions cannot be expected to limit himself to a purely internal action, a simple study of abortive impulses. His only course, therefore, is to follow the actual evolution of crime, and to accept murder as ordinarily a phenomenon of disease; it is necessarily an exceptional act, and the element of exception can be more legitimately placed in the agent than in his environment, since the levelling conditions of modern existence do, in fact, more easily admit the abnormal in character than the abnormal in circumstances, at least in so far as either may prompt to murder.

And, apart from its utility in enabling the novelist to handle situations of tragedy which in regard to sane individuals might have seemed melodramatic, this choice of morbid types has, of course, corresponded with the general disposition in modern fiction, or at least in one of its prominent schools, to adopt the methods and standards of positive science. The realist novel has scientific pretensions, and aspires to be a demonstration in psychology; and, since the most fruitful method in the recent progress of that science has been the objective study of the abnormal as a guide to the workings of the normal mind, the novelist, like the positive psychologist, goes for his material to the mentally diseased.

In a great measure this tendency is new. In older literature, no doubt, representations of the morbid are to be found, and very often of admirable accuracy; but the point of view from which they are shown is in general different; for the most part—a few exceptions might, of course, be named—the disease of mind is an element of the *dénouement*—it is an effect, and not a motive, of the dramatic action. The modern school, with which we are here concerned, on the other hand, consciously and deliberately studies the insane temperament as the source of the diseased conduct in which the dramatic interest lies. And, consonant with its claim to be realist, it is by the standard of clinical observation that it measures unity of action.

In the result, this method, whatever its merits or defects in other regards may be, has at least given us several singularly interesting studies of the psycho-pathology of crime.

Before reviewing the more important of these studies of the morbid, it may be useful to recall as a contrast something of the attempts that have been made to construct a psychology of murder in the normal. The most notable of these essays is, unquestionably, Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir"; and from our present point of view this novel has a further title to attention, because through the circumstances of its origin it is a peculiarly apt illustration of the difficulties of placing a sane assassin in the setting of modern life. The central incident of the novel, as is well known, was taken from a contemporary *cause célèbre*, the murder of Madame Michaud by the seminarist Berthet. This was the sort of episode that most strongly appealed to the coarse and brutal temperament of Stendhal. A rare literary artist, with the ideals of a lieutenant of Bonaparte's dragoons, he viewed every form of violence as a manifestation of the truculent self-assertion which he worshipped under the name of "energy." Accordingly, when a young seminarist murdered a woman who had been his benefactress, and whom he alleged to have been his mistress, Stendhal saw in the sordid affair a display of this same energy, and the seminarist murderer, Berthet, became in his hands the heroic figure of Julien Sorel. But in this transformation of the actor's personality the realism of the act disappears. Berthet was a common type of criminal lunatic, a miserable degenerate with insane delusions of vanity and suspicion; impulses of murder and suicide were entirely natural in him. Julien, on the contrary, is a sort of *Uebermensch.* Through every page Stendhal insists on his extraordinary genius; he is a creature of logic, a cerebral machine moved solely by the intelligence. No act could be less in keeping with such a character than the crazy attack on Madame de Rénal.

In the ineffectiveness of this episode one touches the weak point of Stendhal's talent: the extraordinary power of subtle analysis which he displays in examining the movements of the intelligence deserts him when he comes to deal with the emotions; and, as though he recognised this limitation in himself, his touch becomes hasty and superficial when he has to represent impulsive action. This want of emotional insight allowed him to commit the error of attributing to a sane personality an act only conceivable as the result of disease. It is not, of course, suggested that a novelist's conception is to be criticised by comparison with the events in real life which may have set his imagination to work. The point of the comparison in this instance is merely in the proof it affords that the most striking attempt in fiction to associate violence of conduct with a normal or supra-normal character, in modern conditions, is based on a pathological observation, and fails in realism precisely because of the effort to give to the action a sane instead of a morbid origin.

The writers who have repeated Stendhal's attempt have been at least as unsuccessful. In reading, for instance, such a book as "André Cornélis" it is impossible to escape the impression of melodrama; all M. Bourget's subtlety cannot give an air of plausibility to Jacques Termonde, or to the extravagant circumstances of his crime and its penalty. And this unreality of the setting necessarily vitiates the entire dramatic and psychological value of such novels. They are experimental novels in perhaps the only sense—and it is a very bad one—in which that much-abused term can be applied, with even approximate justice, to a work of fiction; their conditions are those of a hypothetical laboratory; they are not the conditions of real life, in which sane murder is become an anachronism.

To feel to the full the contrast between these novels of *a priori* psychology and the novel of actual observation, set beside "Le Rouge et le Noir" a work that might have been written as its corrective—Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment." Raskollnikoff is in many points an exact parallel to Julien Sorel. He is an adolescent, conscious of large talents, ambitions, and appetites, but placed in a position of poverty that gives him no scope; to secure himself a start in life he suppresses the existence of an old money-lending hag. The crime is a murder of calculation, growing out of the expansive temperament; it is a crime such as a Julien Sorel might be disposed to commit. But Dostoievsky has realised, as Stendhal could not, that such crimes in a civilised modern are the product not of energy, but of disease. Raskollnikoff is never presented as sane; he

is a weak personality, dominated by the suggestions of theory, and acting in obedience to these suggestions in a sort of dreamy automatism. He has conceived the idea of the murder as a speculative possibility, and even at the moment of its lucid execution it keeps this character of a remote hypothesis, to whose realisation his whole conscious being has never consented. From the inception of the criminal idea to the end of his long duel with the *juge d'instruction* he moves in this same state of imperfect consciousness.

"Crime and Punishment" is, of course, a study of the exceptional, and therefore less accessible to criticism. Raskollnikoff is an assassin of a very rare intellectual variety, in many points psychologically nearer akin to the Anarchist than to the ordinary criminal. Less difficult to estimate by the clinical standard are the commoner but even more distinctly morbid murderers that abound elsewhere in Dostoievsky's pages. They form a gallery of criminal types unique in literature—as unique as the conjunction of temperament and circumstances that gave them origin. The exceptional career of Dostoievsky—condemned to death and brought in sight of the scaffold, then sent to herd for years with the worst class of convicts—would constitute for any writer a fairly complete education in the realities of criminal life. And this epileptic of genius was peculiarly qualified to profit by such experiences. Endowed to an even morbid degree with the emotional susceptibility which seems to be a character of his people, he had through a singular symptom of his disease a further special intuition of the criminal soul : the aura or warning that preceded his epileptic fits took the unusual form of a feeling of having committed some terrible crime. Produced under such conditions, it is not surprising that Dostoievsky's work counts for more in criminology than all the most learned treatises on the "uomo delinquente."

His murderers have the variety of actual life, and for this reason it is rather difficult to generalise concerning them. One must note, however, as their most characteristic trait—it is, indeed, a trait of all Dostoievsky's personages—that in them impulse has a complete independence and priority in regard to thought. Their consciousness of what they want to say or do is rarely clear ; they are for the most part merely inert spectators of their own conduct, sometimes foreseeing, indeed, their actions as probable, more often surprised at their occurrence, but hardly ever able to control them. All, from the merchant Rogojine in "The Idiot" to the brutalised peasant, Akoulka's husband, in the "Memoirs of the Dead-House," are alike in this fatalist attitude ; they differ only in the degree of lucidity

with which they can follow the untrammelled movements of their souls. The same spirit shows itself in a different form in another very curious and striking trait of Dostoievsky's work—his predilection for studies of the pathological liar, the individual who, like Lebedeff in "The Idiot," "in perfect sincerity mixes up words and actions, truth and falsehood." Dostoievsky repeatedly sets characters of this sort—extraordinarily well-drawn—beside his impulsive criminals, as though with the deliberate purpose of emphasising the unimportance of thought in relation to action in the mentally degenerate. It is, in fact, by the skill of his artistic presentment of this central truth in the morbid psychology of the criminal that his work is of such enduring value in criminology. No other writer, with the single exception of D'Annunzio, can challenge comparison with him on this ground.

The excellence of Dostoievsky's studies has necessarily to some extent over-shadowed the other Russian novelists. Even Tolstoi at his best—perhaps for the very reason that he is a larger and saner genius—is not his equal as an analyst of crime; and very often, as, for instance, in the " Kreutzer Sonata," he is immeasurably his inferior. And this is still truer of Gorki. Compare, for example, the assassination scene in "The Three," a work written under the evident influence of Dostoievsky, with such a masterpiece as the murder in "Crime and Punishment": there is all the difference between a *chef d'œuvre* and a good copy. There is, moreover, the less need to dwell in any detail on these writers since they all represent essentially the same view of criminal psychology as that which has been supremely well rendered by Dostoievsky.

Similarly, the majority of the murder studies in English and French fiction call for little more than a passing reference. The former, indeed, offer practically no interest from our point of view; the excessive modesty of English fiction makes the novelist as a rule eschew such violent subjects altogether, and if by exception he does deal with them, it is almost always in harmony with certain conventional ideas of crime and remorse, and not at all with any regard to clinical truth. The murderers he describes are nearly all of the type of Bill Sikes or Jonas Chuzzlewit; they are the criminals of the respectable middle-class imagination, excellent perhaps to point a moral, but not in the least like the criminal of actual life.

Though the writers of the French naturalist school have been under no such disabilities, they have hardly been much more successful in the studies of murder that abound in their novels. Of ... there have been notable exceptions. Guy de Maupassant

especially, in several of his sketches, has perfectly rendered the semi-conscious fulfilment of brute passions of violence. One phase of alcoholic homicide, for instance, is admirably painted in "L'Ivrogne"; and "La Petite Roque," as a study of sexual murder and remorse, would not be unworthy of Dostoievsky. Again, in "La Fille Elisa" the De Goncourts have drawn with accuracy the type of homicidal impulse in an hysterical degenerate.

Apart, however, from a few instances like these, the realist school has been more remarkable for the number than for the quality of its studies of the murder impulse. In particular, the most notorious writer of the school has only a very indifferent success with the criminals who bulk so largely in his novels. This is the more remarkable because M. Zola was evidently at great pains to give his murderers a correct scientific organisation; they always act under the impulse of "hereditary lesions," of the "alcohol slowly accumulated in their race," and so on; they commit homicide with all the orthodox symptoms of the impulsive degenerate—and yet they are utterly unconvincing. In this, as so often in M. Zola's work, the effort to be severely correct has overshot the mark. Lantier, Jeanlin, Mouret, and the rest who figure on his stage, duly ticketed as moral idiots, hereditary degenerates, and so forth, belong to text-books, and not to reality; they have come to M. Zola out of the pages of Moreau and Prosper Despine, and have retained from these didactic associations an almost pedantic air of correctness in their iniquity, which marks them out at once as the abstract types of the systematic treatise, not living subjects painted by an artist. To feel the difference one need only compare these products of pure "cram" with the characters in the author's single masterpiece, as it appears to be also his single work of direct observation—the "Assommoir."

There is, however, one exception to his general unsuccess in the characterisation of the criminal; in the study of the homicidal crowd he reaches excellence. Here he has the insight of sympathy; his genius is the apotheosis of "the man in the street." He has the passion for exaggeration, the lyrical enthusiasm for bigness, the capacity of mirage which dominate the mob-consciousness. And this "Yellow Press" way of looking at things, which accounts for a large part in the failure of his studies of the psychology of the individual, is here a source of strength. To quote a single instance, the pages in "Germinal" describing the march of the strikers and the death of Maigrat are unsurpassed in fiction as pictures of criminal frenzy in the mob. Except his crowds, in fact, nothing in M. Zola's novels has any real life or individuality.

The writers discussed so far viewed the murder impulse mainl from the mental side ; Dostoievsky, it is true, recognised the organi disorders that underlie pathological conduct, but it did not com within the methods of his art to attempt their fuller analysis. Th remarkable studies of Gabriele d' Annunzio, with which we have now to deal, are conceived in a different spirit : they are avowedly based on the physiological theory of emotion which views feeling and impulse as expressions of the state of organic function ; and they, therefore, make the minute examination of that state the essential point in their analysis of morbid action. This attitude separates D' Annunzio from all the other literary exponents of the psychology of crime, and gives to his work an importance which demands for it a more detailed discussion.

The character of his artistic temperament peculiarly fits D' Annunzio for the *rôle* of a pathologist of emotion. Uniting an extraordinary acuteness of affective sensibility with a rare power of lucid analysis, he is able to endow his emotional creations—and all his personages are of the emotional type—with an intense degree of vitality and vividness, which can resist even his own subtle and merciless dissection. His studies give, as it were, the illusion of an auto-vivisection, carried out by a blending of the introspective and objective methods, in an artist who is at once a poet of genius and a positive psychologist.

His poetical side, his acute sensibility, gives to his art its singular effect of emotional unity and force. It is always the affective tone of impressions that is their salient quality in his perception of them and the dominant influence in his associations. The leaning to symbolism, so marked in all his works, is an extreme expression of this characteristic ; to him impressions that have an emotional common

on its influence with the utter insensibility of a pure intellectualist like Balzac, for whose heroes music practically does not exist, even when they are pursuing their amours at the opera. Very significant, too, is the stress D' Annunzio lays on smell, particularly—and here he is strictly in accord with pathology—in relation to sexual emotion. This is one of the many points in which he recalls his spiritual kinship with Baudelaire.

With these emotional aptitudes, D' Annunzio is at the same time a keen observer from the standpoint of the positive psychology. The personages of his novels are selected from the morbid types which that psychology has specially studied. They are hereditary degenerates with over-development of the emotional and æsthetic sensibilities, unstable and incoherent personalities, in whom, through its irregularity and exaggeration, the mental mechanism appears in a way, self-dissected. Many of them are, or become, the subjects of definite nervous diseases—of general paralysis or epilepsy. And these intricate temperaments D' Annunzio has reproduced and analysed with a wonderful truth of clinical observation.

In his psychology the primary fact in mind is feeling, with which impulse is inextricably blended. They are the reflection of the state of the processes that underlie the internal sensations. Thus the organic life governs feeling and impulse ; and so, in like manner, do feeling and impulse in their turn govern thought, determining according to the past experiences and momentary circumstances of the individual the ideas that best harmonise with and justify his emotional tone.

This recognition of the fundamental part that organic activity has in the origin of the affective state explains that unsparing insistence on the most unpleasant details of animal function which has sometimes seemed a blot on D' Annunzio's work. The sexual passion—for it is it that is mainly in question—has a double aspect in the unstable temperaments with which he deals : it is an impulse of healthy function, and it is also a source of nervous exhaustion. It is thus an instrument, and to the novelist perhaps the aptest instrument, for modifying the organic state that underlies emotion. And the artist who chooses this method for his psychological exercises cannot be over-squeamish in its application.

D' Annunzio has dwelt most on the second aspect of the sexual appetite—its issue in exhaustion and depression ; and it is in this connection that his work specially interests us here, as the study of sexual reaction is the occasion of his most acute analyses of the murder impulse. Characteristic examples are to be found in nearly

all his novels; the best, perhaps, in "L' Innocente" and in "Il Trionfo della Morte."

The plots of these novels are of the simplest. In "L' Innocente" a *roué*, returning to his wife after long infidelity, and finding that she too has been inconstant, kills her adulterous child to preserve their revived passion. "Il Trionfo della Morte," again, is the story of an extravagant lover who ends a career of insane eroticism by murdering his mistress and committing suicide.

Tullio Hermil, the hero of "L' Innocente," is a being of the incoherent degenerate type in whose characterisation D' Annunzio excels. "According to the varied shock of circumstances, of a trivial incident, of a word, according to obscure internal influences, the stable basis of his being would assume the most changeful, fugitive, strange aspects. A special organic state would impose its own special impulses, and these impulses would become a centre of attraction towards which the directly associated states and impulses would converge; and little by little the associations would spread. His centre of gravity would then be displaced, his personality would become other."

Tullio is first presented when the sensual attractions of his mistress are alienating him from his wife. His emotions have as yet received no set direction from a relatively stable organic state; his attitude to Giuliana at the moment of deserting her in her illness oscillates between affection and dislike; it has a flavour of that Sadism that D' Annunzio finds in all passion. The period of wild excess that follows transforms his emotional being: out of the organic exhaustion feelings of depression, with impulses of hate, spring up, and, taking the direction where social motives reinforce the sexual, crystallise into suspicion and hatred of his wife. Then comes a violent and definite rupture with his mistress. A long convalescence of body and soul gives him new vitality; an expansive emotional tone replaces the dead sense of depression, and evokes congenial ideas of affection and trust in Giuliana. Even when the accidental encounter of his suspected rival's name recalls his jealousy the feeling is faint and transitory. And when he eventually learns that Giuliana has in fact been unfaithful, the knowledge causes him little more than a momentary movement of anger; the buoyant energy of the sound organic life will not admit the passions of depression that belong to flagging vitality. Later on, it is true, the impulses of hate revive, but weaker in intensity and different in direction; arising out of a lesser degree of organic disorder, they are self-conservative rather than destructive; the homicidal obsession in

which they take shape is not linked with any impulse of suicide, and it is directed, not against the woman who is a part of the social and sexual personality of Tullio, but against the intruding child, who has come to be an obstacle to their love. Even here, however, D' Annunzio is careful to insist that the criminal impulse has still an organic source deeper than the specious reasonings of the intellect would give it, and that its first germ is to be found in the heat of an emotional crisis.

As a study of the psychology of the *crime passionnel* "Il Trionfo della Morte" is complementary to "L' Innocente." Giorgio Aurispa is in the main a being of similar nature to Tullio, but of less expansive temperament, and different, too, in some details of circumstance and heredity that have a large part in shaping his conduct. He is the spiritual son of his uncle Demetrio, a musician and an æsthete, who, unable to harmonise his life with his ideals, has committed suicide. On the allied temperament of Giorgio this memory acts as a perpetual suggestion ; under the stress of every painful experience he is assailed by the obsession of suicide. Whatever instinct of vitality he has is rooted in his passion for his mistress, a beautiful, sensual, hystero-epileptic. In the quest for perfect happiness in her love he takes her away to a lonely fishing village by the Adriatic, where he begins the new life with all the optimism born of full organic energies. The future is seen as a dream of perpetual bliss ; his passion is transfigured "to a high moral significance." Then comes the inevitable reaction : exhaustion follows on excess ; and shadowing the organic change, love turns to hate, passing in the emotional evolution through a transition stage of perverted feeling, in which a morbidly sensitive vision of his mistress's defects and uglinesses comes to be the keenest stimulant of desire. Then, with the failing of vital energy the idea of suicide grows more and more insistent. In Giorgio, however, thought is still something more than the mere shadow of the emotional state—it is capable of influencing that state in its turn ; and for a time, therefore, the suicidal obsession—which, it is to be remembered, is itself in part of extrinsic origin—can be combated by other images. To this phase of resistance belong Giorgio's futile efforts to steep himself in the religious life of his race, and so to get for his personality the cohesion that love has failed to give. But meanwhile the sapping of his vitality goes steadily on, and the morbid organic state, growing more stable, gains a more absolute sway over feeling and thought. With the impulse of suicide—no longer opposed by any residue of vital energy, but rather itself become the natural expression of organic enfeeblement—

comes the kindred impulse of hate and violence; a fixed idea of persecution takes shape in his mind as the interpretation of these feelings and impulses of organic decadence, and Ippolyta becomes transformed to the personification of a hostile influence threatening his being. And so, strengthened and justified by the logic of diseased emotion, the impulses of murder and suicide fulfil themselves in the tragic scene which closes the novel.

This short summary may give some idea, though doubtless a very imperfect one, of the general lines of D' Annunzio's pathology of murder. No summary, however, and even no profusion of quotation, can convey a just impression of the fineness of insight, the subtlety of analysis, and withal the rigid unity of conception, with which that pathology is worked out in his novels.

The clinical accuracy of his studies is almost as faultless as the exquisite art of their presentment. Avowedly aiming at scientific exactness, even to the extent of a free use of technical terms, it is his rare merit to have attained it without the sacrifice of artistic truth and vitality. His novels are, in fact, almost the sole exceptions to the rule that to apply in fiction the methods and standards of the laboratory is to produce at best but poor literature and worse science.

As an exponent in art of the psychology of the criminal D' Annunzio is the rival and the continuer of Dostoievsky. The Russian, it is true, explored a wider field, and for that reason is, perhaps, a more complete *maître ès sciences criminelles;* but his scrutiny is—as from the difference of their methods it must be—less penetrating and minute. D' Annunzio's range is narrower, but within its limits he has almost as delicate an intuition of the morbid soul. And while he can thus paint the varied shades of diseased feeling with a vividness that, like Dostoievsky's, gives the effect of the thing lived and felt, he surpasses the Russian artist by the precision and acuteness of his analysis of these same emotional states when viewed from the objective side and interpreted in terms of physiology. And through a rare quality of his genius he is able to combine these opposed methods without ever impairing the impression of unity in his work.

It is his supreme merit—and nowhere is it better revealed than in these admirable studies of the anatomy of murder—to have enlarged the formula of the psychological novel by dramatising the organic life, in whose obscure depths feeling and impulse have their source.

W. C. SULLIVAN.

A KENTISH VALLEY.

IT has been well said that England is one vast museum on whose shelves lie objects illustrative of the history and genius of the races out of which has been built up that complex entity, the Englishman of to-day. If this is true of the whole, then it can be as truly said of the part; because each district, if properly viewed, yields its chapter to the monograph of man. In times past, the influence of the waterways was paramount in determining the places of settlement, and there can be little doubt that many villages occupy the sites first chosen by prehistoric man. Streams which appear insignificant have profoundly influenced the growth and development of the country. The river Darent, although little more than a brook, has even in its upper stage attracted no fewer than five settlements, the villages of Otford, Shoreham, Eynsford, Farningham, and Horton Kirby. The stream winds slowly over its own alluvial plain through a magnificent valley, which remains as a striking monument to the heyday of its youth and power; it is in truth an ancient stream, by whose banks Palæolithic, Neolithic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman peoples have dwelt for an immensity of time. If the history of that valley and its river could be written to the full it would form an epitome of the quieter reaches of history, and the days before history was committed to the ancient parchment.

The saying "As old as the hills" is no longer expressive of the truth, for here the river is older than the chalk downs through which it breaks at Otford. No man may tell when the stream began its task of erosion; busy it must have been ages before man committed a record of his acts to the almost imperishable memory of parchment. Its work is nearly done, so feeble it is with age, so worn out by centuries of work; the great bunches of water ranunculus are well-nigh sufficient to choke its tiny flood. The many bends of the little stream, as it wanders aimlessly over its former grander channel, are in striking contrast to the great swinging curves of its high valley. These mighty curves are the evidences by which geologists show that the Darent was once a greater river, carrying perhaps a burden of frozen masses

from its ancient basin on the now vanished heights of the Weald We are accustomed to regard the sea as the great denuding power but it was by these now peaceful streams that the long slow process of earth sculpture was mainly carried on. The banks of the Darent Valley—a trench cut down four hundred feet in solid chalk—are in many places scored by now dry torrent courses; great gaps break the continuity of its banks; and in walking up the valley these appear as a series of bluffs or striking headlands well suited for fortification in the days of hand-to-hand fights. In places the banks are too steep for cultivation, and coarse grass, yew trees, fir woods, and low bushes give the district an air of solitude not often felt so near London. The uncultivated uplands contrast sharply with the foliage and crops of the rich alluvial soil below; this line of demarcation can be nowhere better seen than at Shoreham Castle Farm. The windings of the stream can be traced afar off by the lines of pollards whose long arms sway wildly as the keen north breeze forces a way up the valley. Down in the marshy ground grow the kingcups, and the long, rank meadow grass is flecked by the sweetly pale lilac of the lady's smocks. The kingcups grow thickest in the old course of the river, where in a wet season a tiny stream still flows. Pale forget-me-nots grow in the loosely coherent, watery soil; it is necessary to cut the stems when gathering them, so slightly do the roots hold to the ground. Away from the marshy soil the red campions show bravely against the dark brown earth of the alluvial plain. A posy of kingcups, bluebells, forget-me-nots, and campions is good enough for a queen; they are nature's efforts to make a garden, and her garden is sweetest because unrestrained. The stream flows under the oaks and elms skirting the edge of a deer park, thus dividing the bright green sward from the kingcup marsh. Elms usually flourish in an alluvial soil, but do not as a rule grow in a chalky earth. Further down the valley they grow half-way up the chalk slope, and this at first sight looks like an exception to the rule; but a close examination shows that they grow on a higher terrace of alluvium, and therefore have favourable conditions. Between the stream and the oaks is a stretch of bright green sward; it is the playground of the squirrels and the resting-place of the deer who come here to escape the sun and the flies. In the shadows and ripples of the bending stream lie the trout, to whose kingly comfort and safety almost all the water livers are sacrificed. Even at this time many believe that water voles are enemies of fish; and the water voles suffer in consequence. The strict preservation of fish is fast becoming a menace to all animals

once commonly found in our streams. It is impossible to gather any stray fragments of information about the otter; the greater number of field workers have never even seen one, and yet there are old men amongst them, men whose memories might well be extended to the earlier part of the last century. Herons are rare, and kingfishers almost unknown. The sparrow-hawk is seen occasionally, only to be shot down without let or hindrance. Magpies are still seen, and one place where the valley spreads out like the fingers of the hand still goes by the name of Magpie Bottom. The badger in a wild state is as rare as the mammoth or the sabre-toothed tiger; there is a tame one at Eynsford, whose "earth" consists of a tub full of soil.

All the living things linking us with the past have disappeared. Of the memorials of other days only the churches, the valley, and the ancient, ancient little stream remain. The panorama has gone by, and, nothing noted of its pictures, we are left with the faintest shadows of the past. The rude flint implements of prehistoric man, Eolithic, Palæolithic, Neolithic, steps in a long climb of progress, and the ancient churches of a neglected religion alone remain to witness that man long ago assumed the lordship of the soil. This lordship, even after a lapse of centuries, amounts to little more than a name. Man is a dominating creature, and over his own species the mastery has been of a searching character. The dependence of the serf on his lord, the dependence of labour on capital, have each in its way been complete. The domination of man over man during mediæval days was complete in this Darent Valley, as witness the earthly remnants of it, Filston Hall, Shoreham Castle, Eynsford Castle, and Horton Kirby Castle, the last a lingering book name only. All these were the halls of lords whose word regarding the serf was final, and admitted of no appeal. Of ecclesiastical domination, too, there is record, for at Otford is the Hall of Archbishop Warham, the village where Thomas à Becket wrought "spitefull miracles." Again the domination of the Spiritual Lords may be traced at Horton Kirby, for in the thirteenth century one Walter de Kirby held his estate of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and claimed therefrom to act as cupbearer to that prelate. These castles and strongholds, then, represent a period of man's domination over man. To the great hall came the rents of the outlying farms, and in the manor courts was dispensed the rough and ready justice of those times. Here a man might pay the money to quit himself of a brother's death; where also a spiritual physician lingered to cure his soul for a like money payment. This last was not domination of man over man, but of

money over man, or a bad development of a very evil principle. The soul equality or brotherhood of the human race was overlooked in the desire for domination. Domination of man over Nature is an ideal as yet utterly unrealised. The wheat is sown, but the birds steal it as quickly as it passes through the little buckets of the machine. In the green leaf a multitude of rabbits eat a great brown track extending far into the field; the winds and storms crush it low on the ground; mildew, rust, and a host of enemies attack what man regards as his own peculiar property. When stacked, another phase of destruction is entered upon. What the winds of heaven and the birds of earth have left, mice almost as numerous as those sent to destroy Bishop Hatto enter the arena and levy a toll on the product of man's toil. Even when threshed and brought to an almost impalpable powder, the enthusiasm of destruction is not quenched, for frequently we hear of destruction by fire and ship loss. The very element most necessary to man is thus open to the attacks of a multitude of enemies, and if man subdued man in this Darent Valley, neither that lord nor his more enlightened descendants have made any real progress in subduing Nature.

Thomas à Becket cursed the nightingales at Otford because they interfered with his holy reflections—saintly thoughts and curses are strange bedfellows—but the nightingale still sings in the Valley of the Darent. Many men have cursed the mildew and rust, but still they appear—nightingales, mildew, and rust, regardless of the curse of the layman or the more cultured oath of ecclesiastic.

J. RUSSELL LARKBY.

THE POETRY OF MR. ARTHUR MUNBY.

THE centenary of Burns's birth fell in 1859. To mark the event the Crystal Palace Company offered a prize of fifty guineas for a poetical eulogy on the poet; and 621 poems were sent in for competition. The conditions were that the piece should be in English, in any measure, and from one hundred to two hundred lines in length. The adjudicators were Lord Houghton, Sir Theodore Martin, and Mr. Tom Taylor, who awarded the prize to a Scottish lady, Miss Isa Craig, afterwards Mrs. Craig Knox. Six of the other tributes were considered to be so close to the winning poem that the judges recommended them for publication. Among the writers of these were Mr. F. W. H. Myers (with a lofty and characteristically ambitious ode), Mr. Gerald Massey, and Mr. Arthur J. Munby, then of Trinity College, Cambridge. The six specially notable poems, and others chosen from the competing number, making fifty lyrics in all, were published in 1859, under the joint editorship of Mr. George Anderson and Mr. John Finlay. This book has now a unique value, presenting as it does a series of striking eulogies conceived and elaborated from many and diverse points of view.

In considering Mr. Arthur Munby's poetical work, it is essential to start with his contribution to the "Burns Centenary Poems," for it not only displays distinct and graceful accomplishment, but illustrates the writer's successful employment of elegiacs, in the use of which he has since achieved high distinction. In survey and estimate also he is laudably comprehensive and relevant, the exigencies of form never hampering the judgment or blunting the point of the eulogy. This, for example, is his presentation of the momentous turn in Burns's fortune when the Muse found him:

> Think of him thus for a while, as he follow'd his plough on the uplands,
> Driving the furrow aside only to shelter a worm;
> Think of him striding abroad, with his hand in the bag of the sower,
> Lavishly shedding the grain over the breast of the glebe,

> But with his heart elsewhere—careering aloft with the skylark,
> Or with the startled hare hurrying into the fern:
> Think of him too that day in the harvest-field with the reapers,
> Binding the corn as it fell under the sweep of the blade;
> Not by himself he wrought, for a blooming barefooted maiden
> Bent at his side, and still mingled her shadow with his:
> So at the last he woke, with the thrilling touch of a woman,
> And from her artless eyes caught the clear lightning of song.

The question as to the use of classical metres in English, like s many other questions, is a purely relative one. It is with them a with the dramatic unities, the *style périodique*, and impassione prose. An excellent play, as Shakespeare himself did not hesitat to show, may be written within restricted rules as to time and plac as well as with regard to the inevitable unity of action. The periodi style may never win favour, though in the hands of Milton i becomes the medium of great and permanent literature. Th apparent extravagance of impassioned prose will hardly fail to rep the severely practical reader, but the style will mould with flexibl fascination in delineating mystical dreams and enshrining th ethereal ministrations of Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow. In the various forms—irregular, artificial, even fantastic, as they may be- literary distinction has been, and may still be, achieved, and th same may be said for classical metres. The thing is to move greatl whether with others or on a comparatively lonely track. "Even i a palace, life may be led well," and even in elegiacs true Englis poetry may be written. This has not always been believed, for ear attempts at English hexameters and pentameters were not brillian Harvey's influence on Spenser and Sidney tended to produce con fusion and chaos rather than order and beauty. Only after th precise meaning of accentual measure was discovered was it foun

excellence of the treatment and the interest aroused by the story—a genuine romance, finely conceived and artistically elaborated. It is probably the longest English poem in a classical metre, being considerably longer than the "Evangeline" of Longfellow, a somewhat protracted tale in hexameters. Dorothy, the heroine of Mr. Munby's poem, is the maid-of-all-work on White Rose Farm, and we are privileged thus to see her outlook from her private apartment:

> Ah, what a poor little room! Would *you* like to sleep in it, ladies?
> Innocence sleeps there unharm'd; Honour, and Beauty, and Peace—
> Love, too, has come; and with these, even dungeons were easily cheerful:
> But, for our Dorothy's room, it is no dungeon at all.
> No! through the latticed panes of the diamonded dormer-window
> Dorothy looks on a world free and familiar and fair:
> Looks on the fair farmyard, where the poultry and cattle she lives with
> Bellow and cackle and low—music delightful to her;
> Looks on the fragrant fields, with cloud-shadows flying above them,
> Singing of birds in the air, woodlands and waters around.
> She on those fragrant meads has wrought, every year of her girlhood;
> Over those purple lands she, too, has followed the plough;
> And, like a heifer afield, or a lamb that is yean'd in the meadows,
> She, to herself and to us, seems like a part of it all.

In 1891, Mr. Munby, represented by "John Jones," published a volume of poems with the somewhat perplexing title "Vulgar Verses." Here the poet gives a variety of sketches and impressions of working people, including a remarkable presentation, in "Queen Kara," of the female slave Cupassis, various idyllic pieces, and a number of striking delineations of pit-girls. The verses are "vulgar" only in the sense of being turned in the interests of the commons, and being in some cases expressed in dialect suitable to the theme. The purpose of the respective studies is the discovery and celebration of native worth, irrespective of the guise under which it is hidden from the ordinary view. The poet's endeavour is to illustrate the merits of a violet by a mossy stone, commonly overlooked by comparison with the loveliness of the graceful lily and the radiant majesty of the stately rose. An introductory lyric in rhymed elegiacs—a form which few have utilised to considerable purpose—skilfully contrasts the heroine of romance with the type of character portrayed in the volume:

> Such then, so splendid and fair is the Heroine; seen in a novel,
> Seen in a poem or play, known at a dinner, a ball:
> Were she unhappily born but a peasant, and rear'd in a hovel,
> She must come out of all that, ere we can know her at all.

Though she have lien among pots, she must rise in your very first chapter,
  Clad in her silver wings, dight with her feathers of gold;
Flinging for ever away the servile garb that had wrapt her;
  Soaring with infinite grace out of her labours of old.

In this volume a charming idyll on "Haymaking" recalls the point of view and the manner of "Dorothy." An enamoured and reflective swain soliloquises on Lucy his sweetheart, and how they make hay and love together, concluding thus:

Sweet shall the hayricks be, for Lucy will help me to make them,
  Not with her strength alone, but with the charm of her eyes:
Sweeter than all is herself; a ceaseless wonderful sunlight
  Dwells on her face all day, dwells on the deeps of her hair;
Shining, I think, unawares; for she is what Nature has made her,
  Fresh with the freedom of youth, fearless and pure as a child.
Ah, if I win her at last, there will not be aught of deserving;
  She has a treasure to give more than I dare to demand:
She will come down to my heart as a lark drops out of the heaven
  Into its homely nest, low in the whispering corn.

In "Vestigia Retrorsum," published in 1891, Mr. Munby included several elegiac poems—the descriptive "Vales of Medway," the didactic "Illusions," the tender and aspiring "Epithalamium"—all illustrating fully and well his command of varied resources, and the ease of his practised hand in directing the nimble couplet of his choice. A group of four poems in the same measure opens the author's latest volume, "Poems, Chiefly Lyric and Elegiac," published in 1901. One of these is "Haymaking," lifted out of its old environment; other two are suggestive studies of past and present from different standpoints; and the fourth is one of the finest of the many tributes prompted by the death of Queen Victoria. Here there are both appropriate lament and timely admonition—lament that embodied virtue has at length been removed, and a stimulating appeal for application of great and exceptional experience:

Now that the Queen is dead, have we aught that is worthy to live for—
  We who were proud of her reign, wholly in love with her life?—
Have we not bowed our heads in intense and personal sorrow,
  Such as a son might feel, losing a mother beloved,
When we beheld her death, and the wonderful march of her mourners
  Over the sea and the land, watch'd by a nation in tears?
Aye, and the Century too, by her made brighter than others,
  Not by her triumphs alone, but by the light of her love,
That too is gone to the grave; and we are not the men to appraise it,
  Being a part of itself—motes in its brilliant career.

What, however, falls to the lot of survivors, as was shown by the King of Israel bowed by cruel bereavement, is to bestir themselves for the future that awaits development. Britain was great under the Queen, and it is for the nation that has grown under her training to show that her example has not been given in vain. The peaceful imperialism inaugurated and largely developed under her sway must be extended and established as widely as possible:

> Ah, and the thing that we do, 'tis She would have wished us to do it—
> Giving to friends and foes all we have won for ourselves:
> Liberty, justice, wealth; the arts and the trade of the white man;
> Mercy and truth to the black; quiet abundance for all.
> That is our lesson of life, and that is the bond of our Empire;
> She who is gone knew well how to enforce it alone;
> Shedding her goodness around, till the grace and charm of the woman
> Touch'd with a tenderer note all that is felt for a Queen.

After the brilliant use of elegiacs, the next outstanding feature of Mr. Munby's poetry is a prominent choice of subject. He has made the theme of the working woman practically his own. He does not bewail the lot of the factory girl, or depict the worn needle-woman draining the sources of life for a miserable pittance, but he eulogises the muscular damsel, hard of hand and of powerful frame, who rejoices in her strength and her daily labour. When woman's rights became a prominent subject of discussion he regarded the problem from this point of view. It was not that he deprecated the proposals by which trades and professions were to be thrown open for the energies of the gentler sex, but he held that where working women led good, healthy lives, and were contented with their lot, they were worthy of being recognised as honourable members of society. They might be domestic servants, farm-labourers, pit-girls, and what not, and still be honest and upright, capable of deep feeling and a degree of culture, and fully worthy of admiration and love. The theme is treated in "Verses New and Old," a section of which is devoted to poems "of common folks"—"T' Moossel Getherers," "Followers not Allowed," "The Serving Maid," "Mary Ann," and others—while in the same volume a dialectical and humorous lyric, entitled "Woman's Rights," finely shows the distance at which the poet stands from certain self-satisfied conventional views. He regards the subject from the personal standpoint, and argues as counsel for the defender. It is not necessary, he is convinced, that all girls should become telegraph clerks, lawyers, doctors, and the like. The reforming zeal that would remove them all from their native (and mainly natural) position into the finer atmosphere

fosters the propagation of an economical mistake. It is a fallacy to conclude that damsels should invariably be trim and clean "like nymphs among the flowers." There are among them those who may, without loss of dignity, blacken the grate, scrub the floor, swill the yard, hold the plough, or work in the coal-mine. Such would be dwarfed and irremediably spoiled if removed from the labour that suits them, and braces through them the thews and sinews of the nation. "What say you then?" is the question for the "ladies of the Yankee creed"—

> What say you then of such as these?
> May they continue if they please
> To swing the pail, to scrub,
> To make the cheese, to warm the cruds,
> And lash the storm of steaming suds
> Within the washing-tub?

The point was thus put many years ago, and the question remains a pressing one to-day. Female labour has been seriously affected by the shrill cry over woman's rights. Domestic servants are, as a consequence, almost at a premium, and many girls are now pinched and pining in warehouses and offices who might be strong and healthy if engaged on the farm or in the field. But work that is to be plied in the kitchen or under the blue vault of heaven, or even perchance in the bowels of the earth, must not be slighted and tabooed by rhetorical and impressive people if it is to be performed by the proper hands. Advocates of woman's rights must be reasonable and judicious if they would promote their cause without disturbing due proportion and the balance of things. Until female labour over the pail, the cheese, the steaming suds, and the rest, is openly recognised as respectable and honourable, it is absolutely certain that only a choice few or an undesirable remnant will undertake such questionable occupations. The multitude meanwhile will throng the gates through which they look for fashionable service. It is the critical juncture thus created that gives the poet his special opportunity. Mr. Munby is prepared to uphold the woman with the large hand and the strong frame inured to labour, and to prove that she may both lead a notable life and possess a high spiritual character.

"Dorothy" is not only the foremost of English elegiac poems, but it is also a picturesque delineation of the ideal working woman. The heroine finds her distinction in unswerving devotion to the duty that falls to her hands. She does it with all her might, nor once seeks to stray outside her natural sphere. She has no showy

"accomplishments," but in all that she is called upon to do—in the kitchen, in the dairy, among the cows or the sheep, or at the plough—she is expert and wholly trustworthy. "Base, barren knowledge" is all that she possesses in a conventional sense, but then it earns her living, and it serves for the elemental virtues in which she is strong. But accomplishments of her own, too, and these of a quite admirable character, she has in adequate measure. These are her intellectual resources:

> Oh—I have yet to complete the list of her many employments:
> First, she can read, as I said; read in the Bible, I mean—
> Oft on a Sunday night, when the household meet in the evening,
> Reading aloud by the hearth, taking her turn with the rest:
> And, as I said, she can write; she can fashion her name in a round hand
> Fit for a ploughman to see under his own in the book:
> Then, she can sew, right well: for stitching and hemming and darning,
> Whether to make or to mend, none are more clever than she;
> Hard as her fingers are, fine needlework only excepted,
> None in the parish can show stitching more subtle than hers:
> Samplers, too; long ago, she wrought a most beautiful sampler,
> Gay with a criss-cross row, splendid with Adam and Eve;
> Framed in her attic it is, a joy for them that come after:
> Such as her mother made—such as they never make now.

In whatever position she finds herself, and under all circumstances, Dorothy is to be depended upon for her strength, her resource, and her inevitable charm. Ploughing or harvesting, guiding the rural feast, taking her part in the dance, and at length seriously and somewhat demurely deliberating with her accepted lover, she displays sturdy individuality and a loyal and lofty soul. She is a genuine woman, in whose fascinating presentment the author clearly proves his case. This is the rural beauty, as she is at home and undisturbed about questions of social inequality and the higher education of woman. It is such a heroine as this that has inspired Mr. Luke Fildes in the "Village Wedding," where the bride is modest to shyness, but has withal—as her very position in the festive scene attests—a will of her own and a ready, serviceable temper. New conditions are making this type of damsel comparatively rare, and it will be well for the nation if it should not become extinct altogether.

Dorothy's story culminates in her marriage with a suitable husband, whom her modesty induces her to consider somewhat above her in station; but she accepts her lot with becoming pride, and settles in her charming cottage with the best prospects of happiness. Throughout her romance the heroine is all that could be desired, but then, like "pretty Bessee" of Bednall-green and the hero of the

"Gentle Shepherd," she has hereditary gifts unknown to herself, and her idiosyncrasies may not be without a spice of ancestral flavour. It is otherwise with the types represented in "Vulgar Verses." Here we have women strong in their native virtue, each wearing merely the white flower of stainless purity, and displaying bright and courageous self-reliance. The rare value of some of these descriptive studies—of "Happy Ned," *e.g.*, "Coster Emily," "Boomping Nell," and the pathetic "Jenny o' Eawr Pit"—will be fully evident only to those familiar with the dialect in which they are written. But no student of true poetic taste will fail to linger over the fascinating delineation of "Cary Juliet":

> Magnificent
> In form and feature, and in bulk and height
> A tall man's equal, oh, how eloquent
> Her aspect was, of that severe delight
> In conscious power, which Labour always gives
> To those who love it and who still are young!
> Her face was like the mirror of two lives—
> A woman's and a man's; . . .
> But I who saw her face can well declare
> That she was worthy of Apollo's kiss—
> So noble was her visage, and her hair
> Phoebus' own hue, clear amber touched with gold.

This tribute—noteworthy as dedicated to a girl attired in pit clothes, and on the point of descending the shaft—is worthily supplemented and sustained by the delineation of noble character with which it is followed. In this, and in all these attractive sketches, the poet supports his underlying argument with appropriate and forcible illustration. In further embellishment of the theme he includes a group of winsome lyrics on the essential nobility of the working woman in his latest publication, "Poems, Chiefly Lyric and Elegiac." Perhaps the author will presently find it possible to set forth the elect of his fair maids within the compass of a single representative volume. Meanwhile he has given the distinction of separate studies to two damsels whose experience involves an interesting development of his theory. In each of two little works, "Susan" and "Ann Morgan's Love," a man of position and culture marries his servant, who thenceforth holds the position of wife and (by her own desire) that of domestic attendant as before. A prefatory note to "Susan" explains that the suggestion of these delineations was given by a marriage of the kind that actually occurred in mont in 1800. The wife in this case "dressed as before, in her e costume, and behaved precisely as she had done in her

servant days. If her husband had company to dinner, she retired to her own room till they went away. . . . She even seemed to think her own child superior to herself."

This presents a somewhat complex problem. Can there be love of the genuine reciprocal kind between a man—cultured, with refined tastes, dainty and exclusive in his ways—and a damsel used to nothing but domestic toil? He is sensitive, fastidious, deliberate in method, while she is by position and experience limited in view, and while strenuous in action and thoroughly honest and devoted in her own way, she is evidently devoid of uplifting stimulus and restrained and hampered in mental activity. Can the one love the other with anything approaching to mutual affinity of interest and enthusiasm? Will the man's affection not be in character merely appreciative admiration and fervent patronage; and will not the woman look to the man with a species of canine attachment, admirable, but still detached and essentially respectful rather than intimately tender? The only plausible solution of the difficulty is that presented in the appeal of Dryden's Sigismunda to her irate father:

> Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
> Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd;
> For all the offence is in opinion plac'd,
> Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.

The situation is not one that is likely to be of frequent occurrence, but, taking it as it stands, one must admit the sustained interest and the graphic tenderness of Mr. Munby's elaboration of his theme in each case. It is difficult to avoid the feeling that both husbands regard their wives as presenting the successful progress of an extraordinary experiment, but when that reflection is overcome, each romance has an exquisite charm. The husband finds what "society" cannot give him—just as a member of the aristocracy occasionally bursts from his environment and lives with the commons—and the plausibility of the story depends in large measure upon his unfading enthusiasm. The young wife has real love for her master and husband, but she clings to her own social status, and shrinks from presuming on a show of equality. "My hands is hard," Susan says to a sympathetic friend of her lord's, "they winna do for you, sir." Yet the barrier is at least partially removed in "Susan," which culminates in a pretty scene, showing how the coy heroine reads "Enoch Arden" to her husband and his friend. Her true critical instincts also are thus delineated in a report of her spontaneous opinion of the poem:

"Eh!" said poor Susan, "it's a cuttin' tale!
Him to ha' lost her, an' his love to fail
For want o' knowin'! In the kitchen, now,
I've often tell'd it; and they wondered how
He could ha' left her, when he seed her first
In at that window, an' was fit to burst,
Seein' her theer, an' children at her knee.
'Aye, but,' I says, 'that was his misery:
It was them children, why he let her be.'"

The gist of the problem illustrated in these two notable poems is thus happily stated in "Ann Morgan's Love," the more thoroughgoing of the two in practical application of the theory exemplified:—

Yet, I do think she did not live in vain,
Since one man understood her: and perhaps
They who describe a nature such as hers
Straight from the living soul, should first have known
How women, freed by lowliness of birth
From the quaint trammels of society,
May use the very basest of their toil
As sacraments of Love; and thus at length
Ennoble all their passion and themselves
To heights beyond the reach of ladyhood.

As an appropriate supplement to his studies of working women, Mr. Munby in 1891 published a volume of epitaphs on "Faithful Servants," in which he utilises a well-known collection of 1826, and embodies nearly four hundred fresh inscriptions, widely collected from the graveyards of Great Britain and Ireland. The volume presents a curious anthology of memorial tributes and miniature biographical sketches, and draws not only upon the resources of those unknown to fame, but from royal expressions of feeling and from those of such men of letters as Swift, Pope, Somerville, and Southey. There is a characteristic preface on the literature of the subject, and a graceful prelude links the book with the sterling worth of a Susan or an Ann Morgan, since the records included

Are truly told again
In her unselfish life;
Who is not one but twain:
A servant and a wife.

In his miscellaneous lyrics Mr. Munby shows a quick appreciation of natural beauty, and he has a dainty and effective descriptive touch, appropriately displayed in such a poem as that on Wordsworth in "Vestigia Retrorsum" or in the charming "Oeschenen" of his latest volume. This, for instance, is distinguished by closeness

of observation, grasp of variety and relative importance of combined effects, delicate and suggestive sympathetic chords, and exquisite grace of setting :

> No foot is near ; a marmot's cry
>   Strikes the deep silence deeper still ;
> And those great mountain-walls on high
>   Are dark with various glooms, that fill
> The dusky vale. Whence comes it, then,
> The glow that burns on Oeschenen ?
>
> Ah, look yet higher, toward the East !
>   Yon white Alp in the far blue sky
> Bares to the sun her virgin breast
>   That he may kiss her ere he die ;
> Then, blushes through her trackless snows
> One pure illimitable rose.

The poet manipulates a conventional love-story with artistic grace, and in such a vivid delineation as that presented in the narrative, "On the Bridge" (in "Poems, Chiefly Lyric and Elegiac"), he shows that he can grasp and portray an intensely dramatic situation. His meditative lyrics, various in purpose and tone, have each its own character and distinction. They exhibit the author's cultured outlook, his broad and generous sympathies, his appreciation of moral and personal worth in contradistinction to mere social dignity, the delight with which he hails an outburst of impassioned heroism, and the reverent attitude he holds towards the deep seriousness of life's great problem. A dainty domestic lyric, "Solus cum Sola" (included in his latest volume), has been happily set in Latin Sapphics and Elegiacs by two accomplished scholars, whose versions the poet, with pardonable pride, gives in an appended note. Mr. Munby is a graceful sonneteer, and his fine sonnet on "Beatrice," which appears in "Vestigia Retrorsum," was diplomated by the Italian committee, on the occasion of the Beatrice Exposition at Florence in 1890. One sonnet enshrines the poet's lifelong friendship with Blackmore the novelist, whose "Mary Anerley" is an acknowledged god-daughter of a fascinating heroine in Mr. Munby's "Verses New and Old." It is pleasant to find two notable contributors to Victorian literature thus happily conjoined, and the pleasure is materially enhanced by the perusal of this whole-hearted and effective tribute paid by the survivor to his departed friend :—

> A strong, calm, steadfast, single-hearted soul,
>   Sincere as truth, and tender like a maid,
>   He lived as one whom nothing could persuade
> From reticence and manly self-control,

Insight, and humour, and the rhythmic roll
  Of antique lore his fertile fancies sway'd,
  And with their various eloquence array'd
His sterling English, pure and clean and whole.

Fair Nature mourns him now, as well she may
  So apt a pupil and so close a friend;
But what of us who through his lifelong day
  Knew him at home, and loved him to the end?
One thing we know: that Love's transcendent name
Is link'd with his, and with his honour'd fame.

THOMAS BAY

TO MY BOOKBINDER.

I DO not sing of reach-me-downs and slops.
I chant of those who dress, not clothe, my books—
Of Poole and not of Moses,
Who may be a judge of noses,
But doesn't care a hang about your looks.

My books stand round me properly bedight,
The covers hint at what is on the page.
Behold, my "Forest Lovers"
Gleams in greenly verdant covers,
And vert is on the fore-edge touched with sage.

My cattle books are rightly bound in calf,
My Russian books have lately been Japanned,
Whilst different shades of yellows
Deck the perky little fellows
Which tell of doughty sieges lately planned.

My binders bind my sylvan books in boards.
Divinity they deck with "mitred" backs.
Just so I always tell 'em
To use for Law-books vellum,
Or horse-skin for the works of Grub-street hacks.

I sing of artists, not of artisans,
I sing of nothing trashy, cheap, or mean—
Of Russia, calf, and leather,
Not what just holds books together,
Nor gruesome wrappers, whelped by a machine.

I sing the song of pressing-boards and blocks,
Of pulling, whipping, stabbing, and repair,
Of glue and paste and varnish,
Of graining-boards and tarnish,
Of guinea-edges, kettle-stitch, and glaire.

I sing of edges painted, gilt, and tooled;
I am the bard of binding, if you please.
I look for naught sublimer
Than to be the master-rhymer
Of combs and guards and trindles, and of keys.

I sing the art of Grolier and Derome,
Of those who work for pleasure—and for gain,
Kalthoeber, Staggermeier,
Or, to raise the matter higher,
Of Maioli, de Sueil, and Roger Payne.

G. S. LAYARD.

TABLE TALK.

Science and "Belles Lettres": Their Relation.

IT is an interesting question how far the pursuit of science is reconcilable with indulgence in imaginative pursuits, or, indeed, with the complete enjoyment of the lighter and, as I hold, higher form of literature. The cases in which a man has attained eminence in both pursuits are few, but not unknown. Bacon was equally distinguished in science and letters. Pascal occupied himself entirely with science before devoting himself to theology. Among the works of Goethe count his theory as to colours and metamorphoses of plants. The French Encyclopædists cultivated with success both forms of writing ; and in our own time George Henry Lewes, to whom we owe many successful plays, and who was an actor as well as a dramatist, made distinct contributions to physiological knowledge. I might, of course, multiply instances of the sort. Such are, however, not numerous enough to count as other than exceptions ; and even when I instance men such as Locke, Leibnitz, and Newton, the fact remains that the distinction between science and literature is sufficiently marked. The man in or by whom the distinction was most clearly shown was Charles Robert Darwin, who has left on record the fact that, as he became absorbed in the studies with which his name is for ever associated, the delight he had once felt in imaginative literature, poetry, and the drama faded, until he came to regard them with indifference. I have not access to his utterances, and take his word at second-hand. Knowledge that he avowed his ultimate dislike to the literature of fiction is, however, common property.

An American Experiment.

AMERICA is the country in which experimentalisation, like other things, is conducted on the largest scale. It is accordingly fitting that the effort to decide whether the prosecution of scientific labours and the indulgence in imaginative pursuits are

incompatible should come thence. It has so come, and in a shape that may well strike the timid and unadventurous Briton with stupor. I have before me five-and-twenty Acts on the subject of Queen Elizabeth. The title of the work thus constituted is *Elizabeth in England: a Dramatic Romance*, in five parts, by N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. Each part consists of five Acts, and constitutes a separate volume, the whole being issued in a handsome and artistic form from the Riverside Press, Cambridge (Massachusetts). The various parts are thus named: "I. The Coronation"; "II. The Rival Queens"; "III. Armada Days"; "IV. The Death of Essex"; "V. The Passing of the Queen." Of these successive plays Elizabeth is naturally the heroine. Her environment changes in each succeeding work, the only person beside herself who appears in the first and the last play being Lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord High Admiral. He even is not seen in all; and the nearest approach to a constant support to the Queen is found in the Cecils, William and Robert, father and son, one or other of whom is by her during the entire action.

The Longest English Play.

THIS stupendous play, presumably the longest in existence, is written, as I have said, by a Professor of Geology, his object being to show that there is nothing really antagonistic between science and what it is convenient to call *belles lettres*. His own experience has been kindred with that of Darwin and other pundits. He had in his youth been interested in poetry—and he had even, he tells us, had some flirtation with the Muse. When, at the age of eighteen, he turned to the study of Nature, these delights began to lose their savour, the stage in especial becoming so fatiguing that for forty years he has not willingly visited a theatre. Resolutely he set himself to a task which at the outset was antipathetic and repugnant, and for which he had no qualification and had made nothing adequate in the shape of preparation. Once entered upon, the work proved easy and captivating. His thoughts shaped themselves into a species of rhythmical prose, which he is ingenuous enough to call heroic verse, and which after a time became easier to him than prose—the prose even of his preface. His zeal is that of the convert, and his perseverance is so great that he produces, as I have said, the longest play in existence. Stupendous as it is, it was intended to be longer, since it is only upon the advice of friends that he has reduced his printed work by one-third.

A Harmless Attempt.

MY readers will not wrong me by the supposition that I am going to inflict upon them any portion of a work so ambitious. I simply call upon them to admire—using the word in its true sense—the curious species of self-confidence that enables a man to undertake a task of this magnitude and to flatter himself that it is accomplished. That he does so judge is shown by the fact that he encourages other scientists to follow his example. The Greeks set us the example of trilogies, and one or two moderns—Schiller to wit in the *Wallenstein*—imitated the example. No one, so far as I am aware, has yet attempted—though Mr. Thomas Hardy is credited with the intention of doing something of the kind—to give us five successive plays with the same heroine. Professor Shaler has, moreover, so far as I am a judge, no perception of dramatic progress and no poetic inspiration. What he writes is respectable and worthy enough, but is fitted neither for the closet nor the stage. It was said first, I think, of Lord John Russell (afterwards the first Earl Russell), that he would have been prepared at a moment's notice to undertake the charge of the Channel Fleet. This, had he done it, would have been analogous to the labour the professor has essayed, and apparently believes himself to have accomplished.

"A Dictionary of the Drama."

I WELCOME with much sincerity the appearance of *A Dictionary of the Drama*, by W. Davenport Adams,[1] of which the first of two volumes has just seen the light. Few probably are in a position to test better than myself its accuracy and value. Some years ago, when writing the lives of actors for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, I conceived the idea of publishing a work running to some extent on the same lines as the present; but was withheld from so doing by learning that Mr. Adams had made some progress with a scheme similar to my own. My own plan, far less extensive or comprehensive than his, did not extend further than supplying a list of the principal characters in the acted drama, together with the names of their original or most renowned exponents. While including this effort, and carrying it out in very satisfactory fashion, Mr. Adams's work goes much farther, and is, in fact, as its name imports, a dictionary of the drama, supplying the names of actors, dramatists, managers, scene-painters, and almost all who fill the huge

[1] Chatto & Windus.

compilations of Genest, Baker, Reed, and Jones, the stage historians and chroniclers generally, and even, so far as stage records are concerned, the *Dictionary of National Biography.* Concerning theatres, British and American, full information is promised, though the work has not reached the point at which I can judge how far this task has proceeded.

A Useful Record.

THE regret that is experienced on finding that the appearance of the book is posthumous is tempered by satisfaction at discovering that the task is thoroughly accomplished, and that no sign of failing supervision is to be traced. Few works that I have tested have been in their line more thoroughly up to date, and I foresee from its presence on my shelves a distinct lightening of my own future labours. More ambitious works, from the historical standpoint, are to be found in France and Germany. No book of equal merit covering exactly the same ground, however, seems to be in existence elsewhere; and the French *Dictionnaires des Théâtres*—which are almost invariably the product, not of a solitary labourer, as in this case, but of a Société des Gens de Lettres—rarely supply anything beyond a record, frequently incomplete, of plays. I am speaking only of works of comparatively modern growth. The early records of the Brothers Parfaict are, in the way of completeness, all that can be desired. The new dictionary of Mr. Adams deserves, and will obtain, general recognition.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

EROS ON THE WATERS

WHENEVER in history we find a noble man and a splendid conscienceless woman waging an unequal moral warfare, it is not difficult to forecast the end. It is safe to say that no man of noble type can finally resist such a woman; his very nobility, with the simplicity and frankness always associated with it, will render him the easier prey, and even hold him as the great Sir Launcelot, with whom "faith unfaithful kept him falsely true." A century ago such a man and such a woman were found in Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

A recent writer on sociology remarks: "It is peculiar and significant that everywhere and always she [woman] has been tacitly credited with a certain mysterious power, through which the world has, as it were, stood in awe of her." Indeed, her power is occult, not to be measured by weight of brain or strength of muscle, hidden in its source, manifested intuitively rather than reasonably, and, like spirit, not to be defined or apprehended in terms of space. Many, but not all, noble women possess this power in an exalted degree; all adventuresses do, and must, possess it. In their dangerous and exciting game of life they will risk their all, of body and soul, trusting blindly to that occult gift which must stand to them in place of friends, education, inheritance, and social status; and they generally achieve a brilliant, sometimes a brief, often for others a disastrous, victory.

Lady Hamilton, wondrously beautiful, superficially accomplished, strongly and quite uncontrolledly emotional, and of quick, imperious temper, owes a painful immortality to Lord Nelson, whose last few years of life she largely controlled, even more than she owes the perpetuation of her loveliness to Romney—for he painted other beauties, but Nelson had only one mistress.

This fascinating adventuress was born in 1763, of quite obscure parentage, and appears to have been a nursemaid at about fourteen years of age; then, soon after, a kind of companion to a lady of fashion. At sixteen years of age she became a mother; the circum-

stances are not clear. Almost immediately we find her plunged into a vortex of dissipation as the mistress of Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, a fox-hunting squire and a hard drinker, at whose house the young and lovely but quite uneducated and flippant girl must have been fast going to perdition. Finally, Sir Harry, angered exceedingly on discovering that she did not belong to him alone by any means, turned her adrift with the heartlessness of the connoisseur and the debauchee. She was near her second confinement, of which nothing is known, and in her distress she turned to the Hon. Charles Greville, favourite nephew of Sir William Hamilton, then English Minister at the Court of Naples, whom she had met apparently at the house of her recent protector. She was still only eighteen years old, and had passed through more perils and experiences than ten ordinary women with their life's romances and dangers behind them. Mr. Greville's relationship with her is especially interesting, because it was the prelude to her brilliant life at Naples, and indirectly connected with her place in history as Nelson's mistress.

This gentleman was nearly forty years of age—a man of the world, elegant, discreet, with fine tastes, a modest income, kindly, not inconveniently conscientious. He was pleased with the girl's amazing beauty, and that "spice of the devil" in her which Stevenson rates above all beauty, and of which she certainly possessed an abnormal quantity. He considered the question of befriending her very carefully, and compelled her to do the same. He sent her to her grandmother at Hawarden, with whom her first child was living, for some time, and caused her to obtain and send him the certificate of her baptism to determine her age. He pointed out that her life with him would be quiet, and by no means luxurious; that great discretion of behaviour was absolutely necessary, and that not one of the acquaintances of Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh must ever pass their threshold. Finally, having brought her to a proper sense of her moral responsibilities, in accepting his protection, he entered on a term of life with this young untutored girl, and really made some honest effort to educate her.

For four years the arrangement lasted—Greville admiring, admonishing, educating, enjoying; Emma (her original name seems to have been Amy) learning, among other things, to sing, to obey, to curb her wild fits of waywardness, and to be honestly fond of her lover. Yet even here, of course, the most essential education was lacking. Her society was necessarily composed of men, who discussed her "points" with Greville before her face in a manner

befitting the voluptuaries of ancient Rome rather than gentlemen of Christian England. If ever there was a girl who needed the help of good, wise, and gracious women, it was Emma Hart then; and by the very fact of her position she could not have it. That in other circumstances she might have been moulded into a beautiful character can scarcely be doubted; but a man cannot form a woman.

There is a really wonderfully kind and thoughtful letter from her to Greville, when she had been Lady Hamilton about fifteen months, asking him to send her grandmother twenty pounds at Christmas. Sir William has been ill, she tells him, and she has been nursing him, sitting up at night too; she does not care to trouble him about the money at present. "I have two hundred a year for nonsense," she says, and points out that she "ought" to spare her grandmother so much, who had often given her—Emma—"her last shilling." That "two hundred a year for nonsense" is a remarkable expression. An erudite young lady of the present day, fresh from Newnham or Girton, with an inheritance of Christian learning to boot, could hardly appraise the trappings of life with more rigid contempt. There is another fact also connected with this famous woman which, though full of doubtful import from some points, is most creditable to Lady Hamilton. She always loved her mother dearly, associated her with herself in all circumstances, and in her will—completely inoperative through her own extravagance and bankruptcy—left to her the bulk of her property. Lady Hamilton's mother lived with her daughter when she was under the protection of Charles Greville, accompanied her to Italy, and held always an honoured position in Sir William Hamilton's household, and returned with her to England in 1800.

Mr. Jeaffreson, in his biography, merely comments on the generous, filial devotion this implies. But there is another side to the matter. What sort of a mother can this have been who accepted a home at the price of her daughter's honour? Did Lady Hamilton contrive to keep her mother misinformed? This is hardly likely. Did her mother follow her fortunes with the hope of helping and shielding her? If so, history does not record any such assistance. In one of his early letters to Lady Hamilton, Nelson exclaims: "I love Mrs. Cadogan," the name by which her mother was known. But he does not say why; and from the few slight facts one can glean she seems to have been a simple woman, with quiet, domestic tastes, having nothing whatever of the power and brilliancy of Lady Hamilton.

Soon after she went to live with him Greville took her to George Romney for her portrait, and thereafter, during the time she lived

with Greville, Romney devoted himself almost exclusively to painting her, calling her "the divine lady." Years afterwards, when this strange man had retired to Kendal, after a thirty-seven years' absence from his wife and family, during which time he paid them only two visits, Lady Hamilton returned from Italy, but on account of age and infirmity he was unable to make the journey to London to see her.

When Lady Hamilton had lived about four years with Greville, who seems to have been well satisfied on the whole with his mistress-pupil, Sir William Hamilton came on a visit to England. Sir William was a widower and childless; he was also nearly twenty years Greville's senior, but would have been seriously offended to be reminded of it in any way. To his nephew he was simply "dear Hamilton," and on his part his nephew was "dear Greville." The relationship was studiously kept out of sight. The Ambassador was a man of many interests and accomplishments, amiable, reasonable, and chivalrous; fond of society during the greater part of his life, and a writer of no mean merit. His philosophy of life is summed up in a letter thus:—

"My study of antiquities has kept me in constant thought of the perpetual fluctuation of all things. The whole art is really to live all the *days* of our life, and not with anxious care disturb the sweetest hour that life affords—which is the present. Admire the Creator and all His works, to us incomprehensible; and do all the good you can upon earth, and take your chance of eternity without dismay."

The great personal charms of Emma ensnared Sir William Hamilton also, and after reasonable and amicable conference, in which other members of the family joined, it was agreed that the girl should be transferred to Sir William, in consideration of the settlement of Mr. Greville's money difficulties; and Sir William also made his nephew heir to his Welsh estate. The future Lady Hamilton knew nothing of these family arrangements; although she knew Sir William Hamilton admired her, and treated him with girlish freedom of affection. When it was proposed that she and her mother should follow Sir William to Naples, she understood that Greville would join them in a few months, and she went out to Naples on that supposition. When she and her mother arrived they were received at the English Embassy with every mark of honourable welcome. Sir William spent money at once and lavishly over his beautiful acquisition, but she seems to have only gradually realised what was expected of her. When she did, it must be owned, to her

credit, that she was extremely hurt and distressed. She wrote fifteen letters to Greville before she got any reply, urging him, amid descriptions of her life, &c., not to abandon her; and then he wrote and told her definitely that he had given her up. From that time, not many months after her arrival in Naples, her intimate association with Sir William Hamilton began.

Great indignation has been expressed regarding the transference of Emma from Greville to his uncle. But the really deplorable thing is that she should have been in a position to make the transaction possible. Greville had never promised to marry her, never intended to marry her; but at this juncture he was thinking about the long-delayed business of his marriage, and made a really advantageous and, as he knew, probably permanent position for his pretty mistress first. The ruse which was practised on her looks mean; but then all ruses for selfish ends are mean; and it must be remembered Emma had a sharp and passionate temper, and would probably have distressed and agitated her two aristocratic protectors by "scenes," had she known the truth—an experience they were naturally anxious to avoid.

After her arrival in Naples the whole course of Sir William Hamilton's conduct was honourable and chivalrous, in such degree as these qualities can exist apart from strict morality as we understand it. And in the light of his subsequent marriage with her, even this limitation may be put aside. He certainly urged her to accept his suit, but used no compulsion whatever beyond giving her everything she could want or desire. Indeed, he declared his intention of settling a hundred pounds a year on her for life should she decide to reject him. In her fourteenth letter to Greville—and her letters are full of the most naïve egotism and conceit, combined with a certain girlish frankness and simplicity that make them most entertaining reading—she gives him some particulars of her life, following on earnest appeals to his constancy. It is quite clear that, among other things, she meant to rouse his jealousy.

"There is 2 painters now in the house painting me. One picture is finished . . . But as soon as these is finished there is two more to paint me—and Angelaca if she comes. And Marchmont is to cut a head of me for a ring. I wish Angelaca would come, for Prince Draydrixtou from Viena is hear, and dines with us often and he wants a picture of me. He is my cavaliere-servente. He is much in love with me. I walk in the Villa Reale every night. I have generally two princes, two or 3 nobles, the English Minister and the King with a crowd beyound us. . . . I bathe every

day. I have not any irrupt
remarkably fair that everyb
In another letter, whe
her, she says she will make
so, in London, in 1789. A
the close personal friend
vindictive Austrian arch-d
sister of the ill-fated Mari
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to be supposed for one m
knowledge of affairs of State
was merely a light-head
conscious of her flattering
eager to display it to the wo
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with elaborate affectionatene
for her own ends when the a
completely ruined her balan
tated the terrible disasters of
gushing and unconsidered pa
in 1795 by Lady Hamilton
correspondence in the best
she asks Greville to send her
"owing to my situation here
She was in the heyday of
of her beauty when she an
Signora Giglioli describes th
Naples at this time in her bo
of the French Revolution
monarchical system of Euro
with greater fear and hatred
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and desirable, now nothing French was worn, or read, or thought, except at great risk. Meantime the Court was filled with foreigners, who cared only for their own favour and aggrandisement, and the country laboured under a feudal tyranny quite appalling; while justice, even in matters where the Government's intention was sincere, was openly violated by the administrators.

Seeing a corrupt Court and the miseries of their country, it is no wonder that some few of the more daring and ardent young men of Naples should have dreamed of a better state of things and watched eagerly the development of the French Revolution; but there does not appear to have been, at any time, a real menace to the Throne.

Ships were built and huge, ineffectual preparations for war made during these years, and the not distant approach of the French army had redoubled the fears of the Queen, when news arrived that Nelson was in the bay, after the battle of the Nile. This was the signal for the first act in the Nelson-Hamilton drama, and Lady Hamilton sustained her part in the hero's welcome, perhaps sincerely —for she was very emotional—certainly with admirable dramatic effect. "Mad with joy" was Nelson's description of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in a letter to his wife; and in another letter he tells her how he was received. Lady Hamilton "flew up" the side of the boat, and exclaiming, "O God, is it possible?" fell into his arms, "more dead than alive." But Nelson, though much affected, was a simple-hearted English sailor, and his matter-of-fact comment is amusing: "Tears, however, soon set matters to rights." In this letter to his wife, who was about his own age, and whom he had married when she was twenty-three and a widow, he addresses her with an affection mournful in the light of later events, calling her "my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world." He adds that his coming "was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet perfectly recovered from severe bruises." It appears that Sir William himself told Nelson this.

And now began that policy of flattery, of cajolery, of impassioned entreaty that kept Nelson for more than two years in the Mediterranean. It is difficult indeed to discover whether he was the victim of Neapolitan misrepresentation and his hatred of the French—a political animosity which he carried to the point of fanaticism—or whether he was the dupe of a growing and finally ungoverned passion for the Queen's beautiful confidante; probably the truth lies between the two. He lodged with the Hamiltons, and Lady Hamilton acted as his interpreter, for he knew nothing of Italian

and his health, which suffered severely from the wound in the head received at the Nile, was the constant care of his hostess. Every time he thought of leaving, the Queen went into a rapture of fear and entreaty, sometimes personally, sometimes through Lady Hamilton. Letter after letter from Naples, and later from Palermo, speaks of the Queen's urgent entreaty that he would not leave her. "It is my present intention," he writes to his wife on December 11, 1798, "to leave this country in May. The poor Queen has again made me promise not to quit her or her family until brighter prospects appear than do at present. The King is with the army, and she is the sole Regent. . . . Lady Hamilton's goodness forces me to go out at noon for an hour."

At this time, while the Queen was under the personal protection of Nelson and his fleet, she finally opened war with France, November 21, 1798. It was a most unpropitious moment, the roads difficult with heavy rains, and the weather severe; the Neapolitan army was badly recruited, by no means drilled or provisioned, and the artillery drawn by oxen. Sixteen companies of troops were formed from the most robust convicts in Sicily and the mainland. Commissions were sold to help expenses, and bought by a crowd of good-for-nothing young men with no notion of a soldier's duties. With this army Ferdinand marched on Rome, which had been "revolutionised," sacked the city, massacred the Republicans and French, and stayed thereabouts twenty days, during which time the Neapolitan army lost 10,000 men as prisoners; abandoned its cannon, ammunition, and baggage; and by the middle of December was in precipitate retreat. The troops openly accused their officers of treachery, under starvation sacked such of their own convoys as they came across, and went home, marauding on their way. Numbers of these self-disbanded soldiers formed companies of brigands, who infested the mountainous districts under men of the most abandoned character, the famous Fra Diavolo among them, and became the terror of peaceful townsfolk and peasants. Ferdinand himself was reduced to the lowest ebb of cowardice, and did not risk his royal and puny life again.

Already rumours were afloat that made Nelson's friends at home uneasy, chiefly through some indignant conduct of his step-son, Captain Josiah Nisbet. Four days before Nelson's last-mentioned letter to his wife his intimate friend, Mr. Alexander Davison, wrote: "I cannot help again repeating my sincere regret at your continuance in the Mediterranean. . . . You certainly are and must be the best "nly judge. Yet you must allow your best friends to express

their sensations. Your valuable better half writes to you. She is in good health, but uneasy and anxious, which is not to be wondered at." Nor was Nelson himself in the least happy, though petted and nursed and lauded with uncommon zeal. Towards the end of December he assisted the ignominious royal flight to Palermo, where Ferdinand light-heartedly took to fishing and hunting and gardening, and the Queen set herself to hatch projects for the recovery of a kingdom she neither loved nor trusted, and which she had had the cowardice to forsake.

Nelson's letters during these months show an irritation and gloom not to be wondered at. He constantly speaks of "good Sir William and Lady Hamilton," complains of his head and his health, and seems at times to regard the grave as the only safe and desirable place. He was a truly great man, singularly simple and straightforward, and most affectionate; he cared nothing for money, as he showed by his generous distribution of the East India Company's gift after the Nile among his relatives and in the apportioning of his income. He was absolutely fearless, and, like all brave men, tender and pitiful. He was benevolent and forbearing to all under him, and his men worshipped him enthusiastically. He hated severe discipline, and never inflicted corporal punishment if he could help it. He knew nothing, however, of Courts and Kings beyond the simple rule he gave to his midshipmen—"to regard everyone who spoke against your King as a personal enemy"—and he was quite the last man in the world to confer with the wily Neapolitan Queen and her supporters. Yet here he was—firmly fixed, it would appear, by fate, his own character, and the fascinations of Lady Hamilton. "There is no true happiness," he writes, "in this life, and in my present state I could quit it with a smile." And, again, "Believe me, my only wish is to sink with honour into the grave."

In a remarkable letter written from Palermo to Lady Parker, wife of Admiral Sir Peter Parker, on February 1, 1799, he says: "You . . . know that Horatio is still the same—affectionate in disposition and grateful to his friends. God knows, my dear friend, I have few indeed! When I go hence and am no more seen, I shall have very, very few to regret me." Then he speaks, as usual, of his "invaluable friends," Sir William Hamilton and his wife, but goes on: "I am worse than ever . . . but who can see what I have and be well in health?—kingdoms lost and a Royal Family in distress; but they are pleased to place confidence in me, and whilst I live and my services can be useful to them I shall never leave this country." This letter shows how his simple good-heartedness was being worked

upon. He was not now so much a British admiral as the self-constituted protector of the Queen of Naples. He did not yet see that he was being lured into a really shameful intrigue, but his letters show a vague discomfort and apprehension which are certainly to be accounted for chiefly by the secret change taking place in his heart. Though fond of women and their society, he was not what is understood as a "lady's man"; but he loved them generally in a reverent, rather silent, way.

All his letters to his captains and superiors are entirely straightforward, and reflect perfectly his own simple thinking and limitations and the influences acting upon him. He breaks out once at Palermo: "As to politics, at this time, they are my abomination ; the Ministers of Kings and Princes are as great scoundrels as ever lived." And to Lord St. Vincent, in April 1799, he writes : "This Court being very poor, and no revenue, makes things slower than they would otherwise be. . . . I own, my dear Lord, myself much fitter to be the actor than the counsellor . . . in this very critical situation"; going on to say that whenever St. Vincent's name is mentioned the expressions of their Majesties "are of the very handsomest tongue can utter."

In the corrupt Neapolitan Government there certainly was the most flagrant and wholesale misappropriation of public funds. Nevertheless the royal party carried with them to Palermo money and treasure to the value of two and a half millions sterling. Pignatelli, left informally at the very last moment as Regent, had neither spirit nor courage nor will to do anything except paralyse the efforts of the "city" for order and defence, and he quickly followed his royal master with all that was left of public money—500,000 ducats. Before he left he had all the powder and ammunition in the powder magazine at Mergellina destroyed. Immediately after the Queen's flight the Neapolitan fleet of a hundred gunboats, built at enormous expense, was burnt; a few days later two large ships of war and three smaller vessels were burnt also, and a fine ship sunk at Castellamare. Before she left she was heard to say, "Nothing should be left to the Neapolitans but their eyes to weep withal."

Abandoned by their King, without money, without fortifications, without ammunition, without ships, and with the French fast approaching, the Neapolitans were forced by their very position to declare for a republic, though the *lazzari*—the lowest class of the population, without visible means of subsistence, full of hatred of the French, which had been preached to them from pulpit and street-corner for years, uneducated, unable to think, and blindly attached to the King—had to be tricked, and later coaxed and flattered

into line with the new order. This frantic mob of densely ignorant, superstitious, and wholly lawless *lazzari* was the terror of the city after the flight of Ferdinand, and again six months later, when it reduced Naples to a state of really demoniac rapine and bloodshed in the days of the counter-revolution. Yet it was to these people Maria Carolina trusted in her efforts to regain the kingdom she had left. She showered gold and inflammatory pamphlets upon them, and when she heard of their terrible excesses merely remarked: "Je crois que le peuple avaient grandement raison."

Championnet, the French general, finally entered the city, after fierce fighting with the *lazzari*, on January 21, and order was soon restored. Championnet was loyally attached to the Republican cause; he made no effort to trammel the liberty of the city, and assisted the people to an independent Government. The last lament of the *lazzari* on the night of January 21 was that "if only it had lasted one day more Naples would have made herself rich"—that was, simply by the sack of the entire city! The crisis, of course, called the best and most public-spirited men to the front, among whom were Mario Pagano, an enemy of corruption under the King and Professor of Criminal Law, who drew up the new Constitution and supported a proposal to recall the King; Domenico Cirillo, a philanthropist, member of the Royal Society, and a friend of Linnæus; and Ettore Carafa, a splendidly heroic young man of the highest nobility, who served the republic with sword and fortune as long as life lasted. Francesco Caracciolo, the Neapolitan admiral, a man of striking and engaging character, was mistrusted by the Queen, who gave him no part in their flight to Palermo. He was seventy years of age, and beloved by all the sailors and fishermen. After the departure of the Court he obtained leave to retire to his estates in the country, and desired to keep clear of politics, but was compelled to take service under the Republic. In previous years he had built and fitted out at his own expense a fleet to keep off the Barbary pirates who infested the southern shores of Italy. Eleonora Pimentel, a woman of idealistic character, conducted a daily paper called the "Monitore," a medium for Republican thought and action, characterised by gentleness and an optimistic benevolence and patience most creditable to the "patriots," but useless, alas! where prompt action and a firm—even sword-girt—hand were necessary. This accomplished lady had been in the royal household and a poet of promise in the early years of Ferdinand's reign. These and such as these, mostly philosophers, having far less practical knowledge of their country than of ancient Greece and Rome, set to work mildly and gently to "revolutionise"

the kingdom; while the Queen, with fear and hatred in her heart, was considering how best to punish it. Yet Pietro Colletta, the historian, a capable but far from ardent man, says of these Republicans: "Not one act of justice would they have sacrificed to a thousand interests."

On January 27, 1799, Cardinal Ruffo, the only statesman in the Court circle, set out with unlimited powers and eight companions to win the country back. He was a man by no means scrupulous in his methods or disinterested in his motives, but with plenty of common-sense, a great dislike of useless bloodshed, and quite without the sentiment of revenge which actuated the Queen. Of all the extraordinary armies ever commanded in a civilised country, perhaps the one he collected was the most extraordinary. Besides a few hundred regular troops, he had by the end of February between sixteen and seventeen thousand irregulars of the most mixed description—ecclesiastics of every degree, rich landowners, artisans, labourers, thieves and assassins, outlaws and brigands. About the beginning of April the Court, to help on the "good cause," landed some thousands of convicts on the Calabrian coast, the majority robbers and murderers. But Ruffo, not feeling equal to the whole of them, selected a thousand only. He applied to Ferdinand for regular troops, but the King preferred to keep them for his own safety, lest the Gallo-Spanish fleet should appear. However, he sent an embroidered banner. This fine army, covered with dirt and vermin, tramped in confusion along the roads, and was by no means to be kept in hand at the reduction of a town. They sacked and murdered as they pleased indiscriminately, and indeed left the Cardinal in great numbers after the sack of Cotrona, in spite of threats and promises, to take their booty safely home. They promised to return, but, for the most part did nothing of the kind. Never-

letter merely that of cordial friendship. He certainly saw something of the selfish mismanagement of the Court, and he must have known that Ferdinand was a coward and that the Queen cared nothing for the welfare of her people. Indeed, he comments on the mismanagement of affairs, and is even reduced to indignation once or twice at the tardiness and inadequacy of supplies. Captain Troubridge, a close personal friend, wrote from Procida begging for food supplies for the unhappy islanders. "Our situation," he says, "now becomes more serious than ever. I pledged myself to the people, in consequence of her Majesty's promise, that they should want neither grain nor flour. . . . In short, my Lord, these islands must return under the French yoke, as I see the King's Ministers are not to be relied on for supplies." Again, in a most harrowing letter early in May he writes: "I am fairly worn out with fretting for the breach of my word given to the inhabitants in consequence of her Majesty's promise to me. The distress for bread in Ischia is so great that it would move even a Frenchman to pity." Later Captain Ball wrote that there was still no supplies for the "unhappy Maltese." "Believe me," replied Nelson, "I urged by every means in my power the sending of at least a small sum of money." There were thirty ships laden with grain at Girgenti, but the Queen would by no means let any go to the starving islanders. Finally, Captain Ball sent and seized them all on his own initiative. This is the only one occasion on which Nelson appears to have behaved independently. The Court complained to the Ambassador, the Ambassador to Nelson, who replied that her Majesty should rather consider it a service than a crime, and he hoped the Court would not act so as to give an officer such an "unpleasant duty" again.

On his return to Palermo, Nelson was asked to go and support the King's cause at Naples, where Ruffo had finally got a foothold, and where the city was under the most fearful mob rule of the *lazzari* thirsting for plunder and rewards, with two castles in the hands of the Republicans and one in possession of the French, and the Cardinal most anxious to put an end to the terrible slaughter and horrors of the situation. He embarked on board the "Foudroyant," accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and proceeded to the capital.

On his arrival, June 24, 1799, a treaty of capitulation with the Republicans in the castles "Nuovo" and "dell' Uovo" was already thirty-six hours old. It provided for the evacuation of the castles by the garrisons with the honours of war, and gave those it covered the choice of exile to France or a return to their own homes. It

was signed by Captain Foote, who had been left in command in bay during Nelson's absence, and by the Russian and Tu plenipotentiaries, as well as by the Cardinal. Nelson refuse recognise the treaty, assuming the full powers of Regent and pletely governed by his environment. Were not Lady Ham and her complaisant husband on board, and the former in con communication with her friend, the Queen? An Englishman na Wade, a free-lance trying to make himself useful to Nelson, a the Cardinal for a few troops to reduce the Castles; Ruffo " only declined it, but absolutely refused that any of his Maje subjects should be employed in breaking a treaty authorised by signature." This sufficiently shows Ruffo's attitude. Next Nelson wrote to Captain Duckworth: "As you will believe, Cardinal and myself have begun our career by a complete differ of opinion. He will send the rebels to Toulon—I say they not go."

In the afternoon of the 25th Nelson had a stormy interview the Cardinal, on board the "Foudroyant," lasting two hours. then somewhat changed his line of argument, saying that the tr "ought not to be carried into execution without the approbatio their Sicilian Majesties." Immediately after the interview R made some attempt to carry the treaty into execution, but not came of it. Finally, on the 26th, Nelson sent a reassurance to Cardinal through Sir William Hamilton. The letter was brough Captains Troubridge and Ball at about 10 a.m. Captain T bridge wrote a declaration with his own hand: "Rear-Adm Lord Nelson does not prevent the execution of the capitulation the Castles Nuovo and dell' Uovo." He would not confirm saying they were commissioned and accredited to treat by wor mouth about military operations, but not at all in writing a affairs of diplomacy. Thereupon the capitulation was be Hamilton writing to Palermo: "This [Nelson's declaration] duced the best possible effect. . . . Now all is calm. The Car has arranged with Captains Troubridge and Ball that the rebels embarked this evening." Later, on the 27th, he resumed his le "It has been necessary for me to interpose between the Car and Lord Nelson. If not, all would have gone wrong from first. . . . The rebels, who are on board the *polaccas*, ca move without a passport from Lord Nelson." On the evenin the 28th Nelson, after letters from Palermo, anchored *polaccas* under the sterns of the English ships, covered with his guns, took the chiefs on board his own vessels, and

Captain Foote to Palermo. It is difficult, in face of these facts, to imagine how Nelson could possibly believe his own subsequent assertion that nothing had been promised by a British officer which had not subsequently been carried into execution.

Feeling that she now had the whip-hand, the Queen's malice began to come out from its shroud of fear. "It is impossible to treat with this scum," she wrote to her confidante on June 25; "it must be put an end to. . . . The King will make an example of the chiefs, and others will be deported. . . . Finally, a severity exact, prompt, just. The same for women, and that without pity. . . . My dear Miladi, recommend Lord Nelson to treat Naples as if it were a rebel town in Ireland." On June 10 permission had been sent from Palermo to let "even the leaders" depart, if necessity required it; and again on June 19 the Queen wrote to Ruffo: "Among the criminals the only one I desire should not go to France is the unworthy Caracciolo." Rapidly indeed was Maria Carolina showing her true colours!

Lord Nelson, it must be admitted, lost no time in this policy of cruelty, treachery, and extermination. Caracciolo was the first to pay the forfeit of his life. He had been taken in hiding, and arrived on board the "Foudroyant," June 29, pale, haggard, utterly exhausted, and bound like a criminal. Captain Hardy, shocked at such treatment to a gentleman and a prince, ordered his chains to be removed and treated him with honour. A council of war was hastily convened, and the Neapolitan admiral tried and condemned, and hanged the same day at five o'clock at the foreyard arm of the "Minerva," his body being cut down and dropped into the sea at sunset. It is certain that Lady Hamilton saw the dead body from the deck of the "Foudroyant," and equally certain that Nelson intended to fill Caracciolo's cup of indignity to the full; for he himself begged Captain Hardy not to throw him overboard after Trafalgar. No wonder Lord Keith wrote to Nelson after this event: "Advise those Neapolitans not to be too sanguinary. Cowards are always cruel. . . . Give them fair words and little confidence." As for the Queen, she wrote to Lady Hamilton during these first few days, thanking her "with infinite gratitude" for her "dear, obliging letters."

In a few days the King arrived from Palermo, but on no account would he go on shore. He merely gave a general royal sanction to things, and sailed back to Palermo with Nelson about a month later.

After the death of Caracciolo the public executions began on July 7. Every day during July and the early part of August, prisoners were carried from the anchored transports to undergo their trial, til

of fifteen hundred, only about five hundred were left. These trials were without a semblance of justice and full of corruption, and the executions in the Piazza del Mercato were carried out with every circumstance of brutal indignity and in the most indecent haste, only an hour or so being allowed in preparation for death, and this in utter defiance of custom. Ettore Carafa, Eleonora Pimentel, Pagano, Cirillo and a host of others suffered death before a ribald populace, let entirely loose to vent their abominable humour on the dead and to enjoy a carouse of loyalty. "Our dear Lady," writes Nelson to her mother, "is also, I can assure you, perfectly well, but has her time so much taken up with excuses from rebels, Jacobins, and fools that she is every day most heartily tired." Never, on one single occasion, did she use her great influence in favour of the condemned; and during the hot summer nights, with death in the very heart of things, and the betrayed and helpless Republicans lying in their ships around her, she would sit on deck, at the right hand of the English admiral, and sing the songs of England over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Meantime the most revolting sack of the city had taken place. It began on June 14, was arrested for a few days during the capitulation time, and after the arrival of the English resumed with even greater circumstance of horror till July 8. The conduct of the *lazzari* constituted a veritable reign of terror; they even became cannibals on more than one occasion, and they showered letters on Lady Hamilton pointing out their claims to reward. De Nicola, a diarist of the time, writes on September 14: "Terror is being spread throughout the kingdom of Naples. . . . When will there be an end of so much bloodshed? . . . . In all the history of revolutions there is no example of the sacrifice of so many lives." Yet this man was a Royalist. Nelson, however, writes that he is "doing good to millions."

At Palermo the most pagan extravagance and heartlessness were shown in a series of feasts and entertainments. Once more Captain Troubridge, Nelson's faithful friend, writes from Naples: "I dread, my Lord, all the feasting, &c., at Palermo. I am sure your health will be hurt. The King would be better employed digesting a good Government. The money spent at Palermo gives discontent here; fifty thousand people are unemployed, trade discouraged, manufactures at a standstill." Again, in another letter, "If some Act of oblivion is not passed, there will be no end of persecution; for the people of this country have no idea of anything but [illegible]nge, and to gain a point would swear ten thousand false oa[illegible]s." Captain Troubridge knew very well, and had seen for lo[illegible] with growing vexation

and disgust, the subtle snares in which his chief and much-loved friend was caught. No wonder he afterwards "cursed the day when he served the Neapolitan Government." But Nelson, knowing nothing of half-measures in any relation, was now on the point of that complete duplicity in which the remainder of his life was shrouded.

Very soon Sir William Hamilton was recalled—his letters at this time show a fevered, flattered state of mind quite unbecoming in a diplomatist at a foreign Court—and Nelson sailed with the Hamiltons, arriving in England in November 1800. Lady Hamilton was then about to become a mother. Nelson bought some magnificent lace in Hamburg for a Court dress for his wife and a handsome lace shawl for a lady who had been kind to her. And he went home. But his relations with Lady Nelson were very strained, and ended after two months in a sudden separation. Irritated beyond measure at her husband's constant references to "dear Lady Hamilton," she got up from the breakfast table one morning, and exclaimed: "I am sick of hearing of 'dear Lady Hamilton,' and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." Nelson replied quite calmly: "Take care, Fanny, what you say. I love you sincerely, but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton, or speak of her without affection and admiration." His wife left the room, and shortly afterwards drove away.

Nelson was now the father of a child, whose birth Lady Hamilton managed to conceal from her all-too-trustful husband. The most amazing thing in this strange history is the persistent blindness of Sir William Hamilton to the facts. His honest and great admiration for Nelson is not to be doubted for a moment, nor is his chivalrous belief in Nelson's truthfulness. It is impossible to fathom Nelson's mind. After the separation from his wife he went to live with the Hamiltons; and in March 1801, when he was again at sea, we find him writing unreservedly to Lady Hamilton:—

"Now, my own dearest wife, for such you are in my eyes and in the face of Heaven, I can give full scope to my feelings, for I daresay Oliver will faithfully deliver this letter. You know, my dearest Emma, that there is nothing in this world I would not do for us to live together and have our own dear little child with us. . . . I love, never did love anyone else. I never had a dear pledge of love till you gave me one, and you, thank my God, never gave one to anyone else."

Another letter at this period he ends thus: "Recollect, I am, for ever, yours, aye for ever, while life remains, yours, yours faithfully."

However Nelson managed to square all this with his plain and obvious duty must for ever be a mystery. Is it that he was at heart a potential scoundrel always? Such an opinion is quite untenable. He was naturally one of the simplest and most straightforward of men, incapable even of ordinary caution in the display of his feelings, which always inclined to generosity. Yet here we find him in a most disgraceful intrigue, and even concocting a story of one Thompson and his wife, to facilitate his correspondence with Lady Hamilton about their child and to cover its parentage. The child —Horatia—was put out to nurse when about eight days old, and Nelson and Lady Hamilton both seem to have been devoted to it. About Nelson's devotion there is no doubt at all; Lady Hamilton's, in view of her previous motherhood, is not so certain. Nor can we ever know probably how much or how little Nelson knew of her former life. He certainly believed their child was her only one; and as she deceived him in this matter, she probably would in many others. By some astounding act of the will or incapacity for reflection he seems to have been oblivious to his position, and thus it is possible his character was not so completely wrecked as it seems to have been. How otherwise can we account for the religious exclamations in his letters to Lady Hamilton, or for his extraordinary reminder that, as to their marriage, "God Almighty can, when He pleases, remove the impediment"—meaning his own wife? And how, further, are we to account for the fact that he sat up with Sir William Hamilton during the last six nights of his life?

The complete deception practised on Sir William is shown in a long and pathetic and really beautiful letter which he left where his wife could find it some time after their return to England. "I have no complaint to make," he says, "but I feel that the whole attention of my wife is given to Lord Nelson and his interest at Merton. I well know the purity of Lord Nelson's friendship for Emma and me. And I know how very uncomfortable it would make his Lordship, our best friend, if a separation should take place, and am therefore determined to do all in my power to prevent such an extremity." He refers to his necessity for rest, to the disparity in their ages and his own coming death, remarks on the vexing altercations between them that distress him much, and he concludes with

"Therefore let us bear and forbear
'For God's sake.'"

He died some months after in 1803, in his wife's arms and with Nelson's hand in his. On his deathbed he gave Nelson her portrait in enamel, calling him his dearest friend—the most virtuous, loyal,

and truly brave character he had ever known. The codicil containing the bequest concludes: "God bless him, and shame fall upon those who do not say 'Amen.'"

After her husband's death Lady Hamilton took Horatia to live with her, and Nelson's last moments in his house at Merton, before the Trafalgar expedition, were spent in praying over her. The portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin, and he regarded it with an exalted reverence, often and publicly referring to it as his "guardian angel." He also wore a miniature of her next his heart. The last letters he ever wrote were to her and his child, the former unfinished, and both left lying on his desk. Both letters breathe intense affection, and that he was actuated in these supreme moments by extreme loftiness of aims and emotions is shown by the prayer he penned also just before Trafalgar, and which an officer found him writing, on his knees :—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours to serve my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause it is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Nelson, in the ardour of his admiring championship, left Lady Hamilton "a legacy to his King and Country"; and he tried to establish for her a claim to a pension, on the ground that she intercepted the letter of the King of Spain to Ferdinand, announcing his intention of making war on England—nothing came of this, as Nelson admitted—and that she had, further, obtained orders for the victualling of the English fleet on the expedition to Egypt. But the claims were so slender, if they really existed at all, that no notice was taken of the matter, though Lady Hamilton did not scruple by fabrications of all kinds to make her case good.

After Nelson's death her extravagance gradually involved her in complete ruin. She was even in prison, but being released by the kindness of an alderman, went to France and died there at the age of fifty-one.

She left on record in her will that she should like to be buried with Nelson in St. Paul's, if that were possible. No doubt Nelson would have desired it, too, but a juster Providence ruled otherwise.

MAUD HODGSON.

girls who sheltered themselves with umbrellas from the burning sun.

What a scene awaited us in the forest! Under the trees, vehicles of every description were drawn up, and booths erected for the sale of cider, *sirops*, and all kinds of cakes. Groups of peasants were dancing the national dance to the strains of a horn and bagpipe; the women in their black gowns, with dazzling white caps and collarettes, and the men wearing the usual embroidered jacket, dark trousers, and coloured waistband, and hat with silver buckle and long velvet streamers.

Here was a picture recalling a *fête champêtre* by Watteau or Teniers, though too vigorously rustic for the former, and too refined for Teniers. The sunlight glancing through the luxuriant foliage made wonderful effects of light and shade and colour, among the crowd of peasants enjoying themselves with absolute *abandon*.

In another corner numbers of townspeople were waltzing to the strains of a most unmusical band. Lady cyclists in bloomers, and damsels in more conventional attire, danced with soldiers and sailors or with cadaverous-looking town men, who wore top-hats, flowing black neck-ties, and trousers of shepherd's plaid, that pattern so dear to the male French heart.

The peasants kept to themselves, and never flagged for an instant in the dance, although the heat was stifling, and great clouds of dust were set in motion by their feet. With their fourth fingers linked together—as is customary in Brittany—the partners advanced towards the *contre-danse*, then twirled round three times, and again skipped forward with their fourth fingers joined. The movement soon grew monotonous to the onlookers, but never to the dancers, although the overworked musicians were a piteous sight to behold. Still they worked on without flagging, with puffed cheeks and perspiring brows, producing weird and hideous sounds, and looking as though each moment was to be their last.

In quieter nooks under the trees family groups were enjoying themselves, drinking cider and eating curds and whey. Here and there the babies, tired out by the heat and noise, were lying fast asleep on the ground, their little limbs stretched out in utter weariness, and, sleeping or waking, these little ones were objects of care and solicitude to their parents, especially, it appeared, to their rough-looking fathers.

One of the chief features of the fête was, of course, the sale of birds, which were being hawked about in cages and offered to the public for a few sous. There were finches and linnets and canaries,

and fluffy little grey owls, peering with frightened eyes at the human ogres who had torn them away from love and liberty. We longed to buy them all and to set them free in this beautiful forest, where other birds were singing in the passionate enjoyment of life.

The long day waned at length, and although many "Forest Lovers" showed no sign of leaving the dance, others joined the homeward procession, that moved towards Quimperlé, looking unique and picturesque. Heavy waggons and smarter vehicles moved side by side, and on foot, men and women, hand-in-hand or arm-in-arm, passed along in rows, half dancing, half walking, and singing snatches of Breton songs to the sound of the band. Had the scene been less simple and idyllic, it might have suggested a Bacchanalian revel.

Arrived at the Hôtel Lion d'Or, we found rows of hungry visitors at dinner, and others pouring in, in such numbers, that mine host was obliged to barricade the dining-room door with his own burly form. At last our turn came, and we dined with two interesting *Américaines*, who had travelled with us a few days before, and, like "ships that pass in the night," we exchanged thoughts and signals with these two. One was piquante and racy, the other, of comely presence and dove-like eyes, was impressionable and expansive. Brittany had caught her in its spell, and she was ready to rush off to every "Pardon," but her sister acted as a sort of brake or compass, guiding her gently in the direction of Paris.

The impressionable one tempted us—tired though we were—to enjoy the charms of Quimperlé by moonlight, and as we drank our coffee under the lime trees, we imagined ourselves at some scene from an opera. Moonlight shone on the river Laïta—where the waters of the Elle and Isole flow together, musical as the sound of their names—and a great crowd of peasants sat motionless by the river-side, or strolled about while waiting for the promised fireworks. It was difficult to leave this poetic scene and go to bed; more difficult still to sleep, for when the voices died away outside we could still hear the rushing waters of the mill-stream and the church clocks striking the quarter.

Next day all was changed, and only the flags remained of yesterday's festivity, but Quimperlé had regained its normal quiet beauty, and we stayed to explore its quaint streets and buildings. Now and then cartloads of peasants, who had stayed all night after the fête, started homewards, and our pleasant American travellers drove off in an antiquated chaise to Pont-Aven, but we lingered on, enjoying the beauty of this richly wooded valley. The

sun lighted up the white caps and collars of women washing by the river-side, and sparkled on the water, that reflected the green foliage and the glorious summer sky.

Though the whole world seemed to move on, we were more than content to linger in our new-found "Land of Arcady."

III. Fisher-life at Concarneau.

This little fishing town, on the far-off coast of Finistère, is the scene of constantly changing pictures, full of bewildering delight to the impressionist who seeks to fix its fleeting effects on canvas or in some corner of his memory.

To describe the place in words one would need to be a poet, but prose must be my medium, and little seems to have been written of Concarneau. Painters congregate there, attracted by the colour, movement, and atmosphere; and under the spell of its elusive charm they work on and on, striving to express the life around them.

To us, all the fishing stations on the Finistère coast seem eminently picturesque, but, in addition to their qualities of luminous sea and sky, Concarneau possesses more than the usual share of colour and sunshine. There, even the fishermen have a preference for light blue and golden brown in their dress, with touches of crimson; and the women who throng the quay wear the picturesque Breton costume. There, too, the boats have rich brown sails and gaily painted hulks, and sardine nets of fine blue thread.

Think of that, you who love colour, and picture the effect of these nets, hanging in festoons from the masts, deep blue when wet, but when dry spangled with silvery sardine scales and floating out in soft blue films, like the diaphanous skirts of a dancer!

We arrived at Concarneau in the afternoon, when everything seemed to slumber in the sunshine. A few boats were anchored in the harbour, their blue nets floating dreamily from the masts; some men and boys lounged on the quay, and women sat chatting and working on their door-steps.

Later in the afternoon the scene became more animated. Women and girls, wearing black or coloured dresses and white caps and collarettes, strolled up and down the quay knitting and gossiping, their short skirts swaying in the breeze, their sabots clicking in a kind of rhythm. These were the famous *sardinières* of Concarneau, who have often been painted for the Salon: fine, healthy women, full of *la joie de vivre*, ever ready to exchange a laugh or a joke with the bronzed fishers who hurried by, carrying baskets of sardines. These women

take an active part in the sardine industry, and to them the coming of the boats means not only the return of their men-folk but the signal to set to work salting and curing the fish.

We walked on towards the harbour's mouth and beheld a scene which, though oft repeated, never loses its charm, because never quite the same in effect. On the rocks groups of women sat waiting for the boats, and others stood above, looking seawards, though knitting all the time. In the middle distance the sea was of clearest blue, but towards the horizon it melted away in shimmering opal and silver tints. A fleet of boats came in line from the far horizon looking in the distance like a flight of birds, or phantom ships, until the tide brought them near, their great masts looming against the soft sky, their bows striking the water with that indescribable sound of rippling music.

And now came the anxious question of results. What luck had the fishers met with out on the open sea? What harvest had they brought? By and by winter will come, with days of enforced idleness, and something must be laid by now, if thrifty wives can only secure *des sous*, before they are squandered at the drink shop. Anxious faces gathered by the quay side, where boats are being anchored one by one; men scrambled up the steps carrying baskets of sardines, and men and women passed from hand to hand the heavy and valuable tunny, which were instantly bought up for the market.

But dinner-hour at the Hôtel des Voyageurs demanded our attention, and many an evening did we reluctantly turn our backs on the sunset because of this prosaic question of food. For many years Madame le Clinche's handsome dark eyes have greeted visitors seeking shelter under her hospitable roof, which too we found a very good headquarters. A cheerful group of artists met at table every day, and we were well served by Breton maids in all the freshness of their white caps and collarettes. The ubiquitous sardine appeared in many forms, and, fresh from the sea, its delicate flavour was delicious. We did full justice to it, and to the chicken, salad, and omelettes that are always to the fore in these Breton inns, not to speak of the excellent *cidre du pays*.

Life at Concarneau is spent very much in the open air. In the market-place booths are set up, where the country people buy and sell corn and provisions, and, basket on arm, the guidwives chatter and haggle over their bargains. Most of the business seems to be done by the women, who are quite equal to the occasion; indeed, their lives are spent in one long round of toil. At the sale of sabots, spread out on the ground, there is an endless variety of style and

shape, from the heavy sabots for men to the more ornamental style affected by a coquettish *sardinière*, or suited for wee children who toddle over the cobbled streets.

Country folk are easily distinguishable from the fishers, and seem somewhat dazed by the gaiety of a seaport town. While the women transact business, the men wander on the quays, carrying a stick and basket, and wearing the peasant's usual black hat with long tails, instead of the woollen cap of the fishers, their serious faces and deliberate movements contrasting with the hurried walk or easy slouch of the seafarer.

Most of the life and movement at Concarneau takes place in the new town. The old town, or what is called the Ville Close, built in the middle of the harbour, is connected with the new town by a drawbridge, and is really a squalid little place of one street, and low houses surrounded by walls which make it a complete fortification. But its effect is quaint and picturesque, making the Concarneau of to-day appear very modern and gay by comparison.

When opportunity brings any chance of pleasure, the Concarneau folk are not slow to enjoy themselves. During our stay the Czar visited France, and one evening the fishers and *sardinières* turned out *en masse*, forming a torchlight procession of quite unique effect, and singing gaily to the strains of the town band. To be sure, they seemed somewhat vague as to the cause of all this gaiety, for in reply to our question one of the girls, smiling, replied : "On dit qu'une reine est venue en France."

But the great event of the year is the *Pardon*, or religious fête, at Fouesnant near Concarneau, held in July, when a grand procession of boats is blessed by the priests, and the whole country-side, dressed out in all their finery, meet for the Mass and the gaiety that follows. This subject has been painted by many artists, notably by Monsieur Alfred Guillou, a native of the place, and this picture, now hanging in the Luxembourg, gained for him the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Just outside the "Hôtel le Clinche" stands the public fountain, where all the townspeople come to draw water and gossip, their picturesque figures standing out in bold relief against a background of sea and sky. Near by, the blue sardine nets are stretched out for repair, and a group of bonny girls mend the threads with deft fingers.

With such subjects for pictures on every side, one can easily understand why artists love Concarneau. Even in winter they stay on, for the climate is said to be as mild as at Biarritz or Nice, and

models are then more plentiful than in summer, when everyone is needed for the sardine work.

Concarneau never appears more picturesque than at evening when the boats are at anchor in the harbour, their dark masts reflected in the clear green water. Facing the open sea stand a little church and calvary where people come and go throughout the day, the calvary being used as a resting-place rather than as a place for prayer. In bad weather, how welcome must be the sight of that great cross, to the storm-tossed fishers straining every nerve to reach the harbour! One can picture the scenes that happen when a gale blows in from the Atlantic, and great waves thunder with relentless force against the coast, carrying the frail fishing craft on to destruction. The natives and others who live there all the year round tell of sudden tempests, during which boats have gone down, and all hands been drowned in sight of their own homes. At such times the little church is crowded with weeping women and children, and others, hoping against hope, kneel under the outstretched arms of the calvary.

But this tragic aspect of the fisher life is not the one we associate with Concarneau.

We visited it when blossom and fruit were at their best, and Nature smiled serenely; and we would fain remember it as a place of colour and sunshine—where a busy people play their unconscious part in the ever-changing scene that surrounds them.

J. QUIGLEY.

TWO STUDIES IN UNWRITTEN LITERATURE

I. Cicero's "Oratio pro Joanna Pucella de Arqua."

IT generally will be admitted that Cicero never delivered his "Oration for Joan of Arc" from any public tribunal. He was a man who, happily for himself, found out early what he could do well. He could make orations. Everybody, including the Divine Julius, agreed that he could make orations. Thenceforward, nothing could prevent him from making them. Even if he had not an opportunity of making a speech, there hardly was an occasion upon which he was unable to make an oration. It was his habit. In the spirited phrase of Harland: "This coat that I have on—it's absolutely the best in my wardrobe, I give you my word." Cicero must have realised the overwhelming antecedent probability that he would be unable to deliver a speech on behalf of Joan of Arc: but this would be no deterrent to a literate of his calibre. He suffered from a literary flux, which no lack of opportunity could stanch; and, consequently, the accident of his subject-matter always was for him the excuse, not the reason for his eloquence. And yet Cicero's position is now fairly well established. His literary value has been existimated by the criticism of twenty centuries; and it is quite unnecessary to-day to discuss the facile and mellifluous rotundity of his periods. We do not discuss the style of so eminent a silk as Cicero, for the same reason that we do not quarrel with the constellations. It, no doubt, is hard upon him; but we, whose business is the study of a novel oration by him, are compelled to direct our attention solely to his subject-matter, for the "Oratio pro Joanna," if authentic, was written by Cicero in the Ciceronian manner, and that is all about that. But his appreciation of his client's character affords many points for discussion. For example, was she really honest in her statements about the visions? Cicero simply presents the facts (as narrated by Joan) with candid superiority, not denying the truth of her assertions. We must not forget that it is unusual to deny the

truth of fairy-tales—we, who accept impossible hair-producers and deny the tornado in Texas. Cicero delicately tramps around (so to speak) in philosophatheistic boots; and he does it with commendable agility. We can read the whole passage: "admodum puella . . . . rerum providentia perfecerunt"; and, at the end, quite fail to see that Cicero personally never has vouched for the accuracy of Joan's narration. He merely has rounded and polished her assertions until they sound Ciceronian. This treatment is quite in the proper manner of Cicero; and is called rhetoric. Further examples of it may be discovered by the ingenious student in the "Oratio pro Balbo." Cicero is at great pains, however, to establish the fact of Joan's virginity. In the absence of proof, we permit ourselves to form our own judgment; but Cicero cannot be blamed for reminding us that calumny has peculiar force in accusations of this kind. Joan was much in the society of certain men; and it was very simple and natural to fix an adscititious and unnecessary meaning on the connection. It is done every day. The charge was most difficult to disprove; and Cicero arranges his arguments: "nimirum calumpniatores. . . . Venere infausta," with consummate forensic skill. He is almost convincing. It is interesting to note several little verbal reminiscences in these chapters, which go to show that Cicero did not neglect the Shakespearean plays in which Joan figures: but it would seem that they have not been of much assistance to him in getting up his case. In the magniloquent peroration, in which he pleads with her English conquerors for Joan's life (an *argumentum ad misericordiam* but seldom surpassed, we venture to think, for ingenuity and elegance of diction), we reluctantly are forced, however, to question Cicero's sincerity. No doubt a man of his political timidity, with an anticipative eye on England of to-day, would hesitate to condemn (as barbarous) the acts of the men whose descendants were to be (in no small degree) the successors of his own political opponents. We never ought to permit our talents for inaccuracy to run away with our sense of chronological sequence in these matters; and we must make allowances for an orator who was a Prae-Augustan Roman. Cicero evidently had the Gallic Campaigns of Caesar in his mind all the time when he was writing this oration. He could not mention Gaul without thinking of Caesar. The Divine Julius was a great man; and it is highly probable that he never took the slightest interest in Cicero's opinions about Joan of Arc, and never even read a line of this oration. But Cicero had the neurotic temperament; and one feels that his position, between Imperial England of to-day and

Caesar, Lord of legions and of Rome, was accentedly uncomfortabl[e]. That is why this peroration, in spite of its efficient eloquence, lack[s] the note of sincerity. It is not the utterance of a man who un-hesitatingly pleads a cause (which he believes to be just) because h[e] believes it to be just. Here, as in every other oration, Cicero i[s] playing to the gallery (with an anxious eye on the actor-manager) seeing how far he may diverge in search of popularity withou[t] incurring a reproof (or worse) at "treasury." He lacked th[e] versatility which would have taught him the advantages of a doubl[e] personality. What is the good of possessing praenomen, nomen and cognomen, if one is not permitted to manipulate them a littl[e] in order to evade dilemmas of this sort? The stratagem is familia[r] enough to modern controversialists. Why should it not have bee[n] adopted by a literate of Cicero's eminence? John Thomas Smith with nothing better to do than to compete for publication, ma[y] write at one time as John Thomas and at another as Thomas Smith he may pose now as a member of Parliament and now as a novelist now as a dean and now as a rosicultor, now as a baronet and no[w] as a Benedictine, now as a diplomat and now as a poet. Further every man has two distinct sides to his character—his Dr. Jekyll an[d] his Mr. Hyde. Why should not they both have names and a chanc[e] of using them? We are not advocating anonymity in polemica[l] literature: nor pseudonymity. Let that be clearly understood. W[e] do affirm, however, that Marcus Tullius might have made himsel[f] agreeable to the English, and that Tullius Cicero might have toadie[d] Caesar; and no one's interests would have been affected one way o[r] the other except those of Marcus Tullius Cicero. But no: s[o] simple and convenient a device never entered Cicero's head. H[e] involved himself in infinite unpleasantness because he trusted sole[ly]

before) the Augustan Age that Romans awoke to the beauty of simplicity; and we Post-Augustans can score over Cicero with our genuine admiration for the savage. It is not Golden but Silvern to adore the barbaric. Joan of Arc was somewhat barbaric. Her story has a Colchian atmosphere. There are few things more exasperating than to find oneself in agreement with a man for whose judgment one has complete contempt; and, even if we admit that Cicero is arguing on the right side, we cannot help wishing that he had written his oration as an attack upon Joan, *in Joannam* instead of *pro Joanna*. In fact, it is difficult to find any excuse for his failure to do so; for he would have made a lovely *diaboli advocatus*, and must have known it. Certainly he would have made it much easier for us to quarrel with him; and how goodly and pleasant a thing it is to quarrel with Cicero, since he produced his treatise "De Amicitia" on the gentle art of making friends! In all Cicero's private orations, we can learn but little of the other side of the case. If, for instance, we could read the "Actio in Verrem," as in a looking-glass, it is not impossible that we should find Verres to have been merely an aesthetic enthusiast who allowed his passion for the preservation of artistic treasures to run away with other people's property. Antiquities, no doubt, were inefficiently protected in those latter days of Siculean greatness. Well, some of us know more about Joan of Arc than about Verres. But we do not know all about her; and Cicero throws no new light upon the subject. His passing allusion to Fashoda is merely a sop to tickle the complaisant complacency of the descendants of the men who burned the saviour of the lilies of France; and, pushed to its logical and analogical conclusion, it does nothing to strengthen the case of his client. Besides, it is not quite fair to the Dauphin. No doubt that is why Cicero does not follow up the indirection, and warns off all who may attempt to do so: "tu vero cave vel obstes mihi vel in sequendo perstes." In fact, we have here just another example of his political hesitancy. He durst not damn his client's enemies; because he felt that Caesar would be on their side. And the trial took place in Gaul. And Caesar had such powerful connections there before he obtained the mastery of the world. Poor Cicero! He could have said such nice things about Caesar, if only it had not been so unsafe. Yes: poor Mr. Facing-both-ways! And poor Joan, too—with such an advocate! It really was very fortunate for her, on the whole, that this oration never was delivered; for nothing can be more certain than that, had it been delivered, the accusation of witchcraft would have been proved up to the hilt;

and her subsequent rehabilitation at the hands of Pope Callistus the Third, and beatification at the hands of Pope Leo the Thirteenth and canonization by Pope Hadrian the Seventh would have been rendered impossible.

II. Shakespeare's "Tragedy of King Charles the First."

Among the historical plays of Shakebaconspeare, two stand apart from the majority, on account of the particular lyrical tone with which the dramatic treatment of the subject is adorned. The former of these, "King Richard the Second," marks an earlier period in Shakespeare's development; and his debt to Marlowe is undeniable, for we cannot fail to see that his "King Richard the Second" is an idealisation—and what an idealisation!—of Marlowe's "King Edward the Second." But when, at a later date, Sir Francis once more dared to give us a lyrichistorical drama, his powers had reached maturity; and, on this account, we class his "Tragedy of King Charles the First" among the supreme achievements of literature. The lyrical character of the play is to be noted, not merely in the larger proportion of rhymed endings distinguishing this work from those written towards the close of William Bacon's career (a feature which has tempted certain critics of the chucklesome or Athenaeum order to assign an earlier date to the "Charles the First" than is warranted by the evidence), but also in the unitary structure of the tragedy. For we have here, not a history of England during a certain period of time, nor even the history of an English king during a certain period of his life, but rather the portrait of Charles Stuart painted by William Francis Shakebaconspeare in a series of scenes, which are selected merely because of the opportunities they afford to the poet of giving vivid expression to his preconceived notion of the man. Commentators who dabble in statistics tell us that King Charles is "in front" for a longer time, and has more lines to speak, than any other character in the Shakespearean drama. The physical strain thus laid upon the actor temerarious enough to attempt the part must have been obvious to all who were present at the recent performances of this most mind-grieving of tragedies. The only scene of prime importance in which the King is not upon the boards is the famous interlude before Laud goes forth to death. The character of the Archbishop is interesting, serving (as it does) as a foil to the King's, but rather as an *umbratile quid*, a kind of second or ghostly Charles distorted by the violence of strong lights concentrated on particular points. Laud is what Charles would have been had His Majesty

not been royal and had He embraced an ecclesiastical career; while, in another place, Rupert says and does what Charles would have done and said had He been a soldier and not a king. Of course it is just the pathos of this kingship which gives the keynote to this as to all Shakespeare's historical tragedies—the utter inadequacy of the divinely sanctioned minister to the divinely constituted office. The pathos is the King's. It is due to the fact that he is not called to kingship of his own free will. He has no choice whatever. His birth and his breeding are against him—his birth, because it places him on the steps of the throne—his breeding, because no amount of breeding can make a king of a man who is not born king-like; and because it is of a kind which prevents him from recognising his own unkingliness, or, if he does recognise it, from standing aside to cultivate mere manliness. Yes: the pathos is the King's. He is a man, distinct from his fellow-men by no extraordinary gifts or graces of mind or body; and he is expected to be equal to—nay, to excel in—an office which demands eximious resources. Shakespeare saw this. His marvellous insight into the very core and kernel of all things enabled him to pierce beneath the canopy and crown of sovereignty; and to read, for all ages, the heart, naked and bare, of the boy or man who sat upon the throne—a golden glorious pathetic pitiable image, worshipped or exsecrated by a world which knew him not. In "Henry the Fourth," Shakespeare gave us the crowned adventurer: in "Henry the Fifth" he showed us the crowned knight, and won our sympathy for him as a model of honourable courage: in "Henry the Eighth" he left us no room to doubt the crowned country-squire. And, while "Richard the Second" is the beautiful, thoughtless feudal-lord, and while "Henry the Sixth" is the meek monk whose diadem weighs on the thorn-crown of his tonsure, in "John" and "Richard the Third" we have the crowned cad and the crowned dog. But in "Charles the First" the poet displays his conception of the crowned gentleman. The contrast between the exquisite personality of Charles and the clumsy violent verrucose grostestitude of the hypocritical arch-rebels, of course, is depicted with unerring skill. We are made to feel that this White Majesty is one whom every poet ever should honour, serve and sing. The following will illustrate:

> *K. Charles.* Faithless to Our Own friends?
> Hath a king friends, as other men have friends?
> Nay: for the flower of friendship bourgeoneth
> but in the hearts of equals; and not one
> is equal of the King. Yet, reverence

and love to Us from some hath been preferr'd :
from Us to some anon hath been return'd
Our royal acceptance and sincere regard :
not friendship : for the King hath not an heart
wherein to nurture it, as subjects have.
We deign'd the good archbishop and the earl
to your irregulous hands. That generous blood
ye spill'd. We deign'd it. Laud and Strafford both
fear'd God ; and, next, honour'd their Lord the King.
They loved Us ; and for Us they laid their lives
down in the very greatness of their love,
not to propitiate the sheep-clothed wolves,
not e'en as sacrifice to save the King :
for the King knoweth that His death is due,
as Laud and Strafford knew and were full glad ;
and, when His hour shall strike, the King will go
as gladly—from the crown corruptible
unto the incorruptible : but those
brave sons of England duteously went
before their King. No more. 'Tis of the pains
of kingship that, for kingship, love must die.
But, of Our human heart, of love bereft,
which something irks Us—We'll not speak to you.

(*Cromwell and Pym whisper apart, and then would speal*

Look, sirs, upon these heav'nly stars which shine,
pinned on the orfrey of night's purple robe. (*Draws a curtain.*)
Sometimes a star doth fall : it vanisheth
and no more is. They say that, in the sun,
full many a star doth fall ; and quench its flame
in that vast fervence, whose great light doth draw
the lesser lights toward it, to fulfil
the glory of its candent coronal.
But, deem ye that one little star can fall
and die at its own will ? Nay : none but God,
the Maker of the stars, can out-blot one.
And so, not ye, who have not made Us King,

and from His sacred person scraped the nard,
released all duteous oaths, His majesty
forswore, with manors, rents, and revenues,
denied His acts, His statutes and decrees—
Never, sirs! Never! Out! The King can not.

[*Exeunt Pym and Cromwell.*

Shakespeare has stated the case against Charles with a monumental magniloquence which recalls, at times, the language of the sonnets; and here, perhaps, we have a key to open the way to an understanding of that subtile fascination which this play inevitably will exercise upon the poetic temperament. One never can pass a really final judgment upon Shakespeare's "King Charles." Although the poet has used all his skill in order to make us love the man, so that we have no choice but to kneel before the splendour of Man's Majesty and wonder, yet he has not used that skill to make us appreciate the King's position in the Great Rebellion. Indeed, it almost might be said that he seems by contrast purposely to have withheld his skill from making us appreciate it. It is as though the poet refused to judge. Of course it always is a difficult (as well as an unsafe) task to attempt to delineate the real Shakespeare behind his dramatic mask. Certainly the task is sentimental rather than intellectual: the result is merely subjective, and has merely subjective value. Yet it would be unwise to assert that the sympathetic student of the plays cannot compose for himself a picture of a man of like passions with himself—but written how much larger and how much more purpureal. So, in the "Tragedy of King Charles the First" it would seem as though this ideal Shakespeare (whom we all know) suspends his judgment, and leaves the rightness and the wrongness of the King's cause indeterminate. Perhaps it would not be too fantastic to lay emphasis upon a certain psychical kinship which undoubtedly does exist between the poet and the king. They both were true sons of the Renascence: for Charles stands, may we not say, as the last survivor of the true Renascence spirit. He stands in splendid isolation above the stolid prosaic digestive England which had been coming into existence since the latter days of Elizabeth—digestive, because it was the business of those times to assimilate the strong wine fermented from the earlier fruition of the English Renascence. James the First was a type of the age. Charles the First belongs rather to the gay and gambolling days of skittish Eliza, than to the decades between the demise of the pettifogging pedantic Scot and the apotheosis of Bung plus Cant in the person of Oliver Cromwell. Thus, if it be in this way that we

may trace the origin of the sympathy which the poet natura
would have held in regard to one who ought to have been his c
temporary, we become able to appreciate Shakespeare's opinion t
Charles was born too late, and was but a forlorn and melanch
though certainly beautiful, figure, upholding (as it were) that stand
of white gold embroidery which was doomed to be trampled in
mire by the Ironsides' democratic hobnails. For Shakespeare is
bard of feudalism, of the feudal spirit in politics, of the feu
spirit in the individual; and Charles is a feudal sovereign—strand
by the ninth wave. We see in His Majesty all that distinct feu
unity of motive upon which Shakespeare lays additional stress by
extraordinary distinction so often observable in the lines assigned
the White King. We feel that we never should be at a loss to
cognise a verse spoken by Charles, even when deprived of its c
text. And so the lovely, disdainful couplet in Act v. Scene 2:

> England, outstare the heinous miscreance
> of jacks who wanton with thine ordinance,

given by the quarto to Charles and by the first folio to Henriet
Maria, would seem certainly to have the true Carolean ring. W
therefore most assuredly must prefer the reading of the quarto: th
difference made to the tenor of the whole scene by the alteratio
being too obvious to require further comment. It however is not
able that this scene, of the parting of Charles from his wife, is no
one of the greatest in the play; although, on an *a-priori* inference
we might have anticipated that such would have been the case. In
his effort to accentuate the importance of his chief character, Shake
speare seems to have been led to draw the secondary figures of the
tragedy chiefly from the enemies of the king. Laud, as we have
observed, is prominent in but a single scene: Rupert, in another:
otherwise, the action is the king's and his opponents'. Further, the
tragedy is distinctly virile in form and colour, and any prominence
given to the personality of Henrietta Maria certainly would have dis-
torted the contours and disconcerted the tints. The picture, as
revealed to us, presents not a single discord. There indeed is not
that vivid and multi-coloured harmony which Shakespeare could use
when Bacon did not hold the pen which wrote the plays. But he
has given us a marvellous dichrome rather, wherein whitest gold and
sombrest mud-colour are reiterated, woven in a myriad chequer of
arabesques. It is this simplicity and reticence of the colour-scheme
which corresponds to the hieratic purity of purpose wherewith the
poet has chosen (whether with historical exactitude or not are im-

material points) to invest the King. This is the device which manifests the individual feudalism of character noted above, and this is what has given to the play an inevitability which is consummately Hellenic. If we once have realized the characters of Shakespeare's King Charles and of Shakespeare's Roundheads, the end of the tragedy is obvious. Reconciliation becomes impossible. The last act comes like the crowning couplet of one of Shakespeare's own sonnets : it is as the cadence concluding the long lyric. And King Charles advances to his martyrdom with the unwavering simplicity of the ideal martyr, whose death would be a truism if it were not a tragedy.

A. CRAB MAID.

THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL

THE interior of Walton Hall, near Wakefield, formerly the historic residence of Charles Waterton, like the outside, told you at once that you were in the home of a naturalist. Along the banister side of the staircase were cases of stuffed birds, and on the wall side hung pictures. At the head of the staircase was an open room, called the organ gallery, which was filled with stuffed animals and pictures, and continued the array of art and nature which faced each other on the staircase. Here, too, was a clock three hundred years old, which had belonged to Sir Thomas More, and which struck the hours so clearly that when the windows were open it could be heard at the edge of the lake. In Walton Hall museum you might gaze at the splendid jacamars refulgent in gold and metallic green; the milk-white campanero, or bell-bird, whose romantic call will cheer the traveller in its native forest at a distance of three miles; the beautiful hou-tou, so called from the sound of its plaintive note; the toucans, with their bright-coloured and enormous beaks; the gorgeous cotingas, and many other glories of the tropics. Mixed up with the genuine specimens were Waterton's taxidermic frolic the nondescript, and a creature he called "Noctifer, or the spirit of the dark ages," which was made of the gorget and legs of a bittern and the head and wings of an eagle-owl, so skilfully blended that none but an ornithologist could have detected the playful imposition. The whole of the collection had been prepared by the hands of its owner, and every animal was in an attitude true to life, and the best for displaying its beauties of form and colour. Such art in stuffing was never beheld before, and can only be attained by laborious practice and a thorough knowledge of the anatomy and habits of the creature to be reproduced. This exquisite museum was removed to Ushaw College, and is well worth a journey to see. On the top floor of Walton Hall, in the opposite direction to the organ gallery, was the chapel and a small room, which was at once Waterton's study, bird-stuffing workshop, and bedroom, if bedroom it could be called when there was not

any bed. The wanderer in distant regions of the globe always slept on the boards, wrapped up in a blanket. His pillow was a block of oak which had been originally rough, and in course of years had become almost polished by use. The room was plainly furnished, over the mantelpiece was an old map of Quiano, a record to Waterton of living scenes and loving memories. His way of life was primitive. He got up at three, lit his fire, and lay down upon the floor again for half an hour, which he called a half-hour of luxury. He had shaved and dressed by four, and from four to five he was upon his knees in the Roman Catholic chapel. His breakfast consisted usually of dry toast, watercress, and a cup of weak tea. Breakfast ended, he went out till noon, superintending his farm, mending fences, or clipping hedges. From noon to dinner he would sit indoors and read or think. After dinner he walked in the park, and came in a little before six to tea. He retired early to bed, rose at midnight to spend a few minutes in the chapel, and then went back to his wooden bed and oaken pillow. His austere, calm, invigorating habits seemed to promise that his life, already prolonged, might be lengthened out for several years. In spite of illness and wounds, his general health remained good. But the adventurous traveller who had escaped pestilence, fevers, earthquakes, shipwreck, precipices, serpents, and wild beasts was destined to perish by an accident which befell him in his own park in the midst of apparent safety.

Charles Waterton possessed certain eccentricities of person, as the following remarks will exemplify. He was widely known as "the Squire," and in personal attire adopted a primitive style. His clothes were occasionally in so dilapidated a condition that he was now and again addressed in uncouth language by strangers who neither suspected his intellectual worth, his vast achievements in natural history at home and abroad, nor the grade he occupied in social circles. His usual dress when at home and when attending his ordinary and necessary duties was a brown jacket without skirts, very wide trousers, worsted stockings, and shoes that were always worn so loose on the foot that he could by giving his leg a sudden jerk throw them a considerable distance in any direction he might desire, which singular exploit he was delighted to perform when in happy harmony with all around him. He was never offended with the remark that he had "a shocking bad hat," when he would immediately, with the utmost gravity, reply that a half-detached crown or a few air-holes were really desirable, as he was anxious to keep his head cool, except when ornithologising on the highest

terrace of his grotto, when and where he always delighted to bask in the sun's rays without his hat. He greatly delighted to carry on the misconception of his real identity by cleverly personating the man of poverty.

On one occasion, when calling on a neighbouring colonel, the butler showed him into the servants' hall, to the Squire's great amusement. The colonel, on its being intimated to him that a person of the name of Waterton wished to see him, shrewdly suspected the blunder that had been made, and hastened himself to welcome his friend, the naturalist of world-wide repute, and to express great regret in consequence of the mistake, whilst the Squire was chuckling in his sleeve at the lucky incident. On another occasion the Squire was loitering leisurely on the road to his home at Walton, when a countryman accosted him thus: "Good-morning, my man, can you direct me the road to the Hall belonging to Squire Waterton, the great naturalist? I want to try to buy some wood off the old gentleman. They tell me he is a wonderful but queer old chap, if he happens to be on the wrong side out. Do you happen to know aught of him?" "Yes," replied the Squire, "I know him very well. Indeed, no one in all the neighbourhood knows him so well, or is so much in his company as I am. He is as queer as Dick's hatband! You will have to get up early in the morning if you mean to get to the blind side of the old Squire." "Well," rejoined the countryman, "this is a lucky hit; you are the very man for me. Come into the 'pub' close by, and I will stand a pint of beer, and bread and cheese also, if you will make it worth my while." The Squire civilly declined the proffered bribe, saying that he had already breakfasted, and advised the countryman to have nothing to do with "the queer old chap" but to go direct to the woodman "who," he observed, "was a very decent fellow." The woodman was found, the purchase was made, and on the countryman's return along with the woodman through the park they accidentally came in contact with the Squire. The countryman was so highly satisfied with his purchase that he could not refrain from tipping a sly and grateful wink at Mr. Waterton, in having recommended him to have nothing to do with "the queer old chap," when, to the countryman's horror, the woodman doffed his hat, after the rustic fashion, with a profoundly obedient bow to his master. The cat was instantly out of the bag. The horrified countryman realised the mess he had got into, and stammeringly attempted an apology, but was instantly cut short by an order from the Squire to the woodman that the purchaser should be taken to

the Hall and well regaled, a finale which speedily set the countryman at ease. Despite any oddity of procedure, the Squire at heart was a man of generous hospitality.

On one occasion a party of officers from some neighbouring barracks, hearing of the Squire's peculiarity of manners, and disposed to have some fun, rode over to Walton Hall, and sent in their cards with a request to see the interior of the mansion. The Squire received them very graciously. Young and indiscreet, and professing to have a scientific knowledge of painting which they did not in the slightest degree possess, they soon betrayed their entire ignorance of the art by foolishly pointing out supposed imperfections where none existed, and by absurdly praising those very portions of paintings which were really defective. At this juncture the Squire felt disposed to treat them simply with pity; but when his quick eye caught the whole party actually quizzing him, and indulging in rude and personal remarks, notwithstanding his extreme kindness to them, he became somewhat irate, but silently so, excepting that he took an opportunity to state that there were some very splendid paintings at a house in the neighbourhood, with which they would be delighted. The gentleman himself, the Squire observed, was from home, but an odd and eccentric old fellow who lived in the house was a man of remarkable ability, and always showed the paintings, and that he was the best judge and had the most knowledge on these subjects of any man in the country. The bait was greedily swallowed by the officers. They would "go at once, if it was only to have a glance at this extraordinary bit of mortality."

The Squire whispered to his butler to instantly forward to the gentleman's house, where the paintings were, a disguise suit for himself, which he had recently had prepared for another purpose; but this was too tempting a chance to let slip without trying the fictitious apparel. The carriage-road was rather distant for the officers, but a short footpath across the fields allowed Mr. Waterton to himself anticipate their arrival, and to give him sufficient time to put on his disguise suit in order that he might be ready to receive the military critics. The Squire's counterfeited appearance succeeded admirably. His disguise consisted of a faded red wig, an old green shade over one eye, an eyeglass over the other, a threadbare coat so stuffed as to give to his figure the appearance of a hunchback, drab-coloured smalls with white stockings, and a crutch used to *apparently* relieve a crippled limb.

In this anomalous-looking costume he supported the singularity of character which he himself had previously drawn and represented

to the officers at Walton Hall, receiving them at his friend's residence in the already stated absence of the master of the house. In describing and descanting upon the paintings, the Squire now and then indulged in what he termed a venial blunder, such as substituting a modern for an ancient master, and *vice versâ*. He also highly eulogised portions which were obviously defective, without a single objection being made by the military sceptics.

During the whole of this time the officers amused themselves by unmercifully and ungratefully abusing "that old devil Waterton," insisting upon it "that he had not a painting worth a rush in his whole house, and that he was thoroughly ignorant of this branch of the fine arts." These warriors had not the remotest idea that it was the Squire himself who was lionising them, and had no conception that they had been so thoroughly duped and had really made such simpletons of themselves.

When the Squire thought that he had sufficiently imposed upon the would-be proficients, and reduced them to the lowest grade of ignorance, he quietly, yet in a moment, dismantled himself of his counterfeit habiliments in their presence, making a respectful bow in his own peculiar way to the censuring critics, and adding, "your humble servant, Charles Waterton." Their apologies, to their credit, were abject, and the verbal castigation they received from the Squire was as severe as it was merited, inducing those brave warriors to hang out the white flag and humbly sue for peace. These gentlemen ever afterwards preserved a solemn and probably a sulky silence as regards the Squire; never, of course, acknowledging his acquaintance. Yet Mr. Waterton was one of the most hospitable and kind-hearted men in existence. On one occasion, on meeting a friend on his arrival at the bridge, he observed, "We have killed the fatted calf for you," adding

Recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico

"It is delightful to launch out on receiving my friend." His launching out was in reference to there being roasted a pea-fowl for dinner on that day. There is nothing very striking in the flavour of a pea-fowl; for instance, if blindfold, it would require say "a finely distinguishing" palate to discriminate a roasted pea-fowl from a young roasted turkey.

On the outside of the Cromwell doors, in the old portion of the ruin of the historic and richly treasured mansion, there is a broad stone step, nearly on a level with the threshold, but overhanging the water. It is always perfectly dry on its upper surface, and furnishes a good

and accessible foundation for the visitors to stand upon whilst examining the antique doors, which are really objects of deep interest from their peculiar style of architecture and from their rude and heavy appendages, then thought necessary for the protection of the mansion, together with portions pierced by Cromwell's bullets. If these ancient doors are closed whilst a person is standing on this step, he is then placed between them and a very deep part of the lake, with no means of escape ; even if one jump into the lake he has no means of reaching a place of safety, except by swimming at least a hundred and fifty yards—in fact, he is immersed in a most perfect "lock-up." Now, it accidentally occurred that a poacher, who had long been very notorious in his way, and who had for a lengthened period been what is termed "wanted," having committed sundry depredations on Mr. Waterton's manor by stealing pheasants' eggs, &c., &c., was by a manœuvre, when in front of the house, tempted on to the island where the Squire happened to be at the moment.

The poacher, who was a well-known character for his evil ways, had been for some time in jest nicknamed "Fur," Mr. Waterton, when in a jocular mood, having previously given him that opprobrious appellation in consequence of his being a well-known thief. The keepers, and indeed the whole household, somehow or other, soon got to know that "fur" was the Latin for "thief," and therefore more frequently honoured the poacher by his Latin than by his real and English name. Now, this "man of three letters," "homo trium literarum," was disposed to be facetiously impertinent; the Squire, therefore, was determined before liberating the poacher to accommodate him with "a Roland for an Oliver," and, whilst quietly remonstrating with him in great apparent simplicity and kindness, as if his insolence had been forgotten or forgiven, he was at the same time ingeniously contriving ample punishment for him by cajoling him unsuspectedly on to the fatal stone step in the "lock-up."

No sooner was the poacher "placed" than the Squire forthwith adroitly closed the doors, leaving his saucy captive in the solitary "lock-up," to deliberate on his past conduct. On this fellow, in a whimpering strain, threatening to drown himself unless immediately released, the keepers cordially encored the sentiments of their lachrymose prisoner. He then became an apparent penitent, and on that ground was freed from "durance vile."

The industry of the Squire in his quest after knowledge and in his keen desire to possess objects of interest was unremitting during a long and eventful life. He would descend the most dangerous cliffs. Indeed, in his eightieth year his mind was as active, as disposed for

investigation, and as clear on the subject of natural history as
men's minds at five-and-twenty. He travelled in various lands i
interest of the science in which he achieved important results, an
mansion at Walton Hall was a veritable museum of art, &c. He al
displayed a happy taste for picking up anything curious, uniqu
interesting in natural history, and having a peculiarly skilful ta
preserving these species *in all their natural form and attitude*, and
a striking resemblance to life itself, his labours in natural his
produced a result as valuable as it is marvellous.

The moment the visitor enters the mansion he is immediately
forcibly struck with the peculiarity, the variety, and the rarit
objects which never fail to delight and deeply interest not me
the eye but the thoughtful and inquiring mind. On the top of
staircase of Walton Hall may yet be seen the very cayman on which
Squire was mounted in Essequibo, after being caught by a shoul
of-mutton bait and when under the control of the natives and his
servants. Here you still see the actual line and barbed hook wh
captured and safely secured this alligator in the river, and by wh
he was dragged on to *terra firma*, evidently much against his c
inclination. You also see on this enchanting staircase the h
snake with which the Squire contended in single conflict,
which by his never-failing courage, presence of mind, and power
bravely conquered even when it had coiled its vast and powe
length around his body, with so tight and oppressive a grasp
nearly to have suffocated him.

Unquestionably Mr. Waterton stands in many respects unrival
as a naturalist. He dared to confront the greatest dangers for
science he loved so much. The Squire was a man of c
courage, and in 1861 he paid a visit to the Zoological Gard
in London and obtained permission of the curator to pay
respects to a large orang-outang from Borneo, which was reputed
be very savage. Indeed, the keepers one and all declared that "
would worry the Squire" if he should enter his den, especially as
was just then in a horrid temper, having been recently teased
some mischievous boys. To the very great horror of the numero
spectators the naturalist entered the palisaded enclosure with a lig
heart. The meeting of these two celebrities was clearly a case
"love at first sight," as the strangers embraced each other mo
affectionately, nay, they positively hugged each other, and in th
apparently uncontrollable joy they kissed one another many tim
to the great amusement of the numerous spectators. Mr. Waterto
who had written specially on the monkey tribe, had long be

anxious to minutely inspect the palms of its hand during life, and was wishful to examine the teeth of his newly acquired friend, both of which investigations were graciously conceded to the Squire without a murmur, his fingers being freely admitted within its paws. These little ceremonies having been accomplished on the part of Mr. Waterton, his apeship claimed a similar privilege, which was as courteously granted. The animal at once set to work in good earnest after his own instinctive order, and having most carefully scrutinised every portion of Mr. Waterton's face, by pawing as well as by the closest ocular inspection, he coolly commenced, to the infinite entertainment of the surrounding spectators, a careful and even critical examination of, or probably an elaborate search on, the Squire's head.

On the Squire's return from a somewhat lengthened sojourn in the desert forests of South America, he found Walton Hall so infested with rats that the whole house was overrun with them. In order to rid himself of the pests, he proceeded, as in all his multifarious labours, to work in a unique fashion. He caught a fine old rat in a "harmless trap," and when the household had retired to rest for the night he carefully smeared this rat all over with tar, and then set him at liberty in one of his principal runs.

The "Hanoverian" so impregnated with his odour the underground burrows as to impart terror to his own fraternity. They fled wholesale across the narrow portion of the lake adjoining the mansion; and thus at daybreak on the following morning the whole household rejoiced to see themselves, through the instrumentality of their master, freed from the unwholesome visitors.

A miserable, half-starved-looking wretch, apparently terribly foot-sore, met the Squire near the village of Walton, and entreated charity in such a piteous tone and in such apparent genuine humility that he was moved to compassion; and having nothing less than half-a-crown in his pocket, he was speedily minus that amount. In the latter part of the day, on passing through the village of Sandal near Wakefield, he accidentally came in contact with the scoundrel who had done him out of half-a-crown in the morning. Although very drunk, he recognised his benefactor by a most familiar "How do you do, old boy? I owe you one. Come into the public-house, and I will give you a pint of heavy wet out of your own half-crown, as I have fifteen pence in button park yet."

This drunken exhibition so annoyed and disgusted the Squire, for he himself neither smoked nor drank ardent liquors, that he set

his wits to work to discover a better method of affording relief to the poor than by giving them money. The Squire was repairing a tree outside the park walls, which had been severely handled by a violent hurricane, when an apparent object of distress in the form of a man accosted him in a mournful and tremulous strain, and at the same time directed his attention to his bare feet. His case seemed to be one that merited relief. Jack Ogden his keeper came up at that moment and, knowing the Wakefield dodge, whispered to him that he had seen this vagabond take off his shoes and hide them in a thick fence before entering the field where they then stood, that he had taken them from their hiding-place, and deposited them in his shooting-jacket pocket. The Squire immediately said aloud, "Jack, do you think my shoes would fit this poor fellow who is barefoot?" "No, sir," he replied, "yours won't fit him, but I have a pair in my pocket that seem to be about his size; try them on these poor feet of yours," said the keeper in an apparently sympathetic tone of voice. The culprit, at a single glance, recognising his own property, his countenance fell below zero, and he at once pleaded guilty. Jack pulled his dog-whip from this universal pocket of his, and was anxious to inflict summary punishment; however, having nothing "silicious," as the scientists say, in his composition, the Squire begged the scoundrel off, substituting a threat to imprison him if he should ever appear in the neighbourhood again.

Such are a few of the salient incidents in the career of this intrepid traveller and naturalist. In crossing a small bridge at the end of his park, a bramble caught his foot, and he fell heavily upon a log. This was the beginning of other painful symptoms. Gradually he became worse, and on May 27, 1865, he died at twenty-seven minutes past two in the morning. The window was open, the sky was beginning to grow grey, a few rooks had cawed, the swallows were twittering, the landrail was craking, and a favourite cock, which the Squire used to call his morning gun, leaped out from some hollies and gave his accustomed crow; the ear of the naturalist was deaf to the call; he had obeyed a sublimer summons. The funeral of this remarkable man was on his birthday, June 3. Foremost upon the lake went a boat which carried the Bishop of Beverley and fourteen priests, who chanted the office for the dead as they rowed to the park for the interment. Next came a boat which bore the coffin. The boats with the mourners followed, and the procession was closed with a boat which told its own pathetic tale, for it was empty, and draped with black. Between the grand old oaks and at the foot of the cross he had folded in his arms

just a twelvemonth before to show upon what he based his hopes, the mortal remains of Squire Waterton were committed to the ground. The inscription at the base of the cross was written by himself:

Orate pro anima
Caroli Waterton,
Cujus fessa
Juxta hanc crucem
Natus 1782. Sepeliuntur ossa. Obiit 1865.

E. WELLINGTON KIDD

THE question of winter quarters, lik
trees, is of recurring interest to n
who, for various reasons, seek a more con
months; some for health, some for retren
and some for change alone: and it must b
who neither follow the horn nor carry th
substitute for brighter climes during the d
after.

Discarding, then, the well-beaten tra
and delightful Egypt over the sea, let us c
on a bright little corner of France nestling
which overlooks the Bay of Biscay and adj
of Spain, so full of interest to Englishme
to reach Biarritz or St. Jean-de-Luz, the
to the Spanish frontier, ten miles further a
five hours from Charing Cross or Victori
either place, including three hours in Pa
to the Quai d'Orsay Station and dine com
the one-night journey. Here no tideless M
the visitor, but a good fresh Atlantic swel
on the rocks at the head of the Bay of Bi
two health resorts lie. Unsuitable to pul
and credited with more wind and storm
experiences, the fine bracing air of Biar
and revivifying which the writer has disc
many climes. In a word, it enjoys an i
during the winter months which frequent s
delightful.

It is not without its amusements, and m

be especially lucky, may see from his carriage window a wild boar trotting past in the great pine forests of the Landes through which the railway runs between Bordeaux and Biarritz. In the swamps of these vast woods, the peasant inhabitants still walk about on stilts, and these may constantly be seen leaning beside the cottage door ready for use. But let us haste to the golf links, for here as everywhere the Briton has taken his favourite game with him, and made it, as it were, the *raison d'être* of Biarritz, if not of himself. It is the amusement, *par excellence*, for both sexes, and nine out of ten of the winter visitors spend their days on the golf ground. There are many, however, in this crowd of golfers and many outside that light-hearted circle who take an interest in the historic and interesting country around them.

Stationing ourselves then on the high plateau of the lighthouse, where the golf links are situated, about half a mile from the town, and where there is nothing between us and New York to interrupt the fresh Atlantic breezes, let us glance at our surroundings—a magnificent prospect and wealth of association are here opened up.

On the slope of the plateau, and overhanging the great rocks at the head of the bay upon which the mighty rollers of the Atlantic vainly expend their forces, stand the ruins of the Empress Eugénie's bathing villa, where she and Louis Napoleon spent so many happy summers in the middle of the past century. The march of time has seen it sold, put to other uses, much augmented in size, converted into a large hotel, and lastly burnt to the ground in three hours during a fierce westerly gale in 1903. It is now rising again from its ashes.

On the sands beneath us on the other side of the little promontory the great Napoleon played and toyed with Josephine, in their bathing expeditions from Bayonne in 1808, pushing her into the water, hiding her bathing slippers while she was not looking, and otherwise amusing the boatmen and onlooking staff. Beyond, again, is the mouth of the Adour, where Wellington built his renowned Bridge of Boats in 1814, to invest Bayonne, an ancient frontier fortress only five miles off, with its cruel "bar" at the entrance of the river, which still demands its annual toll of victims from the wrecks of vessels making for the town three miles up stream.

The town of Biarritz is on the ridge behind us, with its many hotels, two Casinos, British Club, Anglican Church, and luxurious villas looking down on the great sandy bathing *plage* so full of life and in striking contrast with the quiet sombre pine woods inland, which furnish so pleasant a shade for an afternoon drive. A strange

change is this modern Biarritz from the little Basque fishing village of fifty years ago, nestling between two green cliffs and patronised only by the dames and damsels of Bayonne merchants, who in the bathing season traversed the five miles of sand separating that town from the Biarritz beach, in panniers slung across mules led by picturesque maidens in short skirts and native costume.

But let us turn to the full south and look beyond the town itself; there indeed a grander sight is revealed in the near ranges of the Pyrenees, backed by the snow-covered giants in rear, glittering in the bright morning sun. There is the conical Aitzchuria, or silver rock, whence shot up the signal rocket in 1813 for the commencement of that spectacle battle of the Nivelle which landed 95,000 English, Spaniards and Portuguese under Wellington, and ninety guns, on the fair fields of France. On that day a battery of guns, dragged up by almost superhuman efforts, thundered from the pinnacle of Larrhun, the most prominent mountain in the foreground, 3,000 feet above the assailants whose glittering bayonets could be seen descending the range by every ridge and ravine for a front of ten miles; whilst, to complete the pageant of war, our ships on the coast sent circling shells over the little town of St. Jean-de-Luz, which we see yonder at the mouth of the river Nivelle, on Soult's retiring line. The Nivelle which was then crossed is now chiefly known to visitors as the object for a drive and as a fair trout stream available for daily fishing excursions from Biarritz.

Then there is the rocky summit of the Mondarrain, near Cambo, a kind of Richmond to Biarritz, some fourteen miles away, whence blazed the beacon which a month later sent Lord Hill and Marshal Beresford thundering across the Nive, a nearly parallel river which joins the Adour at Bayonne. Five days' hard fighting followed,[1] including the bloodiest battle of the Peninsular War (the St. Pierre of Napier or Mouguerre of the French), and the visitor steps out of the train at the Biarritz Station, called La Négresse, on the very ground which divided the two armies during these stubborn combats.

Hard by in the pine wood is Mouriscot, the beautiful villa of Princess Frederica of Hanover, built on the site of an ancient cottage called "La Maison du Bon Dieu," with its touching legend of the widow woman who gave our Lord a night's shelter, when the adjacent village—now said to be, for its want of charity, at the bottom of the deep blue lake below—refused to do so. The occasional find of masonry below the water level of the lake helps to confirm the story.

[1] A series of pamphlets, entitled "Battles round Biarritz," briefly describe these battles and how to find the ground. They can be purchased at Biarritz.

In a garden on the opposite side of the lake (also Mouriscot) lie the remains of Colonel Martin and Captains Thompson and Watson of the Grenadier and Scots Guards, buried where they fell in 1813. The grave has lately been enclosed and the old stone and inscription preserved.

All these spots, and much more, are to be seen in the near distance from the golf-ground, and are in fact within an afternoon's walk or drive of Biarritz. Where the merry golfers now play their game with a light heart and easy conscience, our Guards and the left of Wellington's army, under that paladin Sir John Hope, afterwards Lord Hopetoun, marched to serious work indeed, a mile or two further on, in the early days of last century, when the tidal Adour had to be bridged within sight of fortified Bayonne. Pleasure-seekers of to-day wot little perhaps that their patriotic forebears sleep their last sleep in the gardens, in the fields, and in the little cemeteries round about.

A long list of these heroes "graven with an iron pen and lead" is recorded on marble in the beautiful porch of the English church, a worthy roll of honour placed there by a patriotic Englishman (Philip Hurt, Esq.), who also enclosed those spots of interest, the Guards' Cemeteries, near the Bayonne Citadel.

This Gascon shore, however, is no stranger to our fife and drum, and was accustomed to Englishmen centuries before the Peninsular War. The very golf-ground of which we speak is in the commune of the village of Anglet, a shortened name for Angleterre, which is very naturally stated to have come down from the time when Gascony was an appanage of the English Crown: and further, has not the Gascon connection left its mark on the English tongue in the word "gasconnade"?

A little to the westward of St. Jean-de-Luz, where, in the fine old Basque church, the Grand Monarque married his Spanish bride in 1660, are to be plainly seen, twenty miles away, the two red rocks which guard like sentinels the mouth of the Bidassoa, that boundary river dividing France and Spain, which Wellington forced in broad daylight in the face of Soult's army holding the opposite bank; the bridge of Béhobie above had been destroyed, but our soldiers crossed by two fords above Fontarabia (from the Basque "Ondarrabia," two sands) at the mouth, wading up to their armpits and carrying their ammunition and muskets on their heads.

Later on in the thirties, this pretty little Spanish town—mentioned by Milton and Walter Scott—the subject of many a tale and legend—was again occupied by Sir De Lacy Evans and his Spanish Legion,

chiefly recruited in the purlieus of the ancient City of Westminster, whereof he was at the time the representative in parliament. Strange to say, nearly four centuries previously, in Henry the Eighth's time, Fontarabia had been occupied by an English force, 10,000 strong, under Lord Dorset.

Here, too, in recent years "Pierre Loti" commanded a French gunboat on the river, and wrote, amongst other books, his delightful "Ramuntcho."

Changing our standpoint for the nonce to that delightful cliff called the Falaise, overhanging the bathing beach of the Côte des Basques on the town side of Biarritz, and looking still southward, along the shore, the panorama is like an ideal drop-scene at a theatre. Behind Fontarabia, in full view, is the mountain of La Haya, its sides streaked with snow, and with three humps marking its summit, commonly called on that account "Trois Couronnes," but in reality the name has reference to the three kingdoms of Navarre, Castile, and France, on whose boundaries it stands. Here lead and iron mining is still carried on, as has been the case in most of these Biscayan mountains for generations past, and at Erlaitz, near the little mining railroad, cut on a rough weather-beaten stone stuck in the ground like a boundary mark, we find this ominous inscription, which time is rapidly effacing, but which at the beginning of the last century involved a terrible sentence. It is in Spanish, and the translation runs as follows:

"Pain of death as a deserter to him who passes this line."

Folklore says it was placed there by Wellington's orders, as a deterrent to the desertions from the allied forces; for, as Lieutenant Blakeney tells us, "At this time the army was very scantily provisioned, and many disgraceful desertions took place to the French, who were well supplied."

Beyond is the beautiful little Bay of Passages, where the reinforcements and stores for Wellington's army were landed, and beyond again, now joined by a tramway, St. Sebastian—that grim fortress which cost us so many gallant lives to capture. Fifty pieces of heavy ordnance played upon the doomed city before the assault, and for five long hours the slaughter continued on both sides: the carnage was appalling, and still more appalling were the horrors of the sacking which immediately followed.

There, on a promontory, stands Mount Orgullo, five hundred feet above the all but surrounding sea, with the citadel perched upon its top, calm and dignified as if it had never known strife or seen its slopes dyed red with the blood of two thousand five hundred brave men.

In mounting the circling ramp, winding round the hill leading up to the citadel, which according to Napier was never taken, but confided to us five hundred sick and dying when the garrison surrendered, are to be seen the silent records of gallant Englishmen graven on the rocks and headstones beside the path. Here are the names of Sir R. Fletcher, Captains Rhodes, Collier, and Machell of the Peninsular time, together with a Colonel Oliver de Lancy, Deputy Adjutant-General of the British Legion in the 'thirties, and others. But the most singular memorial of all is the following: On a prone slab, which has lately been moved by the Spanish authorities when widening the road to a spot ten yards above its original position, is the mysterious inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of
Poor Court,
who fell under his colours
in the Battle of Ayete
The 5th of May 1836.
Beauty and Friendship
Deeply mourned him.

Now, who and what was Poor Court? This question has exercised many brains, and many have been the surmises, but if the writer is not in error, a hale gentleman still lives who as a boy took part in the Carlist War, and who knew and loved "Poor Court" in the flesh. He was a small liver-coloured bustling little spaniel, who, like army dogs before and since, was much excited when firing was going on, and conceived it to be his special duty to scratch up every bullet which he saw strike the ground. He rarely succeeded, but that in no way reduced his ardour, any more than did a broken leg from a wound in action reduce his enthusiasm for participating in the fray. He was an immense favourite with the whole force, and especially with the Engineers, to whom he belonged. The medical officers amputated his broken leg, and soon he trotted about as merrily as before on three; but later on the soldier's dog met a soldier's death, as the inscription tells us, and no one who knows the love bestowed on these regimental favourites will doubt the genuine mourning for "Poor Court" to which the stone and inscription bear touching witness on the rocky slope of St. Sebastian. The mutual affection of dogs and horses living together is well known, but whether "Beauty and Friendship" were the names of "Poor Court's" stable companions, frail memory at this distant date fails to give an answer.

We cannot leave St. Sebastian without mentioning Loyola, thirty-

four miles further on, that "Marvel of Guipuzcoa," where the great founder of the Society of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola, was born and died. It is a lovely spot with a magnificent convent and circular church built round the original house of the founder, called the Santa Casa, and closely backed by spurs of the Pyrenees, stretching across the peaceful strath, down the centre of which a murmuring rivulet finds its way.

Loyola himself was a Basque, Francis Xavier was a Basque, and in this silent Basque valley lie the origin and centre of that Jesuitism whose influence in the world's affairs it is difficult to gauge. Loyola, like Bilbao, the great iron-ore port which has supplied Krupp and Armstrong with so much material, and whence fifty laden ships would sometimes leave on a tide; or Burgos, with the body of the "Cid" and its unrivalled Cathedral to boast of, is within an easy day's railway journey of Biarritz. Then, again, there is Wellington's great battle-ground of Vittoria, where he captured King Joseph Buonaparte's treasure, guns, carriages, papers, and immense spoil. According to a story of the time, the Guards and Household Troops obtained by far the larger share of the plunder; whereupon a facetious army chaplain took for his text on the following Sunday, the words of the Psalmist: "Kings with their armies did flee and were discomfited, and they of the Household divided the spoil."

But we are being drawn away from Biarritz, and must return to Bayonne, with its old-world look, its narrow streets, high houses, and many coloured jalousies. Always an important place, at the confluence of the Nive and Adour, since a Roman cohort occupied it in the third century, it is still girt with Vauban's fortifications and has the credit of originating the bayonet.

It is to the Basques of the sixteenth century that we owe this weapon, and whether the spot called Baïonnette, on the supposed site of the battle, on the slopes of Larrhun above Vera, where, being short of ammunition, they attached their knives to the muzzles of their guns, gave rise to the name, or the town of Bayonne itself, where the weapon was possibly first made, is immaterial, seeing that the two spots are not twenty miles apart. The Citadel is on a commanding height on the opposite bank of the Adour, and it was from this work that the bloody night sortie was made in 1814, when the war had virtually ended, thus finishing, after six years' fighting, this great Peninsular struggle, with the useless slaughter and maiming of six hundred allies and nine hundred French. The Cathedral was built during the English occupation (1142 to 1451), and on the groined roof of the nave may yet be seen the three leopards of the English Royal Arms.

The celebrated Château de Marrac, now an ivy-covered ruin, in its beautiful park on the banks of the Nive, stands just outside the fortifications on the Cambo road. Here Napoleon and Josephine resided in 1808, and those almost incredible scenes took place between King Charles IV. of Spain, his Queen, their son Ferdinand, Godoy the so-called "Prince of the Peace," and Buonaparte, which ended, as they were intended to end, when the Spanish royalties had been decoyed into his power, by Napoleon making them pensioned prisoners in France, and placing his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain.

Two miles below Bayonne, and beside the river, is the sand hillock Blanc Pignon, where Wellington was so nearly made prisoner by a French ambush when selecting the spot for his renowned Bridge of Boats. He was warned of his danger by a chivalrous message sent to him by his opponent, General Thouvenot, commanding the French garrison of Bayonne, which reached him only just in time for him to turn his horse, when but a few yards from the well-armed men lying in wait for him in the thicket near the winding path, and ride away.

The explanation of this extraordinary act of courtesy on the part of the French commander would seem to be, that he had disapproved of the plan, and happening afterwards to observe through his glasses from the Cathedral tower that it was being carried out notwithstanding his orders, by the naval lieutenant Burgeois, he chose to frustrate it by sending a mounted orderly at full speed from the town to warn Wellington of his danger.

Bayonne and Biarritz are not Basque, although the Basque country touches them. The Basques are an extremely fine, handsome race, living on both sides of the Pyrenees, but whether under French or Spanish rule, they are distinct from either nation, and above all things they are Basques. Their origin and language have been a difficult riddle which has engaged the attention of many savants. They inhabited the South of Spain, France, Sardinia, and Sicily, before and early in the Christian era, and are the Iberians of classical times. Although they have grammars, their strange language is very difficult to attain, unless learned at the nurse's knee, a fact which accounts for Voltaire's remark, "The Basques say that when they talk together, they understand each other; I do not believe them!" [1]

[1] The writer has himself, when fishing on the Nive, been unable to obtain hot water for tea until a child of eight returned from the French School and interpreted in Basque to her mother, who, like her neighbours, understood neither French nor Spanish.

Mr. Gladstone in his later years, when he spent six weeks or two months annually at Biarritz, took much interest in the Basques, their language, and especially their customs. Their language, he is reported to have said, was older than Sanscrit, and their local government and varying village customs naturally engaged the attention of a statesman interested in peasant proprietorship with "three acres and a cow," for speaking generally the Basques cultivate in much contentment their own little farms, which rarely exceed twelve acres of not too generous soil on the mountain slopes, to which, like the Welsh, they have in past ages been driven.

In 1894, when spending a day at St. Sebastian, he received a deputation from the Spanish Basques, who presented him with a laudatory address, and in an artistic casket a twig of the celebrated Guernica oak of liberty, under which their assemblies, like the Bilzaars or ancient parliaments of the French Labourd, held under certain special trees, took place; for it must be remembered that the three Basque provinces of Spain had until late years special laws and privileges, or "fueros" of their own, which allowed them in a large measure to govern themselves, and it may be said that a study of their local administration would show that it was by no means a failure.

They were, however, deprived of most of their fueros at the termination of the last Carlist War of 1873–6, and are no longer free from conscription for the Spanish army, or imperial taxation, neither can they fix their own commercial tariffs, as in former times; tariffs, which for good reasons much favoured free imports as against protectionist Spain.

There are no less than eight dialects in the Basque language, and the great difficulty is the verb; for we are told that "after years of study the best grammarians debate whether a given form is active, passive, or something between the two: whether there is any such thing in the Basque as an active verb at all, consequently no two authorities agree in the analysis of moods, tenses, persons, &c." In passing, however, it may be noted that there are newspapers published in Basque, and that telegrams can be despatched in that language. At the British Association Meeting of 1894, it was stated that "the language of the Picts was Basque. . . . The pre-Pictish inhabitants were probably Iberians, and prevailed mostly in Ireland, *South Wales*, Cumberland, and South Scotland," and certain it is that the Welsh sailors from Cardiff and South Wales are able to understand many Basque words on arriving at Bilbao.

But our narrative has brought us round to the site of the Bridge of Boats, between Blanc Pignon and the Bar, within sight of the golf links again, and from the two miles of sandy beach which inter-

vene, looking over the Bay, may often be seen on a calm day shoals of porpoises disporting themselves in semicircular aerial flights, or chasing the favourite salmon seeking by natural instinct to enter the Adour and reproduce its race in the upper waters of the Nive, or the tributary gaves of Oloron and Pau. A curious confirmation of this occurred a year or two ago. Two workmen were digging sand at low tide on this beach when, hearing a noise, they looked up just in time to see to their surprise a twenty-pound salmon jump out of the sea and fall on the sandy shore in an inch or two of water; but still more astonished were they when the salmon was almost instantly followed by a porpoise. Both fish were secured by the men running up, and with their spades throwing them on to dry land; the salmon's last leap for life in his endeavours to escape the jaws of the porpoise, and the latter's greedy determination to secure his prey, made a fortunate day for the two workmen, who sold the salmon for £3, and, exhibiting the porpoise on the Place at Biarritz, gained some additional francs by showing this marine "gourmet" to the public.

The fishing is practically free in the rivers and "gaves" in the neighbourhood, which are well supplied with excellent trout, and most of them with salmon; the former, however, are well educated and much poached, and the latter do not rise to a fly on the French side of the Pyrenees, although taking well in one or two favoured rivers in Northern Spain. The single exception which proves this rule must be mentioned with some reserve, lest it should appear boastful on the part of the writer, since it was his good fortune, eight years ago, to secure a 23 lb. salmon with a moderate-sized "Jock Scott," landing him after a sporting struggle of twenty minutes' duration. An amusing affair it was, for the French cocher, who acted as gillie for the occasion, knew less than nothing of his new *métier*, and was so overcome with awe and astonishment when the fish threw himself out of the water, that his repeated "Oh! lall-làs" seemed to be all that he was capable of. Having first tickled the salmon's back with the *cork unremoved from the point of the gaff!* the most spirited French words failed to induce him to lift the fish out of the water when he *was* at length firmly gaffed, so the rod had to be put down at a favourable moment, the gaff seized, and the salmon duly landed and despatched. But the gillie's turn was coming. He seized the fish, threw it over his shoulder, and regardless of spoiling his brilliant cocher's jacket, strutted with it into the village, followed by an admiring crowd of gamins and villagers. At the door of the little auberge he held up the fish, and, in an imposing voice, addressed his surroundings in a long account of every detail of the capture, finishing his harangue in something like these words: "*Nous*

avons bataillé longtemps avec ce poisson, enfin nous l'avons massacré!" His triumph was complete!

Now space will not admit of a description of the quaint Basque open-air plays, or of their special game of Jeu-de-Paume, or tennis, played in nearly every village, upon which very considerable sums are staked, and from which our game is said to be derived; neither can many places of great interest be here alluded to, such as the Pass of Roncesvalles of mediæval renown, where "Charlemain and all his peerage fell by Fontarabia," or the Bastides, those free English towns established by our Edward I., whereof there are several examples near by; or of the old Château of the Gramonts, a family so much connected with our Courts in the Stuart period and our aristocracy later on, a visit to which furnishes a most delightful expedition up the Adour; or even of Orthez, half-way between Biarritz and Pau, and a short two hours by rail, where may be seen many English names of descendants of Wellington's soldiers who settled there, and an engraving of the great captain himself hanging in the principal hotel.

At this same hotel at Orthez, named "La belle Hôtesse" from the beauty of its landlady, a turkey, partially cooked in the morning for Marshal Soult's dinner, was eaten by Wellington and his staff in the evening, when they entered the town after the battle. The story is an amusing one, for it relates that the Duke himself discovered the welcome dish by the savoury smell of the truffles on passing a cupboard where it had been hastily hidden, and insisted on the attractive but reluctant hostess producing it, notwithstanding her voluble denials and many excuses.

There is one point which should not be overlooked. The inland climate of Pau is the opposite of that of Biarritz, so that if one proves unsuitable, the other is very easily accessible by railway in four hours.

In conclusion, it may be said that if these desultory notes should call more attention to a fairly economical winter quarter, with much of interest for many people of many tastes, they will have fully attained their object; and it may well be that the feeling of not having entirely wasted a winter may in the future prove a satisfactory reflection to English visitors, who, as such, should find the picturesque Basque country of surpassing interest, for they will remember that it was well known to Englishmen many centuries ago, was visited by the best of the Plantagenets, by the greatest heroes of English history, by Wellington, and lastly by their beloved Queen Victoria.

W. HILL JAMES.

SEA-GULLS.

AN age-worn crevice amid rocky fastnesses, three, four, or five hundred feet above the raging surf: this is the sea-gull's retreat, this the spot more than all else which is dear unto him. Others may boast moss-lined nests where the fierce rays of summer's sun are tempered by the green foliage overhead, and where blasting winds from arctic shores come only as softest zephyrs; but the sea-gull cares nothing for all this; he boasts a home upon a rocky ledge or fissure open alike to the fiercest heat and the strongest gale. And he is, moreover, comparatively safe from the depredations of marauders. The schoolboy has no terrors for him. Woe to the boy who ventured to scale the face of yonder rock-bound citadel; his doom would be already sealed. None save practised climbers properly equipped would safely ascend the overarching cliffs.

The sea-gull is seen at its best when the raging elements appear in the direst conflict battling against each other like the sea gods of Norse mythology. This is the time for these sea-birds to sport and make melody. They rush into the teeth of the gale, and appear to be quite motionless, whilst all around is bent by the fury of the wind; then skimming around the face of the sea, and riding upon the head of the breakers, which come in with majestic roll to break in deafening roar upon the strand, off the birds go up to the towering height of chalk, to descend again in a minute with as much ease as though the air were calm and still. How the sea-gull keeps its aerial position in the teeth of the gale seems to be yet a mystery: science offers no satisfactory solution. Possibly by vibrating its wings, a marvel of muscular mechanism, at a very rapid pace, sufficient resistance is gained to enable it to keep its horizontal position. Often has the writer watched the movements of the sea-gull along that fine stretch of chalk cliffs extending from Eastbourne to Brighton. Beachy Head is particularly a favourite breeding-place, and here whole flocks of them can be seen. But, like all other species of birds, the sea-gull does not show itself at its best, nor disclose its habits either to the careless or indifferent. By no means. Patience and care are

bird easily to scrape a hole or ledge, a
though "nest" in the sense in which
hardly applicable. Last summer the wr
on the Downs, near the old lighthouse b
pleasant little village of East Dean. Ly
and cautiously peering over the cliffs, he
movements of several fine specimens of
The nest was out of sight, hidden possi
fissures which occur along the Seven Sis
the birds time after time swoop down up
choice morsel left by the ebbing tide, then,
within a crevice, to reappear in a few mo
gull is a connoisseur, and at low tide w
sand closely for its favourite dishes. I
may be seen roaming over the Downs, p
and bread which excursionists have left b

All around our coasts the sea-gulls—
are to be found. We have noticed them
the southern coast of the Isle of Wight,
charming Herne Bay, on the more roc
parts of our island, and in Wales. He
hard rocky cliffs rise sheer out of the se
water's action until they resemble the lea
and stood up endwise, the sea-gull is in
the trawlers from Pembroke and Tenb
generally manages to pick up some dai
offal which has been cast overboard.

The common sea-gull (*Larus canus*),
sub-family of the *Laridæ*, or gulls, is the

peculiar to Europe and North-east America. Whilst sailing up the Trondhjem, Sögne Hardanger, and many another fjord, the traveller will not fail to notice this sweet reminder of his native land, as it wheels itself around the vessel, and soars majestically up the steep sides of the fjord, where, on a dizzy ledge far above the water, a modern viking has set his dwelling. This gull is usually thirty inches in length—our English bird is only eighteen inches. It is an enemy to eider ducks and other wild fowl, destroying their eggs and young, and doing such damage generally as to be looked upon as a pest by the Swedes, who lose no chance of killing the birds. Dr. Sundström tells us that on the island of Åland off the Swedish coast these gulls daily devour large numbers of fish and destroy the eggs of the eider and other ducks. He has seen them swallow small eider ducks, and kill and eat larger ones, and saw one of these destructive gulls pursue a nearly full-grown Red-breasted Merganser, and force it to dive again and again until, tired out, it fell an easy prey to its pursuer. The Lesser Black-backed Gull is, as the name denotes, smaller than the previously mentioned bird, and though not of such voracious propensities, nevertheless destroys an immense number of eggs. Its nest is placed on a suitable niche among the rocks, and is merely a large rough skeleton structure of dry grass and weeds and a bunch of seaweed. The eggs are slightly smaller than those of the Herring Gull.

Possibly the Herring Gull (*L. argentatus*) is the most beautiful of these natatorial birds. About the size of the Lesser Black-backed Gull, the colour of the back and wings is decidedly lighter, and on this account it is often called the Silvery Gull. It ranges all over Europe and North-east America. The food consists of fishes of small size, occasionally large dead fish, crabs, echini, asteriæ, and mollusca. In winter and spring the birds often travel in bands over the fields, searching the pastures and especially ploughed lands for worms, grubs, and insects.

All over the world will the sea-gull in one or other of its kind be found, though the gulls have generally well-defined ranges for the different species. Nansen found them in vast multitudes on the coast of Greenland, and also during the more famous *Fram* expedition. The Skuas are no less forward in predatory habits than the gulls, under which sub-family they are classed. In Europe the largest species is the Great Skua; in the Southern Ocean the Antarctic Skua. This latter bird makes great havoc among the petrels at Kerguelen Island, killing them as they come out of their burrows, or waiting for them returning after a sea-fishing expedition.

Mr. Borchgrevink during his Antarctic
to be a very dangerous enemy of the
great numbers of them.

We may not boast the big gulls of o
we have our Common Gull, and it has
How we like to watch it wheeling and
morning, or to see it poised like a s
north-east gale !

THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

ALPHONSE DAUDET has been often compared with Charles Dickens. In some respects the French and English novelists do take up common ground: both show a strong fellow-feeling for the working classes, and both had an intimate knowledge of the ways and doings of the toilers and moilers in a vast capital. Like Dickens, Alphonse Daudet had bought his experience at first hand; he was himself a worker, sent out to earn his bread before he was sixteen. Small wonder, then, that his sympathies went out to the struggling masses in the flats of Paris.

"I have suffered in the way of privation all that a man can suffer," he wrote. "I have known days without bread; I have spent days in bed because I had no boots to go out in; I have had boots that made a squashy sound each step I took. But what made me suffer most was that I had often to wear dirty linen, as I could not afford to pay a washerwoman. Often I had to fail in keeping an appointment given me by the fair—I was a handsome lad, and liked by ladies—because I was too dirty and shabby to go. I spent three years of my life in this way, from the age of eighteen to twenty-one."

Not only in "Trente Ans de Paris," but also in "Le Petit Chose," which is a sort of veiled autobiography of the days of his youth, do we find chronicles of Alphonse Daudet's early struggles before he took a permanent place among the elect in literature.

He was born at Nîmes, March 13, 1840. Nîmes is described as having a great deal of sun, not too much dust, a Carmelite convent, and some Roman remains. The father of Alphonse Daudet was a foulard manufacturer, who had built himself a house in one of the wings of the factory, a house shaded by plane-trees, and divided from the workrooms by a large garden. Business at the factory slowly declined; one loom after another ceased working. At length the bell no longer summoned the factory hands to assemble, the doors were closed, ruin stared the family in the face. Little Alphonse passed a pleasant time playing games in the deserted factory with Rouget, the

son of the *concierge*; he fancied that it all belonged to him, it was his territory, he was Robinson Crusoe, and the other boy was his Man Friday. When he lost this companion, he got a parrot, and taught it to talk, and to call him Robinson. His brother Ernest, who was two years older, was better able to realise the deplorable state of the family fortunes. When Alphonse was about ten years old the factory was sold, and it was decided that the Daudet family should migrate to Lyons. The journey was made by water in a passenger boat. Alphonse, with his parrot in its cage between his knees, gazed out wistfully at the Rhone, spreading out at times to the width of a lake. Here was an island, and there, along the banks, were rows of weeping willows, drooping into the water. Nothing escaped his observant eyes. On the third day of this journey, he heard a voice calling out, "There is Lyons!"

Yes, there it was; there were the tall chimneys of the silk-factories, and there were the clouds of black smoke going up into the foggy air. Woeful to relate, in the hurry and confusion of landing, the poor parrot was left behind, uttering piteous cries of "Robinson, my poor Robinson!" It was impossible to go back for it; Alphonse was hurried on by his father, who held him by the hand. The family—father, mother, and two sons—took up their quarters on the fourth story of a damp, dirty house in the Rue Lanterne; the kitchen was crawling with black beetles, everything was cheerless and depressing. Alphonse began to hate Lyons. Instead of the chirp of the grasshoppers in the garden, he had to listen to the roar of the silk-looms. No more watching the flight of the ortolans among the fig-trees, as in tranquil Nîmes!

Alphonse was a very small boy—"the little thing" was his usual name—frail, sensitive and delicate, with large dark eyes and thick masses of curling hair. When he was sent as a day-pupil to the college at Lyons he suffered acutely because he was the only boy who wore a blouse; all the others were in cloth jackets, and while his school-books were old and patched, theirs were new, and they had smart leather writing-cases. He studied at home, shivering with cold, in a room without a fire. A true child of the sun, he seems to have been peculiarly sensitive to cold. At times he was possessed with a passionate desire for seeing life—for escaping from himself and from the monotony of the daily round—so he played truant from school, and spent days on the river. Being awkward with the oars, he was run down by a steamboat, nearly drowned, and just rescued in time by the sailors, who cursed him for his awkwardness. All the same he felt a fearful joy at having enlarged his horizon. He had a

strange fancy for following strangers in the streets, watching what they were doing and where they were going. It was the instinct of the novelist—of the dramatist—which was awakening within him.

Every day the difficulties of the family became more acute; debts were increasing, the silver spoons and forks found their way to the pawnbrokers, all jewellery was sold, clothes were in rags, creditors clamoured in vain for payment. At length the climax came: the household had to be broken up, the furniture disposed of, and a situation found for Alphonse as usher at a large school in the town of Alais, near the mountains of Languedoc. The pupils were principally the sons of farmers, rough rude country boys, quite ready to laugh at and ridicule the sensitive young lad, barely sixteen years old, who was set over them. This period of Alphonse Daudet's life was one of incessant torture. The snubs he constantly endured told terribly on his sensitive temperament. His poor shabby clothes, his childish appearance, his timidity, all made him a butt for ridicule. At night he hid his head in the pillow and wept bitter tears—tears of mortification and nel[illegible]ss. From one person only, a book-loving priest, did he receive a word of kindness. At breaking-up times, his talent for making verses procured him some little consideration, and again he felt a sharp stab when the sisters of one of his pupils turned away their heads in contempt at the sight of his worn-out coat. A year of torture had nearly passed, when deliverance came. His brother Ernest, who had gone to Paris and had found a situation as secretary to a literary old gentleman, sent for him. Ernest had the magnificent salary of 75 francs a month; Alphonse was to share it with him, and the brothers were to live together in the same room. Joyfully the young usher took leave of Alais, the scene of so many painful humiliations.

His account of his journey to Paris is wonderfully vivid. It has the fidelity of a photograph. "Two days in a third-class carriage, only a suit of thin summer clothes, and oh, such cold! I was sixteen; I came from the far end of Languedoc, where I had been employed as usher, and I was going to give myself up to literature. Now that my fare was paid, I had just forty *sous* (about 1*s.* 8*d.*) in my pocket. But why should I be uneasy? I was so rich in hope that I forgot to be hungry. In spite of the temptations of pastry and sandwiches, displayed on the counters of the refreshment-rooms, I would not change my bright silver coin, carefully hidden away in one of my pockets. Towards the end of the journey, as the train jolted and jerked through the sorrowful plains of Champagne, I became positively ill from exhaustion. My

travelling companions, sailors, who had spent their time singing, held out their flasks to me. Kind people! How beautiful were those songs of theirs, and their brandy, rank as it was, did me good, for I had tasted nothing for twice twenty-four hours. Somewhat revived, I fell asleep, awaking when the train stopped at a station, relapsing into a doze when it went on again. The hollow thud of wheels on metal, a huge glass dome, brilliantly lighted up, the sound of doors being opened, a busy restless changing crowd—*this was Paris!* My brother was waiting for me on the platform. Alive to his duty as elder brother, he had engaged a porter and a truck for my luggage. My luggage! One poor little trunk, with nails on the top, all patched and pieced, and weighing more than its contents... It was barely dawn, the only people we met were working-men, their faces blue with cold, and newspaper boys, sliding the morning papers under the doors of the houses. The gas was being extinguished, the streets, the Seine, with its bridges, all looked dark through the fog. Such was my entrance into Paris. As I clung to my brother, I felt an involuntary sense of dread come over me."

The proposal of Ernest to have breakfast before going to his rooms was eagerly agreed to, but the shops were not yet open; they had to wait until the shutters were taken down. Daudet gives a vivid picture of the sleepy waiter, dragging his loose slippers after him, who brought them into the whitewashed dining-room, with its little marble tables. Here the two brothers had three *sous'* worth of sweet weak coffee, and two little rolls apiece, taken out of a basket. Then followed an omelette for two. After this repast, they leaned their elbows on the table, and exchanged confidences and plans for the future.

"The man who has eaten something," adds Daudet "becomes better at once. Adieu, melancholy; adieu, worry! This simple breakfast intoxicated me like champagne."

Arm in arm, the brothers went out, past the stately portico of the Odéon Theatre (the same theatre where Daudet's plays were afterwards acted with such success), and past the white marble statues in the garden of the Luxemburg; those statues seemed to bend their stately heads, in sign of welcome. In a garret, shared with his brother, on the fifth story of a tall house, Alphonse Daudet commenced his literary career in Paris. He finished a small volume of poems, "Les Amoureuses," and, with his manuscript under his arm, he went the rounds of the publishers. He was always told the same story: these great men were out. Their clerks examined the young beginner with critical,

disdainful eyes, and gave the same answer, "Monsieur Hachette, Monsieur Lévy, were invariably out!" Great joy came when the "Spectateur," an important Parisian newspaper, accepted Daudet as a contributor. His article was passed, and sent to the printers, but the very same evening the Emperor Napoleon III.'s life was attempted, the bomb of Orsini exploded outside the theatre, and the next morning the "Spectateur" was suppressed by the French Government. Alas for Daudet's article! It was swallowed up in the confusion. He says, "I did not kill myself outright, but I contemplated suicide."

One day he got into conversation with a publisher, who was also a literary man, and wrote poetry himself. He undertook to bring out Daudet's volume of poems, "Les Amoureuses." The title was attractive, the little book was daintily got up, and the reviews were favourable. At last, Daudet had appeared in print! But poetry seldom pays, and this first attempt was not an exception. The young author was glad to go as secretary to the Duc de Morny, a post that he held for three years. One morning a summons was delivered on stamped paper; Daudet was required to pay the printer's bill for his poems, and his salary would have to be confiscated for this purpose. Trembling in every limb, he was called in, but M. de Morny solved the difficulty by saying calmly, "Why didn't you tell me you had debts? Tear up that bit of stamped paper. Don't let it worry you."

It was not until 1866 that Daudet commenced his first important work, "Le Petit Chose." He calls it "The story of a child," and just as Dickens gives us in "David Copperfield" the account of his childhood, so does Daudet paint with graphic touches the incidents of his early life, and the horrors of his tutorship at the College of Alais. When writing this story, he tells us that he had neither plan nor notes; he wrote hastily on coarse sheets of wrapping paper, throwing each on the floor as it was finished. The book was commenced in the depth of winter, at a large country house between Beaucaire and Nîmes, a hundred leagues from Paris. The house had been lent to him by a friend; it was empty, deserted, far from everyone. The wife of the caretaker brought him his meals twice a day, laid them on a table, and hurried away. Except for this interruption, Daudet wrote on undisturbed, only taking a walk in the evenings among the leafless trees, listening to the hoarse croaking of the frogs in the ponds. He was on the point of beginning the second part of his book, when a friend from Paris was thus announced by the caretaker's wife: "Sir, sir, here's a man!"

The friend was a journalist; he chatted of newspapers and theatres, and as Daudet listened, the fever for Paris set in. He could not withstand it. The next day he returned with his friend. When he resumed the thread of his manuscript, he was living with an author, Jean Duboys, who wrote newspaper serials, so many lines a day. Alphonse Daudet wrote in the same room, half numb with cold, for it was the terrible winter of 1866. The frost made fantastic patterns on the window-panes, while outside, shadows were passing continually. On the evenings of the masked balls at the Odéon, the staircase of the tall house was crowded with motley figures, and the tinkling of bells round the fools' caps could be distinctly heard.

Daudet had hardly commenced the second part of "Le Petit Chose" when a great event happened in his life—he married. His was certainly a love match. A very pretty and a very clever girl was Mademoiselle Julie Allard, a Parisian born and bred, living, strictly guarded by her parents, in a blackened old house, which was made still darker in winter by the fogs that came from the Seine. She first saw Daudet at the theatre, when he was vehemently applauding a play called "Henriette Maréchal." He was standing up, a handsome, poetic-looking young man of twenty-six, with long curling dark hair, and as he clapped and shouted, his silver-embroidered waistcoat glistened and shone in the gaslight. Julie Allard had been told by the friend who brought her to the theatre that night "that a young girl might very well go to see this play, for there would be such a noise, that she would not be able to understand anything about it."

An acquaintance sprang up between the two young people, though we are not told many particulars about it. Julie Allard wrote poetry herself, she was of a sympathetic nature, just the girl that Daudet wanted to confide in. She also had a small fortune—they were very much in love with each other—why shouldn't they marry? And marry they did! This marriage may be said to have been the salvation of Daudet. It saved him from sinking into that whirlpool of Bohemianism into which so many promising young Parisian writers have fallen, to rise no more. Away went the manuscript of "Petit Chose" into the corner of a trunk, which the young couple took with them on their honeymoon. They spent this honeymoon in the Riviera, under the shade of the pine-trees, looking out on the Esterels, by the sunny sea-coast of the Mediterranean. And afterwards there was the home to find, the nest to make, and endless excuses for not working at all. It was

not until the following summer that Daudet again took up his interminable story, under the leafy shades of the château of Vigneux, with its steep Italian roof and its wide-spreading woods, which stretch for miles along the plain of Villeneuve St. Georges. Six delightful months were spent here, far from Paris, then in a ferment on account of the Exhibition of 1867, which Daudet had no desire to see. He says:

"I wrote 'Le Petit Chose' sometimes on a moss-grown bench at the farther end of the park, only disturbed by the bounds of the rabbits, or the gliding of the adders among the heather; and sometimes in a boat on the pond, which reflected every fleeting tint of the summer sky; sometimes, on wet days, I wrote it in our room, while my wife played fragments of Chopin to me. I can never listen to Chopin without picturing to myself the pattering of the rain on the wet laurels, the hoarse cry of the peacocks, and the call of the pheasants amidst the odours of flowering shrubs and wet leaves."

The book was finished in the autumn of that year. After appearing as a serial in the "Petit Moniteur," it was reprinted by the publishing firm of Hetzel, and was tolerably successful. Daudet says that its principal defects were caused from its having been written too soon. He considers that at twenty-five a man is not able to review and pass sentence on his own life; it is too near him. As it has been truly said, "he cannot see the wood for trees," he has not learned to consume his own smoke, which, according to Carlyle, must be turned into steady clear flame before it is worth anything. Yet there are marvellous flashes of insight in "Le Petit Chose": the poor sensitive boy, quivering under the various humiliations he is exposed to, is absolutely real. One incident which Daudet relates, how the news of the death of an elder brother was received by his father, marks an epoch in his life. The first great cry of paternal grief, so piercing, so penetrating, made such an impression on him that in the middle of the night he found himself repeating, in the same accents that his father had used, the words, *He is dead!* It was this which revealed to him his double existence, as a human being and as an author—an author who, even in the midst of mourning, notes down that first cry of agony on the tablets of his memory, and repeats it over and over to himself, almost unconsciously.

Daudet's favourite among his earlier books was "Lettres de Mon Moulin," which appeared first in a Parisian newspaper, but it was "Tartarin de Tarascon" which really brought him celebrity. The

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wife's jewels—the jewels bought by the ruin of his employers face. This dramatic moment crowns the novel and completes cess, a success which surprised even Daudet himself. Even it was appearing as a *feuilleton* in the "Bien Publique," letters ed in interceding for Désirée, and reproaching Daudet for ng Risler. In its complete form, edition after edition of the el was called for, it was dramatised, it was crowned by the nch Academy, it was translated into Italian, German, Spanish, anish and Swedish. Its popularity in England came more slowly, ut it *did* come, and an English play has been founded on it.

In his wife, Daudet found a never-failing helper and collaborator. He says, speaking of the way in which he victimised his friends, "But it is my wife who has endured the most. It is she who has heard the subject of a novel twisted and turned twenty times a day. 'Do you think that I ought to make Sidonie die?'—'Shall I let Risler live or die?' 'What ought Delobelle, or Frantz, or Sidonie to do in such and such circumstances?' This went on from morning till night, at meals, going to the theatre, coming back from evening parties, during long drives through the silence of sleeping Paris. Ah, poor wives of authors, what they have to endure! Mine is such a thorough literary artist herself that she has taken part in everything I have written. Not a page that she has not looked over, revised, touched up, or thrown into it some of her beautiful golden or azure powder. And withal so simply, so modestly, with none of the pretension of the literary woman. I have publicly acknowledged all I owe to her indefatigable collaboration in the dedication to her of 'Nadab,' but this dedication she insisted on suppressing, and it is only to be found in the first ten copies. My method of working is as follows: Having taken my notes, put my chapters in order and separated them, my people being all living and moving in my mind, I begin to write rapidly, in the rough. I throw in ideas and incidents as they occur to me without giving myself time to correct or alter, because my subject has taken absolute possession of me. I think only of it, with all its details, and all the various characters that have to be introduced. Having finished this rough sketch, I hand it on to my wife, who corrects and returns it to me. Then I begin to copy, and with what joy! The joy of a schoolboy who has finished his task, touching up certain sentences, completing, fining down, this is the best period of work. "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné" was thus written in one of the oldest houses in the Marais. My study, with its large sunny windows, looked out on the verdure, on the blackened trellis-work of the garden. But

beyond this little zone of tranquillity and the chirping of bir
was the working-day life of the streets, the smoke of the factori
the rolling of waggons. I still seem to hear, on the pavement of
neighbouring court, the jolting noise of a little hand-barrow, th
went round at Christmas with a load of children's drums, until sev
o'clock in the evening. Nothing is better than to work in the ve
atmosphere of one's subject, in the centre that belongs to on
characters. The opening and closing of the workrooms, the sou
of the bell, I knew the time to expect them as I wrote. Not th
slightest difficulty in getting local colour; I was inundated by
All the surroundings helped me, held me up, worked for me. At o
end of the large room was my long table, at the other was my wif
little desk, and between us, bringing the copy to and fro, was my eld
son, then a little fellow with thick blonde curls falling over his lit
pinafore, which was purposely black not to show marks of ink. Th
is one of the most pleasurable recollections of my life as a writer."

Daudet was a most affectionate father. His son Léon mentio
that even when his father was most absorbed in compositi
he used to stop and take the boy up in his arms to fondle a
caress him. And never was love better repaid. No more touchi
tribute of devotion has ever been given than that paid by Lé
Daudet to his father. There seems to have been no discorda
note in the family—father, mother, two sons and a daughter we
united together in the closest bonds of mutual admiration, affectio
and sympathy. Madame Daudet was famed for being an excelle
housewife. She never allowed Bohemian ways to disturb the pea
of the home over which she presided. Daudet's visitors often sai
after leaving the house, "What a capital wife he must have!"

One day she and her husband had a little dramatic scene, a
he said, "This, my dear, seems like a chapter that has slipped o
of a novel."

"It is more likely," she replied, "to slip into one."

During the siege of Paris in 1870, Daudet was inspired wi
military ardour, and took part in the defence of the city he kn
so well and described so graphically.

One of his later novels is "Sapho," which he dedicated to h
sons when they came of age. There is much in "Sapho" that
painful, almost revolting, but it was evidently strongly stamped
Daudet's mind—so strongly that he had to write it. It reveals t
shady side of Parisian life with unsparing fidelity. The openi
chapter, when the susceptible hero meets Fanny Legrand at a fan
ball, and she persuades him to carry her up the stairs to his roo

is typical of the whole drift of the novel. Light as a feather at first he finds that she becomes as heavy as lead by the time he reaches the last story of the house—so heavy, in fact, that he can barely hold her. So it is with his connection with Fanny Legrand. He is fascinated, disenchanted, fascinated again, repelled, disgusted, feverishly anxious to get rid of her, and yet without the courage to break with her altogether. The character of Fanny Legrand has furnished one of the greatest of French actresses, Madame Réjane, with a part which she has made her own. Only a genius like hers can attempt it with success, for it is replete with startling contrasts, and yet the woman is so intensely real that it is impossible not to feel with her agony, and be touched with her despair. When Daudet was present during one of the representations of "Sapho," he was so much moved by his own creation that the tears streamed down his face in torrents.

Living at such pressure as he must have done, suffering with the beings of his own brain that were so keenly alive to him, must have made great demands on his nervous system. Never very robust, the closing years of his life were clouded with pain, and he was still further weakened by an asthmatic affection.

It was during the spring of 1895 that he and Madame Daudet paid a visit—their only one—to London. She wrote a charming account of their experiences, of their arrival at the hotel, and of the crowd of English journalists who besieged the doors in order to get a view of, and, if possible, an interview with, the distinguished French novelist, and extract from him his first impressions of London.

A day with George Meredith in his Surrey home was delightfully spent, and then followed numerous entertainments of various kinds, for the Daudets were made the lions of the London season, and were fêted and made much of wherever they went.

Madame Daudet, like the true Parisian that she is, does not forget to describe her own dress at a dinner which she and her husband gave to some of their English friends:—"pale yellow satin, combined with crêpe de Chine of the same shade, embroidered with apple-blossoms of the faintest pink." Among the guests were Henry Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, and his brilliant wife, *née* Dorothy Tennant. Madame Daudet was still remarkable for her vivacity and her good looks, while her husband was always a most picturesque figure, with his masses of long dark hair, his regular features, and luminous eyes. During the last year of his life he was generally seen leaning on the arm of his elder son, who watched him with indefatigable tenderness. His death came very suddenly,

Parisian newspapers. During her married l
rarest qualities of a literary woman, that of
content to help and minister to her husban
his faithful companion and devoted collabo
to gain anything but the joy of serving th
devoted her life. And surely she had her r
eager recognition of all she had been to
career.

MOTHER MOSCOW.

THE mystic sanctuary of the Eastern Church, the ancient capital of the Russian Grand Dukes, and the historic locality of Imperial coronation, familiarly termed "Mother Moscow," was the actual centre of early Muscovy. Primitive prestige lingers round the city, which retains the vivid colour and complex character of former days; and Moscow, by virtue of her time-honoured prerogative, remains enthroned in the popular heart as the religious metropolis of the Russian Empire. The river Moskwa, which laves the red walls of the majestic Kremlin, creates an oasis of refreshing verdure immediately round the city; pastoral hills, valleys lined with silver birch woods, and fields golden with the plumed and tasselled maize, sheltered by green spires of larch, brighten the monotony of the trackless steppes.

These dumb and brooding solitudes, described by a national poet as "the depths of Russia which imprison the silence of centuries," extend their leagues of loneliness to the confines of Asia. Life and hope lie crushed beneath their vague oppression, though from squalid villages scattered across these dreary plains many a restless heart escapes either to the annual fair of Nijni Novgorod or to "Mother Moscow," impelled by the illusive dreams of youth. The future may be sadder than the past, but the wanderer seldom returns, though the gilded *ikon* of many a brown *isba* is worn with kisses and wet with tears, as the mother kneeling before it commends her loved and lost one to the protection of the patron saint.

From the Sparrow Hills, whence Napoleon first beheld the city of his dreams, Moscow presents an enchanting spectacle. Myriad domes and cupolas, green and golden, white and red, soar above irregular lines of yellow houses, and the vermilion battlements of the colossal Kremlin emphasise the many-coloured minarets and bristling pinnacles within the walls of the mighty citadel. The flashing domes of the five Kremlin cathedrals compose the foreground of the dazzling picture, for if St. Petersburg be the City of Palaces, Moscow is emphatically the City of Churches. The ocean

shrine, or convent, gorgeous processions
through the crowded streets, and enthusia
Oriental rites hallowed by ages of devo
character of conservative Moscow. The cit
century by the Grand Duke George Dolg
Mongolian hordes, but rebuilt a hundred
wealth and prosperity. The Kremlin, sanct
was erected as the Grand Ducal residence,
Moscow was again burnt to ashes by invadi
After forty years the restored capital suffered
hands; but the crowning disaster was the f
for six days. French and Russians were
incendiarism. The Governor probably fired
and the reckless pillage of French troops, set
the doom of Moscow. Liberated prisoners
and rushed frenzied through the streets to a
the luckless capital became a holocaust
ambition of Napoleon. After this appalling
again from her ashes; but the glorious Krem
charmed life, remained untouched by all th
sword which for centuries raged around the
the French campaign was commemorate
St. Saviour's Church, the domes and pillars
cannon melted down for the purpose. Th
the Kremlin memorialises the chequered pag
during the last five hundred years, and the
huge fastness suggests a lofty sandstone c
into turrets, watch-towers, and superb gate

enclosure by an arch in the white walls of Kitai-gorod, or "China Town," the ancient Mongolian quarter. This picturesque faubourg, with dusky gate-chapel thronged by devotees, is now the busiest quarter of Moscow. The next division, known as Bielli-gorod, or the "White Town," was the former abode of an exclusively Russian population; and the locality containing palaces, bazaars, and baths is bounded by the Senileni-gorod, or "Town of Mud," appropriated by serfs, released prisoners, and suspected characters of the submerged and down-trodden classes whose hopeless lot remains an insoluble problem of political economy. Beyond these dependencies of the outer Kremlin lies the grand Red Square, reaching to the crenellated wall of the inner enclosure. Every Russian uncovers as he enters by the Holy Gate of the Redeemer, typifying the portal of heaven. Lips move in prayer, and the sign of the cross is incessantly repeated, as the passenger with bowed head disappears in the shadow of vaulted roof and hoary arch beneath the gleaming *ikon*. Church and State are convertible terms in Russia, the Czar being temporal and spiritual head of the Eastern Communion, welded into the secular power, and confirming Imperial autocracy with the seal of divine right. Neither law nor tradition limits despotic authority, and although the Senate ranks as Supreme Court of Appeal, and the Holy Synod as the symbol of religious autonomy, sacred and secular courts are mere executors of the sovereign will. The stately halls wherein these assemblies are held flank the superb "New Palace" of the Czars, erected by Nicholas I. The golden cupolas of the red edifice are visible from afar; and a lower range of domes and pinnacles belongs to the "Old Palace" of the Czar Alexis, who financed King Charles II. in exile, and to the Granita Palod, the ancient residence of the Grand Dukes, a ponderous building with vaulted rooms, blackened columns, and walls painted with archaic figures. In the halls of St. George and St. Andrew, rich in mellow marbles and burnished gold, illuminated shields bear names and cognisances of the knights enrolled in these famous Russian orders. The Byzantine saint, whose fame spread over Christian Europe as patron of soldiers of the Cross, wins the larger following, but a goodly company fights under the banner of St. Andrew, said to have visited Russia, planting his cross in the ground to consecrate Muscovite territory to the service of the Orthodox church. Five cathedrals encircle the Red Palace, the Church of the Assumption, used as the coronation sanctuary, glittering with the jewelled paintings covering roofs, walls, and pillars on a golden background. The *ikonostasis* sparkles with gems, and sapphire haloes round the heads of the

saints on the *ikons* flash blue lightning through the gloom. Beneath the shining domes of the cathedral dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel lie the early rulers of Russia; and long after the Grand Dukes of Muscovy merged their title in that of Czar, the Kremlin remained the historic burial-place of the Imperial line. Within these walls is the tomb of Ivan the Terrible, whose blood-stained record blots the escutcheon of empire. This savage despot, who assassinated his subjects for the most trifling causes, and inflicted barbaric tortures on his nobles in the Red Square, was a religious fanatic, committing chapters of the Bible to memory, and arousing his attendants for prayer at all hours of the night. Tyranny was accompanied by cowardice, and Ivan fled from marauding Tartars to the monastery of Troïtsa, the strongest fortress in Russia. His country was ruled more by astuteness than by prowess, and consolidation rather than conquest resulted from this reign of terror. On the death of his seventh wife, Ivan, allying himself with England, sought a bride from the Court of Elizabeth after her rejection of his proposals. A fair daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon was chosen as the future Empress, but before the time of departure arrived the gentle girl was so terrified by the envoy's accounts of Court life in Holy Russia that she declined the brilliant marriage, and a picture is still extant of Lady Mary Hastings with an Imperial crown lying at her feet. After this matrimonial fiasco Ivan in a rage killed his eldest son with an iron staff. Remorse haunted him till death, and we read that not even "threescore witches brought post haste from Lapland," the home of sorcery, could remove the weight of misery by their powerful spells and incantations.

The bell tower of Ivan Veliki retains its original position, though the great bell, which tolled for so many events in Moscow's changing history, has been removed to a pedestal, and replaced by a smaller substitute, as the weight of 12,000 tons endangered the fabric of the ancient tower. The treasury of the arsenal, where the insignia of Russian sovereigns sparkle amid the armour and weapons of successive ages, contains an amount of fabulous wealth indicating the boundless resources of a world-wide empire. Fourteen imperial diadems of varied form, from the huge diamond coronation crown to rude circlets of beaten gold, stabbed with pins of uncut gems, and taken from conquered khans or Tartar sultans; thrones and chairs of state encrusted with great turquoises and flaming rubies, orbs and sceptres blazing with emeralds and brilliants, suits of jewelled armour, saddles and bridles studded with sapphires, and caparisons sown thick with pearls form but a tithe of the glittering hoard. Robes in

jewelled cloth of gold and silver, imperial ermines, sacks of precious stones, and dishes of rock-crystal holding heaps of pearls and opals, swell the *embarras de richesses* in these enchanted halls. An interesting collection of state carriages dates from the time of the first Grand Dukes; and cases of Russian coins mark the progress of civilisation, from the epoch when a system of barter gave place to barbaric leathern coinage, the stuffed horses and dogs of Peter the Great and Catherine the Second supplying quaint memorials of the dawn which heralded modern culture.

The setting sun bathes churches and palaces in floods of glowing colour, and the river washing the Kremlin's western wall reflects the ruby light; white and crimson minarets, green and golden domes steeples hooded with polished tiles of blue and violet porcelain, dazzle the eye with rainbow lustre, vermilion walls and watch-towers burning like the red heart of a furnace. Sombre shadows accentuate the barbaric splendour, and the Kremlin, steeped in blood-red glare, appears an enchanted city of "Arabian Nights," poised between earth and sky. As the sun sinks below the horizon, the deep flush sweeps across the heavens, and melts into the pure pale green of the northern firmament. Suddenly a thundering peal clashes from every tower and steeple of holy Moscow, the mighty bells of the Kremlin cathedrals booming the heavy bass of the carillon which summons the faithful to the solemn Saturday vespers. Night already shadows the vast churches, their mysterious gloom merely emphasised by twinkling tapers and dim lamps burning before *ikon* and shrine; but thousands of devout worshippers crowd nave, aisle, and clerestory. Suddenly the intense silence is broken by a single voice of piercing sweetness soaring heavenward, the solemn strain taken up in the dome by a choral melody of unearthly beauty, suggesting the song of angelic hosts. The unrivalled magnificence of the unaccompanied chanting *de rigueur* in the Eastern Church is a marvellous revelation of the capacities latent in the human voice. Only in Russia can we hear those divine and soul-stirring harmonies, of a power and pathos infinitely beyond the capabilities of the forbidden, and here unnecessary, organ. Choir after choir of glorious voices in the dark recesses of the cavernous cathedral takes up the strain with an intensity of wild entreaty, and the wailing supplication seems to storm the very gates of heaven, until the triumphant Magnificat breaks through the thrilling modulations which echo the subjective melancholy of Russian character and the tragedy underlying Russian life. On the Feast of the Assumption high mass is celebrated in the Coronation Cathedral with the utmost splendour of Oriental ritual, the

archbishop and his suffragans being vested in silver cloth encrusted with twinkling jewels, mitres blaze with diamonds, and the superb church, when the holy doors open to reveal the altar at the supreme moment of consecration, displays itself as a treasure-house of jewels and gold. The impregnable Kremlin exerts a mystic influence over the untutored but imaginative peasant, aiding his realisation of imperial power. The universal fatherhood of the Czar impressed on the popular mind wins for the autocratic ruler a world of personal affection. In spite of Nihilist plots, and agitations fomented by political adventurers, the heart of Russia remains loyal to the ancient ideal of sovereignty, dominating life and thought with a force which no constitutional monarchy could impress upon a race saturated with the spirit of exaggerated feudalism. Religious feeling deepens reverence for authority, and the gulf yawning between Czar and peasant invests the throne with a halo of mystery which strengthens the pathetic faith in a monarch regarded as the vicegerent of Heaven.

The monasteries of Moscow continue to mould and colour the city's life. The Russian cloister was the sole guardian of literature and nursery of art during the tempestuous ages when barbarism menaced the existence of the tottering empire. Mongolian usurpation brought havoc in its train ; but the lamp of faith, though burning low, was never extinguished, and monasticism kept the flame alight in the persecuted Russian Church. The Black Death, which in the fourteenth century destroyed a fourth of the Muscovite population, was the forerunner of Mongolian defeat. Asiatic tribes lingered on Russian soil till the sixteenth century, but their power was broken. Religion revived, though fire and sword at lengthening intervals continued their destructive course ; and the fortified monasteries became the refuge of thousands seeking protection from raids of Tartar slave-dealers, who drove their captives, roped together, amid herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, across the pathless solitudes of the southern steppes.

The chronicles of Nestor, a Russian monk who narrates the lives of Russian saints, also preserve the sagas of Viking days and the legends of Slavonic deities. The picturesque style of this monastic scribe has gained him the title of "The Russian Herodotus." The story of Olga, who attained canonisation in spite of vengeance by suffocation on the murderers of her husband, is related in the following graphic phrases :

"The holy Olga was the Morning Star of Christianity in Russia. She shone in the darkness of paganism as the moon shines at mid-

night. She was a pearl gleaming in earthly mire, but she purified herself in the waters of baptism, and cast off the slough of sin."

Another prose poem recounts the conversion of St. Vladimir, who sought for a truer creed than paganism offered, and investigated the doctrines of Roman, Jew, Moslem, and Greek, finally choosing the latter, and commanding the compulsory baptism of his subjects. The saintly patrons of Russia were steeped in the violence of their environment; and centuries of civilisation imperfectly erase the barbaric traits of Muscovite temperament. The Dimitritch Monastir, beyond the city gates, is an ideal Russian convent, the long white edifice facing a green enclosure, and the shining domes of the Summer and Winter churches rising above the fortified walls. Jangling bells ring out for the Sunday vespers, and a hundred nuns in black habits, high caps edged with black fur, and silken veils pinned under the chin, file into the gorgeous church. The Vesper psalms are chanted by a choir of novices, and interspersed with interminable lessons from a jewelled Breviary of portentous size. The venerable abbess, with silver crozier and golden chain of office, *stands* beneath an oaken canopy, for seats are unknown in Russian churches, and the devout congregation remains erect, save for periodical prostrations, through the long hours of worship without a sign of weariness. After service a friendly nun invites us to her cell, gay with pots of flowers and coloured prints. An *ikon*, with ever-burning lamp, stands above a truckle-bed, and a *samovar* hisses invitingly on a tiny table; but in spite of this aid to feminine confidences, conversation is almost carried on in dumb show, for we have not mastered the rudiments of the noble language, sonorous and musical, but with difficulties at the outset appalling to the student unfamiliar with the constructive peculiarities of the Slavonic group.

The Romanoff House preserves mementoes of the Imperial family who seized the crown from the Viking dynasty. The fading hues of archaic paintings are dimly visible in dusky halls with groined roofs and narrow loopholes. The cradle of the Patriarch Michael, and the velvet case wherein he kept his rude crown, now in the Kremlin treasury, stand beside the turquoise-studded armour worn by this sturdy son of the Church Militant. The illuminated Bible and jewelled Missal of the Patriarch Monarch are flanked by two dolls in the Russian costume of his day, and a wooden scare-crow, relics from the childhood of the first elected Czar. The damask-covered official chair of the great Michael contrasts severely with the jewelled thrones of his successors. A state bed hung with

chessmen cover a chequered table, and
wife, and his son Alexis, decorate th
turbulence of the semi-Oriental nobles
imperial authority, and Michael's first w
divorced in consequence of their acc
suspected of poisoning the second Tsar
their eagerness to prevent the continua
Internecine warfare, marauding Cossac
hindered national consolidation, and ger
conflicting elements were welded into
reign of Alexis Michaelovitch was signa
Scriptures from Greek manuscripts of M
was alien to Russian conservatism, and
myriads, attached even to the manifest e

The English ambassador of Charles
Moscow records in the following terms
surrounded the Imperial throne: "The
diamond orb and golden cross surmount
sable cap, sat on a throne of silver richl
of jewels beneath his ermine mantle, and
Four gigantic nobles, ermine-clad, wit
guarded the throne, and two hundred b
ranged along the tapestried walls, while
the doorway."

The reign of Alexis was the precurso
tradition accomplished by his son Pe
marriages of Russian princes with Mon
nection of Tartar chieftains with Russi
the Muscovite nobility, and given impetu

despotic Peter, who summarily demolished the primacy which threatened to encroach upon the Imperial power.

The cathedral of St. Basil contains a complete picture gallery of Russian saints, painted by the lamented Verestchagin, and the story of Muscovite Christianity is told on the walls by the life of St. Basil, the conversion of St. Vladimir, and the Councils of Constantinople. A fresco of St. Alexander Nevski, surrounded by his community, commemorates the legend of the saint's hand unclosing after death to receive the Holy Gospels. *Ikons* line the walls with golden splendour; but the barbaric wealth of Russian churches becomes oppressive, and escaping to the crowded thoroughfare of the Pont des Maréchaux, we seek verdure and coolness on the river bank. Across the wide bridge of the shrunken Moskwa a picturesque throng passes to and fro. Priests with the magnificent hair and curling beards peculiar to the Russian clergy, and peasants ground down by ages of serfdom into uniform aspect, apparently unchanged by the freedom still perilous as a knife in the hand of a child; black-robed Tartars, lithe and insinuating, glide amid clumsy figures in dull blue garb; and sunburnt gypsies, with shining sequins and cabalistic amulets in black hair and on embroidered bodice, add distinctive character to many-sided and all-embracing "Mother Moscow."

As we return to the city, a *troika*, with coachman in wadded dressing-gown and fur cap, driving three black Orloffs harnessed abreast, dashes past, bearing ladies whose Parisian toilettes draw attention to Mongolian features and almond eyes derived from far-off Eastern ancestry, the Asiatic strain forming the unchanging background of Russian character, though often concealed by the superficial brilliancy of modern development. The northern moonlight subdues the crude colouring of the Kremlin domes without disguising their Oriental outlines, and the light of European civilisation never obliterates from Russian individuality the traces of that Asiatic heredity which laid the foundations and raised the early superstructure of national character.

EMILY A. RICHINGS.

CHANGES are frequent in the
is better known than that th
of our grandsires, and for the sake
past days entered into the arena and
are fallen from their former state
Others have risen in their places and
which it would be unsafe to proph
tendency of books has in recent tim
regards their auction-room *value*, by whic
them—since records of private sales are
period of extreme prosperity was reach
happens that an annual gauge or therm
book auctions in London and, incident
country also, is offered in the appearance
latest volume of which—the eighteenth [1]
to this trustworthy chronicle, the average
year 1893 at the great houses of Sotheb
Puttick with one or two others, was £1
mounted with every consecutive year, u
average stood at the great figure of £3 7s.
in 1902 to £3 3s. 4d., and in 1903 to £3
made a heavy drop of over £1 a lot, the a
£2 9s. 3d.

SENSITIVENESS OF THE PRICE

LIKE other forms of property, book
influences as the rise and fall of tr

widespread and as a rule less rich. Great libraries such as the Althorp, the Ashburnham, the Blenheim Palace, the Bridgewater, the Heber, the Huth, and many others compete in value with the great galleries of paintings. A few books—a few valuable books even—are, however, within the reach of men of comparatively limited means, and a casual or temporary depression of trade is more likely to affect such than those to whom fluctuations in money are less immediately sensible. A man is less likely, on account of some financial depression, to denude a gallery than a bookcase, and in these days generally a bookcase of moderate dimensions. I have myself in the Albany, in the palmy days of R. S. Turner, sat many times in presence of what seemed comparatively a small collection of books, the value of which might have been computed in tens of thousands of pounds. At any rate, it is conceded by those of moderate means that when times are unprosperous they are apt to economise in such matters as books and even periodicals; and it is a fair assumption that they are more likely than men of more solid wealth to bundle their treasures off to the sale-room.

Cause of Depression in Books.

IT is at least certain that the depression in the book-market to which I have pointed is due more to trade influences and a general sense of financial disturbance than to any other cause. Mr. Slater, the compiler of *Book-Prices Current*, points out that books are among the things which first feel the evil effects of a general scarcity of money. It is, however, a significant fact that the shrinkage in price is mainly perceptible in regard to what may be called the rank and file of books, and in no wise touches what Mr. Slater himself calls the "aristocracy of the bookshelf." Those great rarities or attractions on which the attention of the princely bibliophile is bestowed have undergone no diminution in price and become annually more difficult of attainment. Works such as the finest examples of the great early presses of Germany, Italy, France, England, and elsewhere, Shakespearean folios and quartos and the like, still mount in price, and have long since passed out of the reach of all but men of means virtually unlimited. As regards books of less import many questions arise. Was the market a few years ago unduly inflated through the demand that has of late been made by America, and is the subsidence a mere return to a normal state? Is the American market itself in the way of being surfeited, and may we expect to see books that American collectors have sought with